

THE FAMOUS
H I S T O R Y
OF THE RENOWN'D AND VALIANT PRINCE
ROBERT, surnamed The BRUCE,
KING OF
SCOTLAND.

AND OF SUNDRY OTHER VALIANT KNIGHTS,
Both SCOTS and ENGLISH.

Enlarged with an Addition of the SCOTTISH KINGS,
lineally descended from Him, to CHARLES
NOW PRINCE.

Together with a Note of the Beginnings of the most
Part of the Ancient and Famous NOBILITY of
SCOTLAND.

A HISTORY both pleasant and profitable,

Set forth and done in HEROIC VERSE,

By *PATRICK GORDON* Gent.

GLASGOW:

Printed by JOHN HALL,
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M. DCC. LIII.



At Adenburgh the twenty thrie day
of decèmer, 1613.

This book seene and alloued and therefore may be
published and put to the presse.

Sanctandrous.

T H E

P R E F A C E.

Or rather,

An Advertisement to the Reader, before he read this POEM, of some special Points to be observ'd in the whole Work, with the Use of some Parts seeming fabulous therein.

FEARING to be tax'd of ambitious Arrogance for daring to meddle with so rare a Work; I am only arm'd with the natural Duty which I owe to my Country, the Want of good Will in the more excellent Spirits; but above all, the never enough praised Virtues of that most admirable Prince ROBERT BRUCE, ambitiously desiring to imitate him, whose unquenchable Love and burning Zeal towards his Country was such, as he being a Prince royally descended, delicately brought up, beloved and honoured of all Men, of large and great Revenues both in *England* and *Scotland*; so that it was thought he had more Contentment of mind, and more Blessings heaped upon him by heaven, than any living in his Days. Yet such as his Love to the Liberty of his Country, as, forsaking his Revenues, leaving his Wife and Children, abandoning all his royal Delicacies, Pleasures and Delights, he betook himself to Arms, wherein, when Fortune had cross'd him so far, as it is said,

he lost Thirteen Battles before he won One: So that Heaven seem'd to threaten Vengeance for the wilful Refusal of these former Blessings. And first he was cross'd with Misfortunes in War, the Loss of his Brethren (his Wife and Daughter being taken Prisoners) at which Time his Brethren were cruelly executed; his Friends became all his Enemies: And being pursu'd both of Scots and English was forc'd in great Misery and Poverty, the Space of Three Years, to keep the Mountains, where Herbs were his daintiest Meats, and Water his strongest Wine; notwithstanding that, he might still have been restor'd to all his former Dignities and much more, if he could have suffered to behold his Country's Misery, as they saw his. But such was his matchless Love to them, altho' they hated him, that still he lamented their Cause more than his own; and in his many sorrowful Discourses, would always repeat these Verses following;

*Ni me Scotorum libertas prisca moveret,
Non mala tot paterer orbis ob imperium.*

ROBERTUS BRUSSIUS

These Verses were written and subscribed with his own Hand in his Manual-Book, which he always carried about with him, and was extant within these few Years. But to set down all his Works and Fortitude of Mind, were too tedious, seeing you shall find many of them in the History following; altho' the old printed Book, besides the outworn barbarous Speech, was so ill compos'd that I could bring it to no good Method, till my loving Friend Donald Farquharson (a worthy Gentleman, whose Name I am not ashamed to express, for that he was a restless Suiter to me to take this Work in Hand) brought

ne a Book of Virgin-Parchment, which he had
 found amongst the rest of his Books: It was old
 and torn, almost illegible, in many Places wanting
 Leaves, yet had it the Beginning, and had been set
 down by a Monk in the Abbey of *Melros*, called
Peter Fenton, in the Year of God 1369, which was
 a Year before the Death of King DAVID BRUCE.
 It was in old Rhyme like to *Chaucer*, but wanting
 in many Parts, and especially from the Field of
Bannockburn forth, it wanted all the rest almost, so
 that it could not be gotten to the Press; yet such
 as I could read thereof had many remarkable Tales,
 worthy to be noted, and also probable, agreeing
 with the Truth of the History, as I have follow'd
 it, as well as the other. There are only Two Parts
 seemingly fabulous; the First is the *Baliol's Vision*,
 which, as it is of small Consequence, and doth no Evil; so
 doth it check and forbid a base Mind to aspire; shewing that a
 mighty and generous Spirit only ought to be ambitious. The
 Second, is the History of the Kings, which after
 I had fully accomplished with the rest of the Book, fearing it
 should be too tedious for the Reader, I have taken it out, and
 in the Place thereof insert these Princes descended of the BRUCE.
 Neither would I be offensive for the adding of these
 Fragments; for I know some curious Heads will alledge, I wrong
 the Union: But far be it from me to think, much less to do,
 any Thing that may offend his Royal MAJESTY, or
 seem to hinder so blessed a Peace, of the which it

*The Baliol's Vision
 not unnecessary for
 the History.*

*The History of the
 Kings preceeding
 the BRUCE chang-
 ed for those suc-
 ceeding after him.*

*This History not
 offensive to any.*

seemeth that the Heavens have called him to be the happy Instrument. My Intention is only to eternize his Predecessors and his own Glory, being bound, both by natural Love and Duty, to employ my whole Endeavours thereto. Neither do I therein wrong the *English*, but rather, to my Power, extol their Valour, and with more Mildness modify that which our Writers most sharply have written thereby to extinguish, if possible, the ill Opinion that hath been so long ingrafted in the Hearts of many by reading of these old Histories, hoping that this my Work may happily make those that treat of the same Matter to be forgotten by Time; being only desirous to stir up every Man's Mind to the following of glorious Actions, with that most praise-worthy and admirable Wonder of Mankind, that Heaven-ordained *Sidney*, who saith,

Sir Philip Sidney's Saying.

"That the hearing of the martial Feats of Arms betwixt the *Piercy* and the *Douglass*, stirred up his Spirit to the Search of glorious Actions."

Why the Kings descended of the BRUCE are compared to the Constellations.

And as for the Kings descended of the *BRUCE*, comparing them with the Constellations, I have followed *Bartas*, who changeth not only these Portraits Names, from Names of Gentiles given them by old Philosophers, to Names of holy Men in the Scripture; but also concluded with a Liberty to any Christian to name them after some good Christian Princes. And yet that I should not seem without Reason to allude to those

Reasons why they are compared.

Princes more than to any other, I have sundry good Arguments moving me thereto. First then I say, if these Portraits must

needs

needs be designed by their Names, without which Astronomers cannot proceed in the Course of Astronomy, it is less Fault that they be named after such Christian Princes as have lived in the Light of the Gospel, acknowledging the CREATOR of all Things, TRINITY IN UNITY, than after those Gentiles, to whom God did not reveal himself, and from whom the Mystery of Salvation was hid. Secondly, The Height of their royal Stations, the Blessedness of their Calling, the Excellency of their Actions, yea, and even their very Form seemeth to have a Correspondence with them, sympathizing them so nearly, as they seemed to be the very same whom the Eternal Majesty hath meant by these Portraits. Thirdly, There are but the Portraits of Eleven Men and one Woman, and the Twelfth Man some Astrologers affirm to be in the Ship *Argo*. This is agreeable with the Number of Kings descended from the BRUCE; for counting him the First, and Prince CHARLES the Last, there are just Twelve, and one Woman, Queen MARY. As for any other Poetic Flowers, I have presum'd on *Aristotle's* Opinion, who saith, "That how true soever the History be, it ought not to be form'd in Poesy without invention." Wherein that excellent and wise Philosopher hath said most true: For with Invention the Poet must beautify his Work; of Invention he frameth the curious Winding-Knots of his Garden; of Invention he composeth his Colours; of Invention buddeth his Diversity of odoriferous Flowers, as the only Ornaments of his whole Frame; of Invention he forgeth Links, to make as it were a Chain of his Work, thereby making every Part to depend and hang upon another; and so winding the Reader in his Labyrinth, delighteth the Mind without Pain, which otherwise would be a Valley full of Ditches,

where the Traveller should be forc'd to leap from one Bank to another, having no Bridges to go over at his Pleasure. And those are the Things whereof thou, courteous Reader, should be advertis'd, wishing thee always to read my Work to an End before thou take Offence: And then, if neither the Willingness to please, nor Unwillingness to displease can satisfy, let my first Fault be forgiven for Ignorance Sake, and I shall never intend a Second. So shall I ever rest

Thy silent Friend,

PATRICK GORDON.

T O

T O T H E
A U T H O R.

THY sug'red Verses, and thy sacred Song
Shall make thy Name, O *Gordon*! glorious;
Thou makes forgotten BRUCE, obscur'd so long,
Reviv'd to rise again victorious:

Thou crowns him with a Lawrel in thy Story;
Thou graces him, and he augments thy Glory.

Thy brave heroic Muse disdains to treat
Of base and servile Love, or fond Affection,
But of a Kingdom or a Country's State,
Of Nature's chiefest Worth and her Perfection,
Of Fortune's Champion, whom the World renowns
For conqu'ring Kingdoms, Cities, Tow'rs, & Towns.

These are the First Fruits of thy rare *Ingine*,
The brave Beginning of a virtuous Mind,
Presaging plainly what thou'll prove in fine,
Whose Lamp scarce fir'd doth many Lights outshine.

Long may thou live whose Lines brave BRUCE
adorn,

And let BRUCE' Ghost be glad that thou was born.

A. G O R D O N.

In Praise of the Praise-worthy Author.

WISE *Virgil* wrote *Æneads* long, to praise
Anchises Son, whom he did not behold;

Octavian lik'd his high and lofty Phrase,
 And gave the *Mantuan* Money, *Moyen*, Gold:
 The Praise of *BRUCE*, nō question, thou proclaims
 To please and praise the *Faith's Defender* *JAMES*.

If *Maro's* Figments live in fresh Request,
 Which he of *Styx*, *Cocytus*, *Cerber* penn'd,
 Of *Charon*, *Hell*, *Elysium* and the rest,
 Thy Story true shall with the World take End:
 And, to thy Praise, I dare be bold to say,
 No Lines prophane can live a longer Day.

C R A G E.

To his dear Friend, the Restorer of the fa-
 mous *BRUCE* his Story.

U N T O this Age while thou of new restores
 The ruin'd Story of this famous King,
 Thy noble Sp'rit in Emulation glores,
 E'en in his Praise thy proper Worth to sing:
 For likeas he did re-erect his Crown,
 By long-shank'd *Edward's* Subtilty brought down;

Right so, thy Song, from dark Oblivion's Grave,
 Hath now restor'd the Glory of his Name,
 Engraving it upon this Column brave,
 Which thou has sacred to eternal Fame,
 And placed here till Time be gone to shine,
 As Monument of his high Worth and thine.

J O. U R R E Y.

To

To the AUTHOR.

IF *Alexander* wish'd, yet sigh'd, to see
 That famous Tomb where fierce *Achilles* lay,
 " Thou worthy Chieftain, ever bless'd (quod he)
 " Had *Homer's* Pen thy Praises to display,
 " And if *Æneas* Danger Night and Day,
 " And longsome Labours both by Sea and Land,
 " Are recompens'd and more, and he for ay
 " Famos'd, by *Maro's* martial Pen doth stand ; "
 Make *Alexander* Judge, Fame shall avow
 BRUCE hath his Guerdon of a *Gordon* now.

M. TH. MITCHEL.



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THE FAMOUS
 HISTORY
 OF THE RENOWN'D AND VALIANT PRINCE
 ROBERT, surnamed The BRUCE,
 KING OF
 SCOTLAND.

CAPUT I.

The ARGUMENT.

*The Douglas hears his Country's Shame, her Fall,
 And back returns from France with woful Heart,
 Viewing her Woes, her Ruin, Wrack, and all,
 He much laments her Loss in ev'ry Part :
 When to a Knight from Dumps doth him recal,
 With whom he fights with Valour, Strength, and Art :
 When each of Life despairs, and Death attends,
 They other know; the Fight in Friendship ends.*

OF martial Deeds, of dreadful Wars I sing,
 Of Potentates, fierce Knights, and Champions bold,
 Who to maintain, o'erthrew a valiant King;
 Most brave Atchievements, well perform'd of old;
 What flaming Swords, Blood, Terror, Death can bring,
 Love, Time, and Fortune's Wheel that still is roll'd;
 My Virgin-Muse doth labour to bring forth,
 Crown'd with the golden Stars which grace the North:

Those

These Heroes old, whose Glory seems obscure,
 Of which in Fame's Steel-Tables nought remains,
 I offer on your sacred Shrines most pure,
 Whole Strength my Labour's weighty Sway sustains:
 Those Ancients Worth in you doth live secure,
 Which once may be the Subject of my Pains;
 Wherewith my Lays adorn'd shall fly along,
 And make the Earth enamour'd of my Song.

Why Heavens pour'd out such a Deluge of Woes,
 Which to the World my weeping Muse doth sing;
 And how those sad tumultuous Broils arose,
 O, who can tell! since Heav'n's eternal King
 After his Will Earth's Empires doth dispose,
 And fatal Periods to all Reigns doth bring;
 Who shakes the Earth atunder in his Wrath,
 And melts the Heav'ns with his consuming Breath.

But O! what was't involv'd those days in Wars?
 Was't not that Age by Force governing all,
 Which now is rul'd by art? Or was't the Stars,
 From whose Conjunctions these Mishaps might fall?
 Or was't Hell-bred Envy that all Things mars,
 Forcing themselves Destruction forth to call?
 No, no, it seems eternal Heav'ns Decree.
 That Sin's own Weight by Sin o'erthrown should be.

But soft, my home-bred Muse, soar not too high,
 Lest thou o'erpass what erst thou didst intend;
 Send Passion hence, be modest, flee Envy,
 With Pow'r Divine bring this great Work to end;
 Thou ev'ry Verse, each Line, each Word must try;
 In my frail Breast thy sacred Fury send,
 That who so reads these Lines for those Respects,
 May praise thy Deeds, and pardon my Defects.

In that fair Land*, where floweth all Delight;
 That Heaven on Earth, whose Paradisian Plains
 Had drawn the *Douglass* far from Father's Sight,
 Where he both Arts and Eloquence obtains,
 He staid till dreadful War, with thund'ring Might,
 Sounds forth his Country's Ruin, Woes and Pains;

Then

*France.

Then Fortune, Fate, Revenge, and Glory's Spoil,
Invites him home unto his native Soil :

And once arriving here, he might behold
The mournful Monuments of Death and Fear,
It seem'd, that Heav'n and Fortune had control'd
The Fates, and *Jove* by horrid *Styx* did swear,
Those Days in vengeance-Books should be enrol'd,
Those worthless Times, all-worthy Time should tear
From Memory, as Monuments of Shame,
The Blots of Age and only Stains of Fame.

As one within a Garden fair, in *May*,
Sees *Flora* deck'd in Beauty's bravest Pride;
Sweet-smelling Roses, fragrant, fresh and gay,
Pinks, Violets, and thousand Flow'rs beside,
That Paradise there only seems to stay;
Yet *Pisces* cooling once fair *Phæbus*' Side,
That fruitful Place by Frost and Hail's disgrac'd:
So seem'd this pleasant Land now quite defac'd.

For lo! a stranger Nation doth he see
Inhabit all the Country round about,
And all his native Countrymen did flee,
Yielding to Fear, Fate, Fortune, Chance and Doubt:
Waste ruin'd Walls, Tow'rs, Towns and Hamlets be;
The Meads and pleasant Valleys in and out
Untill'd like Desarts, void and quite forsaken,
Abandon'd of their own, of Strangers taken :

And where he goes, the Ground did seem to mourn,
Plaining for Loss of her dear nat'ral Brood;
The Floods their sweetest murm'ring Streams did turn
From fair clear Crystal Drops, to Crimson Blood;
From Forests hoir the whistling Winds return
Dulce Sounds of Sorrow, melancholick Mood.
Thus in his Ears, Earth, Water, Winds and Trees,
Sad Musick make of sadder Tragedies:

To see so fair a Kingdom desolate,
And such a mighty Nation thus forlorn,
His Friends all lost, himself disconsolate;
Tears, Sighs and Groans, made Speech long Time forborn:

At last, those doleful Words, thus intricate
With Sorrows deep, his woful Heart has torn:

“ Ah! was I born, and must I live to see
The Sun to shine on this thy Infamie ?

Ah! now, poor Country, woful is thy Fall,
But, ah! more woful is thy wretched State;
Thy Blifs to Bale the Heav'ns too soon did call,
But far too swift now comes thy helpless Fate;
For e'er undone, and no Remeed at all:
Ah! no Remeed, said I? yea, tho' too late;
Can Heav'ns thy Crown of Glory from thy Brow
So soon tear off, so famous still till now?

Where was true Valour found, if not in thee?
In thee was Virtue, ne'er by Time outworn;
The Source of Love, the Nurse of Unity,
Where Faith and Truth were bred, brought forth and born;
Wit's Habitation, Fortune's Constancy;
But now all these, even these, are quite forlorn;
And in a doleful Den thy Genius lies,
Howling for Blood and Vengeance to the Skies.

Hence, cursed Time! ”--- More would the Knight have said,
But he beheld a Warriour at hand,
His Furniture and Armour sanguine Red,
A Bunch of Feathers on his Crest did stand:
Him would this fierce, sad, angry Earl invade,
And in the other like Desire he fand;
Each other with tempestuous Fury greet;
So in the Air the bolting Thunder meet.

Loath was each Spear to wound his Enemy,
Their wrathful Masters Message while they go
All shiv'ed, mourning thro' the Air they flee,
Complaining of unkindly Discord so,
While that the Champions chaf with Anger be;
For each disdains a Match in Arms to know;
Each takes the other for an *English* Knight,
And seeks Revenge with Force, Hate, Rage, Despite.

Ev'n as two aged, strong, and sturdy Oaks,
Against a thund'ring Tempest firmly stand:

Or as two ragged Cliffs of mighty Rocks
Bear off the waſting Surges from the Land :
So each abides the other's pondrous Strokes :
Theſe only two, true Valour did command :
Yea whoſoe'er had ſeen that warlike Fight,
Fear would have bred both Terror and Delight.

By Thruſts and Foins their Blows ſeconded be,
Each waits Occaſion, each Advantage ſpying ;
Each on the other hath a watchful Eye,
Each ſhuns the Feints, for open Ward ſtill prying,
Where Plats were join'd, and Bucklers ty'd they ſee,
Yet either's Foreſight other's Slight denying :
Still fretting in themſelves with Rage and Ire,
That neither could their Conqueſt-wiſh'd acquire :

Some time their Swords, forth from their Helm and Shield,
Sent fiery Sparkles, ſpangling all the Air :
Even ſo the Meteors fighting, Light'ning yield
Beneath the Northern Pole, that do prepare
To clear the Starry Firmamental-Field,
With Cold extreme, pure, ſubtil, ſharp and rare,
That elſe would geal the cluſt' red Clouds aloſt,
And make a bad Confuſion, ſtrange and oſt.

As faſt as Hail, in ſharp and icy Balls
Upon the tiled Houſes doth alight,
So thick, ſo faſt, each ſpeedy Blow down falls,
Batt'ring their Helms and Shields with furious Might ;
They, fighting, wiſh each other's Funerals :
Four Hours it was ſince they began the Fight ;
Some little Wounds had each of others won,
Yet both as freſh as when they firſt begun.

Now was the Sun declining to the Weſt,
When both did ſeem of Conqueſt to deſpair ;
And yet the Knight unknown was luſtiest,
His Courage and his Strength did ſtill repair :
For as a loit'ring Slave, in lazy Reſt,
Has ſpent the Day, that for his Taſk ſhou'd care,
And tho' too late, at laſt to Work doth ſtand,
Repenting that he took ſo much in hand :

Ev'n

Ev'n so, the Stranger-Knight did fiercely fly
 Against his Foe, with unresisted Might;
 And tho', indeed, he somewhat stronger be,
 His Breath enduring longer; yet in Fight
 The *Douglas* did that Want with Art supply:
 For holding forth his Sword and Shield outright,
 He guards himself, and bears the other's Blows,
 Now out, now in, now here, now there he goes.

Both breathless now, both forc'd a while to stay,
 Both lean upon their Swords a while to rest:
 The unknown Knight thus to himself did say;---
 Ah! foolish Man, with Madness thus possess'd,
 Thy Labour's great, great Pains, great Works to Day,
 With Sorrows new, new Woes, new Cares increas'd;
 Hated by Heaven, by Fates long curs'd e're born,
 Proud Fortune holds thy high Attempts in Scorn.

Thy Foil, thy Shame, and thy Disgrace receiv'd,
 Not only thou, but all the World doth know:
 Fond Man! of none but of thyself deceiv'd:
 What Valour canst thou boast, what Strength can show,
 O thou, ev'n thou, who once a Kingdom crav'd?
 Ah! Folly great: Ah! great Presumption low;
 Ah! Shame that e'er thou shouldst be seen or known,
 Vanquish'd by one, o'ercome and overthrown.

But so the Fates, and so the Heav'n provides,
 That thou thy Strength and Weakness might perceive;
 To Errors gross thy foolish Mind thee guides,
 Which to abate, what doth remain to crave?
 Lost is thy Crown, lost be thy Friends besides,
 Chas'd from thy Kindom, hunted like a Slave;
 And, Savage-like, thou liv'st on Herbs and Roots
 In Desarts wild: Those of thy Pains are Fruits.

Then fertile *Scotland* fair, adieu for ay!
 Good was my Will, and great was my Desire
 On thy black Hemisphere to bring the Day,
 And to restore thy Freedom, Crown, Empire:
 But to my fond Attempts the Heav'n said, Nay;
 While thou'rt consum'd by *Jove's* Wrath, hot as Fire.
 Now, wo is me (for my own Woes I say not)
 But O! thee fain I would remeedy and may not.

The *Douglass* also was perplexed so,
 For still himself condemns himself of Folly.
 'Art thou return'd from *France* (quod he) to show
 Thou vow'd thy Sire's Revenge, a Vow most holy;
 This mighty Task when thou should undergo,
 Thy first Attempt thy Shame retu'neth folly.
 Why then, fond Man, if thou be overthrown,
 Yield not, but die, and keep thy Vow unknown.

And if the Heav'ns decree thy Overthrow,
 And that thy Vow must still be unperfited;
 Yet who the Victor is, fain would I know:
 If but a private Man, then I despise it;
 But if his Praise, Fame ev'ry where doth blow,
 Then on my Grave these Lines shall be indited;
 "Tho' Chance and Fortune made him lose the Field,
 "He merits Praise, whose Courage scorns to yield."

Where are my Predecessor's Deeds of old,
 Which like a Wall impregnable did stand;
 And did, like Pillars firm and strong uphold
 The Weal, the Peace, and Safety of the Land?
 Tho' none of those I boast; yet am I bold
 The worthy Name of *Scot* for to demand,
 Whereof so many Worthies still preceeds,
 As makes their Country famous by their Deeds:

Yea, and this present Age augments our Fame
 With warlike Knights that all the World admires,
 As matchless *Wallace*, and the valiant *Graham*,
 The worthy *Bruce*, most glorious that appears:
 If one of those it were, less were my Shame,
 My Credit more, and more my Fortune clears.
 Therefore, to clear this Doubt, he thought it best
 His Speech should thus be to the Knight address'd:

Stout, hardy, valiant Man at Arms (quod he)
 Before our Combat end, I pray thee show,
 Whom I o'ercome, or who o'ercometh me,
 Since none of us the Quarrel yet doth know?
 No (quod the other) Sir, that may not be,
 For that you made the Challenge first, and so
 As Challenger, your Cause must first be known.
 The *Douglass* answer'd, That shall soon be shown.

Unless

Unless I err, you are an *English* Knight;
 I am a *Scot*, and in Defence will stand
 Of *Scots* free Liberty and ancient Right,
 So long as I can bear a Sword in Hand.
 It may be so, (quod he) but in my Sight
 You are too weak alone for to withstand:
 So great a Task craves more than one, I fear,
 Against Great *Edward*, if you mind to war.

Quod *Douglafs*, Tho' I be alone you see,
 I were enough for to revenge our Harms,
 If I had *Edward* here, as I have thee;
 Altho' the matchless *Bruce*, with conqu'ring Arms
 Has thousands mo, whose Valour's Worth shall flie
 For dread Revenge, with Trumpet's loud Alarms,
 Thro' all the Regions of the *English* Soil;
 And Havock make, with Ruin, Blood and Spoil.

Yet know another Quarrel for our Fight
 And my just Cause, which just Revenge requires;
 My Sire, that sometime Earl of *Douglafs* heght,
 In *Edward's* Prison spent his aged Years,
 And there he dy'd by Wrong, without all Right,
 Whose guiltless Blood, Blood-guilty *Edward* bears;
 For whose sad Death, ev'n thou thy Life must lose.
 And with these Words, he thunders on the Blows.

Hold, hold, (quod he) stay thy Revenge for Shame;
 I am thy Friend, no Foe, nor *English* I;
 I am that luckless *Bruce*, whole hapless Name
 Thou does so much exalt and magnify,
 Whose froward Fortune, Fate, and far-known Fame,
 Is turn'd Disgrace to all Eternity.

At these sad Words the *Douglafs* stood and gaz'd
 Blushing, astonish'd, speechless and amaz'd:

At last he falls before the warlike Prince,
 And says:--- My gracious Sovereign, thou may
 Pardon my hasty Fault, my rude Offence;
 Or, my Death-worthy Crime, with Death repay,
 That durst offend thy Worth, thy Excellence:
 Ah, curst Time! Ah, black and dismal Day!
 No, no, sweet Friend, (quod he) thy Peace enjoy;
 Long may thou live, in spite of Fate's Annoy.

And

And thus when he had rais'd him from the Ground,
He, in his Arms, him lovingly embrac'd,
Whole Love and Favour alway did abound,
And alway did endure while Life did last.
Now both their Horse again, at last, they found,
And both themselves, at last from thence address'd :
Both vows their Country's Woes for to revenge,
Both to endure each other's Fortunes strange.

Together then they ride a Plain throughout,
Till in a Forest fair themselves they find,
While Night with sable Curtains round about
Breathes Darkness out, o'ershadowing all the Land ;
Upon her lowring Brows sat Fear and Doubt,
And round about, in Horror, trembling stand
The dusky Clouds, that threats a second Flood ;
Such Seas their swelling Clusters do include.

C A P U T II.

The ARGUMENT.

*The Douglafs courteously requires the King
For to unfold the Cause of all his Grief,
Whereby he takes Occasion for to bring
To outward View, the Ground of this Mischief.
He shews the worthless Baliol's hapless Reign,
That heapt new Woes on Woes, without Relief.
Brave Berwick lost, Scots fall at odds and yield,
Losing their Freedom in a bloody Field.*

THOSE matchless Champions thro' the Forest gone
At last alight, and then themselves address'd,
Till chearful Day's bright golden Lamp should shone,
Within an Arbour fair to take their Rest :
But as ambitious Minds are ne'er alone
Till they have Honour, Glory, Fame possess'd ;
So they no Rest at all could here attain,
Such high Confusion in their Breasts remain.

At last the *Douglafs* thus began. --- Brave Prince,
And my most gracious Sovereign (quod he)

Long

Long may thou live in Nature's Excellence,
Jove's Love, Fate's Favour, Fortune's Constancie :
 Thy Worth exalted by Heav'n's Influence,
 And thy brave Self long have I wish'd to see ;
 God grant, thy shining Sun, with golden Rays,
 Our darkelt Nights may change to brightest Days.

Let not my bold Presumption thee offend,
 If I require to know the woful Birth
 Of Sorrows, which thy Countenance forth send ;
 For lo, swift Fame did sound thy Praise, thy Worth
 In *France*, while, carelefs, I on Courts attend,
 Which clears my Clouds of Care, with Lamps of Mirth,
 And did my sad, unsettled Thoughts destroy,
 Thy sweet Report so fill'd my Ears with Joy.

Then I return'd, in hope of blest'd Relief,
 Which, I forfaw, thy Worth would soon afford,
 And thou, ev'n thou, would ease thy Country's Grief,
 Whose Glory great must be by thee restor'd,
 Since to revenge our Blood, Woe, Wrack, Mischief,
 By justest Heav'n's, thou only art implor'd :
 Do then, Brave Prince, what Heav'n for thee ordains,
 Thy Knight I am, in War, Peace, Joy, or Pains.

The gallant *Bruce* at long Time much amaz'd.
 Loath to unfold his strange Misfortunes rare,
 In Wrath he star'd, he look'd about, he gaz'd,
 He sigh'd, he groan'd, as one into Despair ;
 His rolling Eyes, at last, from Earth he rais'd,
 And clear'd, with heav'nly Smiles, the Clouds of Care ;
 Whileas the *Douglass* long did him behold,
 This sad and woful Tragedy he told ;

X Sad may it seem, and sorrowful to thee,
 Those woful News thou dost require to hear ;
 But much more Care and Grief it breeds to me,
 Who must not only hear and lend my Ear,
 But must relate ev'n what my Eyes did see,
 Yea, what myself did act : Yet still forbear
 Those fond Complaints, and make a true Narration
 What most offends me, and afflicts my Nation.

And

And to unfold this tragick Story so,
To know the Motive, first it doth require,
And ev'ry truest Circumstance to show,
Whereof is much that will delight the Ear:
Then to th' intent all may more clearly know
The Ground of this so fierce and cruel War,
Our various Speech let us divert, and view
The dreadful horrid Horrōrs that ensue.

Three *Alexanders*, thrice were *Scotland's* King;
The first, for valiant Deeds, surnam'd, *The Fierce*,
Was *Malcom Canmoir's* Son: The Second's Reign
Was after good King *William* did decease,
Whose brave undaunted Deeds made Fame to sing,
The Lyon-King, as Histories rehearse:
The Third that did our Crown and Scepter wear,
Henry the Third of *England's* Daughter fair

In Marriage took; which happ'ly he divin'd
Should then conclude a full and final Peace,
That both these ancient Kingdoms thus combin'd,
Those great and mighty Nations might embrace
A friendly League and Concordance of Mind,
A happy Time to their ensuing Race,
By ending all the Wars, the Broils, the Steers,
That had remain'd full three Five Hundred Years.

But Heav'n's decreed it should not so remain;
For the appointed Time was not foretold.
Man's subtle Plots and Wits are all in vain,
In vain their Ways, in vain this Work they would;
In vain they go about for to obtain
What *Jove* as secret to himself did hold:
In vain was all these fond Devices thought,
Since Heav'n decreed, that all should turn to nought.

For lo, betwixt *Burnt-illion* and *Kinghorn*.
King *Alexander* dy'd by fall off Horse,
When thirty four Years of his Reign was worn,
He no Succession had; and, which was worse,
Blood-thirsty-War, by Wings of Vengeance born,
Did tear our Kingdom's Bowels but Remorse,
Weak'ning, by oft Diminishings, at length
The Veins, the Nerves, the Sinews of our Strength.

Six Years the Land governed was in Peace
 By Regents Six; at last some Broils arose,
 Whereby so strange Government did cease
 Such bloody Factions, did themselves oppose,
 Who from that Bondage would the Land release,
 And of another King would made a Chose:
 For well they knew what Trains they should imbarke
 To set these head-strong Nations once a-wark.

A Council then of all, they call to choose
 The nearest of the royal Blood for King;
 The *Baliol* there his Right did well peruse
 From the first Female his Descent to spring:
 And from the first born Male, I not refuse
 My lineal and just Descent to bring.
 Thus plead we both, nor can we once accord;
 No Peace our haughty Stomachs could afford.

And thus our Hate grew greater Day by Day,
 Both thirsting for a princely Diadem;
 Nor could the meanest Thought of wise Delay
 Prevent our Wo, our Wrack, our Country's Shame:
 On Wo, on Wrack, on Ruin and Decay,
 Ambition cannot look, nor think, nor dream.
 But for the Crown while we're aspiring thus,
 We rob't of what should make it glorious.

For with us Two, two mighty Armies rose
 To win the Crown, or lose ourselves and all;
Scotland's great Primate did himself oppose.
 Betwixt us then, a Treat of Peace to call,
 Who did so much, at last we made a Chose
 Thus to accord and to Agreement fall,
 To judge our Right by *England's* mighty King,
 Who should decern which of us both should reign

Wherefore in Haste to *England's* King we send,
 Requesting him to take the Cause in Hand,
 Who then prepar'd his Conquest to defend
 In fertile *France*, with many warlike Band,
 And there his large Dominions to extend
 By Force of Arms, and by his valiant Hand;
 Yet for to put our Kingdom to a Rest,
 He turn'd and back to *York* himself address'd.

Of learned Men he Twenty Four there brought,
Whose grave Advice in this great Work he us'd:
But, lo, my proud Competitor bethought
Him thus, If I and my just right were chus'd,
Then were he all undone; and therefore sought
By some lewd Mean to get me quite refus'd;
At last resolv'd to buy a Diadem
With foul Dishonour, and eternal Shame.

Wherefore he dealt in Secret with the King,
Of him he would prefer the Crown to wear,
By Charter, Seal, by Oath, and ev'ry Thing,
He bound himself of him the Crown to bear,
And for the same his Homage to resign;
To whose base Mind, at first he gave no Ear:
The most Part of the Lawyers parted thence,
All judging me just Heir and righteous Prince.

But Counsel caus'd this mighty King to err,
Counsel of those that by Dissention live,
Still urging him the *Baliol* to prefer,
That for his Guerdon would a Kingdom give:
But he that knew my Right far worthier,
Ev'n from my Foe's proud Offer did derive
His Argument, and unto me presents
The Crown, if I fulfill'd the same Contents.

Which Offer base, I plainly did refuse;
Wherefore King *Edward*, in his wrathful Ire,
With *Baliol* decreets, and did abuse
My Right, entalling him whose blind Desire
Led him for Honour, Infamy to chuse,
And for a Crown, to slave a free Empire:
For, lo, in him two Contraries agree,
Base Avarice and Prodigalitie.

Thus he return'd with Pomp and Majesty,
Whom all the Lords and Princes of Estate
Convey'd to *Scoon*, with royal Dignity,
Where stood the ancient Marble-Chair of late;
There was he crown'd with kingly Royalty
In Robes, whose Worth were longsome to repete,
Imbroid' red all with Stones, with Pearl, with Gold,
Gorgeous to wear, and glorious to behold.

But little knew the Princes of the Land
 That he to *England's* King should Homage pay:
 The Crown that sixteen Hundred Years did stand
 'Gainst endless War and cruel Arms Essay;
 Nor *Romans*, *Danes*, nor *Saxons* could command,
 Unconquer'd still, nor conquer'd would obey,
 Was now betray'd by him, whose hapless Name
 Became his Country's Scorn, and Kingdom's Shame.

But when Report had shown the hapless Loss,
 The Commons 'gan to murmur here and there
 Against the Nobles, vowing that their Choice
 Should be with Arms their Freedom to repair,
 And all the Princes of Estate by those
 Were scandaliz'd with Shame, reproach and Fear.
 Thus civil Discord, brought a fearful Fall
 On King, on Country, Kingdom, Crown, and all:

For now the King in high Contempt was brought
 With all the Lords and Princes of Estate,
 The Lords in Hate and great Disgrace were thought
 With all the common Multitude of late,
 When all with Wit and Valour should have wrought.
 Thus raise a fearful, strange and new Debate,
 That hardest Adamantine Hearts would move;
 But for their Sin, so Heav'n's decreed above.

Of these ensuing Sorrows, now the King
 Foresees, forethinks, and meditates, and moans;
 A Thousand Grievs did in his Bosom spring,
 Assailing all his woful Heart at once.
 One Day he would be secret, forth to bring
 The woful Birth of Tears, of Sighs, and Groans:
 Thrown on his Bed with raging Discontents,
 At last he thus bursts forth in high Complaints.

Ah, hapless Wretch! curs'd be the fatal Hour
 Wherein I did obtain a Diadem
 By false Conceit, by strong enticing Pow'r,
 Not caring for Disgrace, for Loss, for Shame,
 While Avarice and Ambition did devour
 Truth, Knowledge, Wit, Discretion, Praise and Fame:
 Ah, Avarice, Inchanter of the Wise,
 The blind Devourer of fair Honour's Prize.

O bloody Stars ! why did you thus agree
To make a bad Conjunction at my Birth ?
Why did you all pour down Mischief from high,
To make vile me, the Abject of the Earth ?
What shall all Times and Ages say of me,
To buy a Crown, that sold a Kingdom's Worth !
The Revenues I sold to buy the Name,
Exchanging Honour for eternal Shame.

What Wo or Grief but Time can make it old ;
Yet Infamy, Time never can suppress :
The meaner Sort their Faults will pass untold ;
But Faults of Kings, by Fame do still increase.
Such Spots are in my lep'rous Soul enrol'd,
As still accuse me of my Guiltiness ;
And while my wronged People me do view,
Methinks their Eyes to Death do me pursue.

In midst of this his sorrowful Complaint
His Eyes grew heavy, drown'd with Floods of Tears ;
His Tongue, his Throat, no more their Sound forth sent
Thus slumber'd he, full fraught with Grievs and Fears.
At last this fearful Vision did present
A dreadful sounding Noise that pierc'd his Ears :
He thought he saw before him all at once
Were Ninety Kings and Two, on golden Thrones.

Each bore a close rich cover'd glorious Crown,
In Form like an imperial Diadem,
With Ribs of Gold o'erthwart, above, and down,
All round about, each bowing like a Beam :
In the fair Front were made, of Jacinths brown,
Fair Letters shewing every Prince's Name :
Beneath their Feet an Iron Throne was made,
Whereon of Lead an open Crown was laid.

He thought, they set him on the Iron Throne,
And crown'd him with that leaden Crown in scorn,
Whereon was written this Inscription,
For none but Bastard-Baliol hath born :
Then said the First and gravest, all alone,
Whose aged Hairs had many Years outworn,
Thou wretched Catiff, most accurs'd of all,
Thy Place is great, but greater far thy Fall.

This Diadem (*pointing his own*) by me
 Erected was with Honour, Strength and Might,
 And from my aged Loins descended be,
 By just Descent, these Ninety Two in Sight;
 Each bore this Crown with royal Dignitie,
 Adding as much by Conquest to their Right,
 Defending it 'gainst *Romans, Saxons, Danes*;
 For Witness, famous Victories remains.

But uncompell'd, unsought, or unrequir'd,
 By Words, by War, by Conquest, or by Gain,
 Thou render'd up what we aloft had rear'd,
 And what we kept with Travel, Care and Pain;
 The threat'ning Trumpet that all Nations fear'd,
 Which Worlds of Armies never could obtain:
 Yet this thou could not do without Consent
 Of all the Three Estates of Parli'ment.

But for thy Fault, thy Shame, thy Loss, thy Wrong,
 This just and heavy judgment shall correct thee,
 The Kingdom shall be rest from thee ere long,
 And thy own Subjects shamefully reject thee:
 In blinded Darkness, Wo shall be thy Song
 For want of Day, yet no Man shall affect thee;
 And to all Ages, thy infamous Name
 Shall be a Proverb of eternal Shame.

For lo, thou shalt be eall'd, in little Space,
 Thy Country's Ruin, and thy Nation's Wo;
 Much harmless Blood shall pay for thy Disgrace;
 These yet unborn thy Doom shall feel and know:
 A mighty Nation shall thy Land deface,
 Beneath whose heavy Yoke she groans; but lo,
 She Viper-like, brings forth unnat'ral Brood,
 That molt shall waste her, wound her, drink her Blood.

At last her Tears, her Cries, her sad complaint
 Shall pierce the Heav'ns, and *Jove* to Mercy move,
 Who pities Sinners when they first repent,
 And looking meekly downward from above,
 Shall raise them up that shall her Wrack prevent,
 Whose manly Valours shall her Woes remove,
 And bring to End the War thou wrought with Shame,
 But ne'er an End to thy infamous Name.

There

Therefore this leaden Crown, base, worthless, poor,
Thou hast as one unworthy to put on;
The Crown which I the famous *Fergus* bore,
And all these warlike Princes, one by one,
And while this mighty Nation shall endure,
Having a Prince to sit upon my Throne,
Thou of a Prince's Name shall be refus'd,
Because my Crown, unconquer'd, thou abus'd.

At these last Words, he wak'd with sudden Fear,
But nothing saw, while in his Brain was tost
These woful Warnings, buzzing in his Ear,
That threat'ned was by Great King *Fergus*' Ghost;
Which Burden great, his Soul could scarcely bear,
Till moving, Feeling, Speech and all was lost;
His vital Pow'rs, hem'd in with thousand Cares,
At last burst forth in these, or like Despairs.

O sad and waried Soul! (quod he) depart,
And leave the loathed Lodge thou dost possess;
Stop up my Breath within my loathed Heart;
My Life make less, if Shame may not be less:
Heav'n from above thy Vengeance at me dart;
Hell from below thy Torment still increase:
Devouring Earth, my damned Body smother;
Heav'n, Earth and Hell, destroy me altogether.

Thus swallow'd up, of Mankind most abhor'd,
If any should enquire for worthless me,
Say that some rav'ning Monster me devour'd,
And let my Name, O Fame! forgotten be:
Let all my Days t'Oblivion be restor'd,
Lest thou, O Time! therewith dishonour thee.
Thus roll'd in Clouds of Smoke, let it be said,
That such an One was never fram'd nor made.

Thus while he lay half dead for Grief and Wo,
A Herauld came from *England*'s mighty King,
And straitly charg'd him hastily to go
To *York*, and all his Princes there to bring,
And Homage due for *Scotland*'s Kingdom show:
Which brought the Nobles secret murmuring
To Light at last: And thus they work with all,
To make him see his Error, Shame and Fall.

Salton's great Lord, that *Abernethy* heght,
 He had unjustly wrong'd (a hainous Thing)
 Wherefore from him in all his Princes Sight.
 He did appeal unto the *English* King.
 This high Disgrace he took in great Despite;
 For in Contempt with all, it did him bring:
 At last he cast about, to right the Wrongs
 That to his endless Infamy belongs

A Message to the *English* King he send
 For to discharge that bale infamous Band,
 Since he, without Consent, could not pretend
 Thus for to slave a free, unconquer'd Land.
 But too too late Repentance comes in End;
 Thus shallow with deep Judgment doth withstand.
 So Children use for to repent their Error,
 When nought remains but Punishment and Terror.

The mighty *English* rise in dreadful Arms,
 Still threat'ning Blood, Wrack, Ruin, Vengeance, Sorrow
 Performing still their Vows with Griefs and Harms,
 That from their fiery Wraths new Woes did borrow:
 Fair Fortune tucks their Drums with loud Alarms,
 And waits on bloody *Mars* from Day to Morrow,
 Whose dreadful Trumpet blows a deadly Blast,
 And rowls our Day in doleful Night at last.

First *Berwick* ta'en was by a subtil Train,
 Wherein Seven Thousand Men of Arms were lost,
 Women and Children pitiless were slain,
 None left alive of *Scottish* Blood could boast,
 Now at *Dumbar* four Princes did remain,
 That had conven'd of *Scots* a mighty Host:
 But Hate of *Baliol* such Dissention brings,
 In his Despight they love their Foes Designs.

Which caus'd a strange unlookt-for long Decay;
 For *English* *Edward*, marching there in haste,
 Encounter'd them, impatient of Delay,
 Amongst themselves in woful Factions plac't.
 Now *Edward* caus'd me in his Camp to stay;
 For to my Love were most of them address'd:
 So when the Armies joining did abide,
 Twelve Thousand turn'd upon the *English* Side.

This was full sore against my Will, God knows,
 Nor was I ever privy to this Treason;
 My Deeds on *Edward's* Side were but in Shows,
 Nor could I disobey him in that Season,
 On no less Pain than *Huntington* to lose.
 But, ah! these foolish *Scots* had no such Reason,
 Who by their new Discord, struck blind with Wrath,
 Would make me Cloak unto their broken Faith.

For they unworthy of the *Scottish* Name,
 Against their Country's Freedom rudely stand;
 Unworthy also of their Elder's Fame,
 That 'gainst themselves dare lift their conqu'ring Hand,
 When foreign Force could not their Stomachs tame,
 Themselves against themselves oppos'd they fand;
 The Son the Father, Father kills the Son,
 Each kills his Friend, and helps his Foe to win.

Such Things were wrought by Heaven's fierce Destiny,
 Because the Land with Sin did overflow:
 Ev'n as a stately Ship, with Sails on high,
 If justly pois'd with Ballast fears no Blow
 Of Winds; but if o'ercharg'd with Weight she be,
 Her Speed is stay'd, impair'd her glorious Show;
 Then angry *Neptune's* foaming Surges beat her,
 And with Decay the thund'ring Tempests threat her.

Ev'n so, while as in *Scotland* did remain
 The Sword of Justice, Fear of God above,
 The Love of Virtue, Hate of Vice profane,
 And while the sp'ritual State the Truth did Love,
 We sail'd in Seas of Peace, and did obtain
 Wealth, Honour; all which Lands most blest do prove:
 But once born down with Pride, Lust, Blindness, Error;
 Our Calms of Peace, Heaven's Tempest shook with Terror.

For mighty God that sits upon the Throne
 Of Justice, Grace and Mercy, from that Height,
 Did view our Sins in burning Rage anone,
 His Countenance with fiery Flames grew bright,
 That Heav'n did quake for Fear, and Angels moan
 For Men, poor Men, at that astonying Sight:
 Day's glorious Lamp, Night's Queen, Heaven's Tapers stay'd
 Wrapt up in Clouds, at his dread Looks afraid.

Within his wat'ry Palace *Neptune* quakes,
 The roaring Streams were quiet, whist and still,
 His azur'd Crown from crisped Locks he takes,
 His Monsters all the lower Regions fill,
 His forked Scepter then for Fear he breaks,
 And, to obey his Lord and Master's Will,
 He mildly falls before his Mercy's Throne,
 Whose Glory made the Heav'ns with Light'ning shone.

The solid Earth did quake with trembling Fear,
 And downward seem'd to change her wonted Room,
 Such grievous Weight and Burden did she bear
 Of hainous Sin, whose Punishment to come
 She did foresee; as when, thro' subtil Air,
 Dame *Thetis'* Fowl, with Alabaster Down,
 Flies down with woful Plaints and mournful Cries,
 Before a dreadful Tempest doth arise.

The hellish Fiends that scatter'd were abroad
 Thro' all the Earth, and for Mischief still sought,
 Ran headlong down unto their grisly God,
 And was thro' these infernal Kingdoms brought
 Where *Proserpine*, with *Pluto* grim, abode,
 Whose rusty Scepters were of Iron wrought:
 On Thrones they sat, 'bout which fierce Fiends did roar;
 Two heavy Crowns of burning Brass they bore.

Prodigious Signs and Wonders then were seen,
 Which did presage what after might befall:
 From the cold North did in our Climate shine
 A bright and blazing Comet, and withal
 Red Show'rs of Blood in sundry Parts had been;
 The last, the latest Warning of our Fall.
 Yet dreadful Signs and fearful Wonders sent,
 Sin made not less, but Judgment did augment.

CAPUT

C A P U T III.

The ARGUMENT.

*Grief having somewhat interrupt the Prince,
He shows at last his Cause of Discontent,
And follows forth with every tragick Chance
Wherewith proud Fortune erst did him present.
The witty Count comforteth him, and thence
Desires him go where Fergus Ghost him sent;
Whereon they both conclude, and with a Dream,
Sleep drowns Discourse at last in Silence Stream.*

O Subject sad! O sad unsolid Muse!
In Cypress wreath'd in mourning black Attire,
Blot Comfort out, and in your Lays refuse
All Mirth; yea, in your woful Task desire
Sad tragick Tunes; the which while you peruse,
In Night's dark Inns, her dreadful Cave, retire.
Tears serve for Ink: and if you aim at Mirth,
O Sighs! let all be smother'd in their Birth.

But wailing Muse, Ay me! why do you show
To outward View the only Stain of Time?
Why, in Remembrance of such horrid Wo,
Do ye not weep, to wash your woful Rhyme;
O thrice infamous! Times inglorious! O
That this their Shame had ended with their Crime?
But Heav'n and Time Fate, Fortune, Chance and all,
Had with themselves decreed themselves to fall.

Where was the conqu'ring Arms, the valiant Hearts?
Where was the wonted Loyalty now gone?
When for their Faith, their Valour, their Deserts,
Our Elders mounted up to Honour's Throne,
When rudely they oppos'd their Arms and Arts
In *Belgia* fair, against this Foe alone:
Such Praise they wan beneath these temper'd Climes,
As makes them famous to eternal Times.

Indeed such Praise and Glory great they wan
 As these, whole grievous Wrongs they came to right,
 Ungrately, and unnat'rally began
 T' envy their Greatness, and to fear their Might;
 How soon freed them of Foes, even then
 Of them they make a Massacre by Night:
 And, as a sad Remembrance of this Action,
Scots only guard their King for Satisfaction.

O! had you fought your Country's Honour still,
 As those, for Honour, from their Country came,
 Your golden Praise had gilt my rusty Quill,
 And with Perfumes had fir'd my sacred Flame:
 But now my woful-Song kind Eyes may fill
 With Tears, and Hearts with Sorrow for the same:
 For had the *Scots* true to themselves remain'd,
Longshanks had not so great a Glory gain'd.

But, O! why am I thus with Passion led?
 For Pardon, courteous Reader, must I sue:
 Earth's bravest Prince we left within a Shade,
 Who having made a Period, did renew
 His woful History, and thus he said.
 Now doth our endless Tragedy ensue.
 The *Scots* we left still fighting at *Dumbar*,
 Themselves against themselves: O cruel War!

The rest of woful *Scots* that did remain,
 Perceiving this new Loss and sudden Change,
 They fainted, yet they fought for to obtain
 That Honour which their Fellows did infringe:
 Each one thus by his Second-self was slain,
 Whileas the *English* smile at such Revenge.
 And thus, when nought but Death to *Scots* ensue,
 They yield to Fortune, not to Valour true.

Now only *English* *Edward* was renown'd,
 All yeld to him, and to his fortunes rare;
 He with our ancient Diadem was crown'd,
 To him the Princes of the Land repair;
 While *Baliol* in Seas of Sorrows drown'd,
 By *English-Scots* was brought, in black Despair,
 Before Great *Edward*, when he did deny
 All Title, Right and Sovereignty.

Thus

Thus Edward made a Conquest of our Crown,
 And Homage did require of all the Land,
 Which sundry Lords and Princes of Renown
 Refus'd, nor would they yield to his Demand:
 And while the wrathful Heav'ns lookt mildly down,
 They for a Space would fly his vengeful Hand.
 Wherefore Two Hundred Youths he with him led;
 These were the first-born Sons of those that fled.

Th' imperial Treasure hence he did convoy,
 With all the Jewels of our Diadem;
 Our ancient Monuments he did destroy;
 And, from all Time to blot the *Scottish* Name,
 He burnt with Fire whate'er he did enjoy,
 Writs, Books and Works; and to augment our Shame,
 The Marble Chair, our oldest Monument,
 He rest away, whereon these Lines were pent.

*Ni fallat fatum Scoti quocunque Locatum
 Invenient lapidem, regnare tenentur ibidem.*

“ If fatal Destinies be true,
 “ the Scots shall find this Stone;
 “ And wheresoe'er they find the same,
 “ there they shall reign alone.

King Edward thus of all our Wealth possess'd,
 And all whereto we did good Right pretend,
 To ev'ry Town a Garrison address'd,
 And to each Strength his Captains did he send;
 And *English* Lords did in the Land invett,
 Of those that to his Scepter would not bend.
 Thus long we liv'd in Care, in Wo and Sorrow,
 That always did augment from Day to Morrow.

In this Time liv'd a worthy, valiant Knight
 Most fortunate, who *Wallace* heght to name;
Wallace by Wit, by Valour, Fate and Might,
 Who *Scotland* Thrice from Bondage did reclaim:
 His Co-adherent in that Cause of Right
 Was that brave *Mars* of Men, the valiant *Graham*.
 Both fortunate and famous both whereby,
 Tho' dead, they live to all Eternity.

Scotland the Fourth Time was in Thraldom brought,
 After good *Wallace* had reliev'd it Thrice,

When

When him betray'd by that accurs'd Thought
Of false *Monteith*, the *English* did surpris;
Ev'n curs'd *Monteith* by Heav'n's for Vengeance wrought
By Fortune, Fate, and cruel Destinies.

His Nation's Shame, Line's Blot, and Country's Scorn,
By Furies brought from Hell e're he was born.

Whose lawless Act, whose lewd and hateful Name
Pollutes my Virgin-unpolluted Rhymes;
Yet these so call'd, as faultless, I reclaim,
Tho' I unfold his ne'er concealed Crimes,
Let them not grieve at me, nor at his Shame,
If they live spotless to eternal Times.

I blame the Man, but not the Line descended;
The Deed, but not the Name, is reprehended.

Poor *Scotland* thus in all Calamity,
While Bondage, like an Earthquake, rents the State
Aflunder quite, and still our Infamy
Increasing by the Means of private Hate:
Ourselves amongst ourselves divided be,
Which makes this uncouth, strange, and new Debate:
Confusion thus call down from Heav'n's above,
Doth still increase, and cannot yet remove.

Much I lamented this my Country's Wo,
And oft desir'd to remedy the same,
Till Fortune, Heav'n's, and Fate, at last did show
A Mean to blaze abroad my secret Flame,
To make the various wond'ring world to know
My great Desire my Country's Will to frame:
Yet Fortune's Frowns on my Designs attended,
And Heav'n was with my rash Attempts offended

The *Cuming*, e'er infamous for that Crime,
Of me a secret Parle he did require:
And thus he said: Now Fortune fits the Time
Wherein thy Right may to the Crown aspire;
The various Minds beneath this various Clime
Do now more stedfastly themselves retire,
Wishing their curs'd Allegiance now were broke;
Yet groan they still beneath the *English* Yoke.

What

What glory great the warlike *Scots* have won,
 From Age to Age, all Time can witness bear:
Scots only keep a free unconquer'd Crown;
Scots only gave the mighty *Romans* War:
 At whom beg'd Peace the *Romans* of Renown?
 Was't not the valiant *Corbred* they did fear?
 Who but the *Scots* the valiant *Picts* subdu'd,
 And warlick *Danes*, whole Force sev'n Times renew'd?

But we, e'en we, degenerate and bare,
 Do challenge yet from them our Blood, our Being,
 Tho' prostitute to Infamy and Care,
 Our selves, ev'n with our selves, still disagreeing;
 For Courage, Fear; for Worth and Wit, Despair;
 To Vice inclining still, from Virtue flying.
 Thus have we made ourselves a woful Prey
 Unto our Foes; ne'er seen before this Day.

Where is become our Elders valorous Hearts,
 Their Deeds, their Virtue, and their conqu'ring Swords,
 Their Dignities, their Office, Place and Parts,
 Their Victories with Monuments decor'd,
 Their ancient Arms, won by their brave Deserts?
 Can these no Good, no Strength, no Wit afford?
 No, no, I see we faint, we fear, we fall
 From Honour, Greatness, Liberty, and all.

Yet that we may at their Deserts but aim,
 As those who should inherit them by Right,
 Rise then in Arms, thy Right for to reclaim;
 My self, my Pow'r, my Strength, and all my Might
 Shall follow thee, my Race, and all my Name
 Shall, with victorious Arms, maintain the Fight;
 Give me thy Lands but, when the Crown is thine,
 Or, for thy Right thereof, receive thou mine.

Soon to these sugar'd Words I did accord,
 And then betwixt us Two a Band was made
 That when I to the Crown should be restor'd,
 Assisted thereto by the *Cuming's* Aid;
 The *Cuming* then of *Carrick* should be Lord.
 This done, we both rejoic'd and both seem'd glad,
 But lo! the *Cuming* traiterously repented,
 E'en to his endless Infamy lamented.

To *England's* mighty King the Band he send,
 Declaring how that I Him would betray,
 Who gravely did advise therewith, in end
 I soon was charg'd to Court without Delay:
 At me the King requir'd, If that I kend
 That Band and Seal; yet did I not dismay,
 But fram'd my Countenance more bold and stout,
 Off'ring on Morrow next to clear the Doubt.

My Patrimony for a Pledge I left,
 And after to my Inns retir'd alone:
 Our Hemisphere of Day was then bereft,
 While Night spread forth her sable Wings alone;
 Such fearful Darknes o'er the Earth she west,
 As seem'd to say in Friendship, *Now begone.*
 Thus secretly alone I took my Flight,
 Helped by *Jove*, and by the friendly Night.

Five Times had *Hesper Titan* warn'd away,
 Five Times again did *Lucifer* appear,
 Waving the glorious Standard of the Day
 On tops of tow'ring Clouds red, white and clear,
 And chang'd their sable Hue to Silver gray,
 When fiery Steeds the golden Car drew near;
 While sullen Night in tawny Sutes address'd,
 Did shrink aback, and shrewd her in the West.

Whenas I then arriv'd, like Fortune's Knight,
 Within the Confines of our Kingdom old,
 Then presently appear'd unto my Sight
 Two valiant Knights, stout, hardy, fierce and bold.
 The one whereof my Brother *Edward* heght,
 The other *Fleming*; unto those I told
Cuming's Deceit, and how by Heav'ns Revenger
 I had escap'd so imminent a Danger.

Thus talked we, and thus alone we pass,
 Till, by good Hap, a Messenger we met,
 Who, after strait Inquiry, did confess
 He was upon a secret Message set
 To *England's* King, for *Cuming's* Business,
 Whose Letters did require the King to let
 Me soon by Death from my revolting Mind,
 Else *Scots* to me should shortly be inclin'd.

Where

Where *Cuning* was, we urg'd him to declare,
 Within the Cloister of *Dumfreice* (quod he)
 Thither with restless Speed we did repair,
 And in the Church he seem'd devoutly
 To kneel; for as he sat, we kill'd him there;
 The which, I fear, has caus'd my Misery,
 For that *Jove's* sacred House we thus defil'd
 Rashly with his Sin-guilty Blood so vild.

Then was I soon receiv'd of all as King,
 And on my Head I wore the Crown alone;
 I did a great and mighty Army bring
 To raise my State, cast down from Honour's Throne,
 In whose brave Strength good Hope I had to wring
 The rule from *Edward's* Hand; and marching on
 With dreadful Terror on the trembling Earth,
 I pitcht my Tents before the Walls of *Perth*.

While thus I did my rightful Claim begin
 With War's stern Shock and Trumpet's dreadful Blast,
 My Kingdom by victorious Arms to win,
 True *Scots* with my imperial Standard past,
 The Lion-fierce a Field of Gold within,
 Which seem'd thro' th' Air a grumbling Noise to cast,
 Whose Chain thus broke, made mighty *Edward* quake,
 Fearing much Blood would not his Fury slack.

But then, ev'n then, began my endless Care,
 My Sorrows great, my Wo, my Wrack, and all,
 Proud Fortune then did all her frowns prepare,
 Wherewith she ever since my Heart doth gall;
 For then she brought me with a wond'rous Snare,
 My Infamy, my Wrack, my Loss and Fall.---
 A Period long here made the woful King,
 Sobs from his Breast sent secret Murmuring.

Yet in the sad Confusion of his Mind,
 This too too sad a Tragedy he told;
 Within the Town of *Perth* then did we find
 The *English* Army, with their Captain bold:
 My Soldiers Hear's to Battel all inclin'd,
 Oft dar'd them forth with Bravades from their Hold:

But

^b *The Scots Arms, a Lion.*

But they than we in War more wise and warry,
Know by what Means to make us all miscarry.

The Gen^lal, who Sir *Amyer Vallange* heght,
An Herauld send, and thus he doth direct him;
That Day the Sabbath was, he would not fight,
But on the Morrow next we should expect him,
And he would soon abate my Pride, my Might,
That was so bold thus fondly to neglect him:
Yet I not caring those his vaunting Words
Would answer him with nought but Spears and Swords.

Then chusing forth Advantage of the Ground,
Ne'er Doubting that he would his Word infringe,
Made all my Camp, that erst no Rest had found,
Refresh themselves, in hope of bleis'd Revenge:
Thus all at Rest, when each was sleeping found
No Rest I got, and, which was yet more strange,
A kind of uncouth Fear assail'd my Heart;
I needs would rise, and forth I walk'd apart.

Now was't about the dead Hour of the Night,
Whileas the Watch in heavy Sleep did ly,
When Noise of neighing Horses hear I might,
And thro' the Air Men's Voices found near by:
I stood amaz'd, till *Phæbe* with her Light
Pity'd my Cause, and made me to descry
A mighty Army marching hard at Hand,
As many thrice, as those I did command.

I caus'd to sound Alarum presently,
Which made them with a Shout to haste their Pace,
And with their Drums and Trumpets roaring cry,
They made a sad and dreadful Noise, alas?
Five Hundred of my Camp, no more had I,
Yea those half arm'd, with Faintness, Fear embrace;
The rest were sleeping kill'd, some fled along:
For, lo, our Foes were twenty Thousand strong.

And nat^lal *Scots* the greatest Part of those:
Nat^lal said I? no most unat^lal rather;
For these, ev'n these, were still our greatest Foes,
Most Viper-like, and worse than Vipers either:

* Otherwise, Odomer del Vallange Earl of Pembroke

us at last they forc'd much Ground to lose,
 Friend 'gainst his Friend, the Son against the Father.
 Slay'd behind their Fury to gainstand,
 Till softly thence retir'd my mangled Band.

As Hunters keen that doth a Park inclose
 To take or slay the Stag, Deer, Hynd, or Hart,
 So were we now encompass'd by our Foes,
 Six and my self, the rest were fled a Heart,
 All which were ta'en, tho' Honour none did lose,
 Each hardy, bold, each bore a valiant Part.
 Yet I escap'd out thro' these Squadrons strong;
 So dealt my Fate, to work my greater Wrong.

Nor was proud Fortune thus suffic'd at all
 With those Mis-lucks, and those my grievous Moans,
 Triumphant on my Shame, my Fate, my Fall,
 And heaping on a Thousand Woes at once:
 But when my broken Force I did recal,
 Uniting them for new Invasions,
 I find seven Times as many mo had left me,
 As my fierce Foes revenging Sword bereft me.

And yet with those, all hopeless, heartless, faint,
 I forc'd was to the Mountains for to fly,
 Where nothing else but Penury did haunt,
 Much Travel, Pain, and Sorrow suffer'd we;
 Yet none at all did pity this our Want,
 Tho' we abode for them this Misery;
 And which was worse, this Terror did ensue,
 E'en native Scots did most our Lives pursue:

E'en native Scots my Life pursu'd indeed,
 Altho' for them this Task I undergo;
 Their Wealth to win, brought all my Want, my Need,
 Yet for my Love, Despite and Hate they show,
 And this my Love did so all Bounds exceed,
 I made my Friend my Foe, because their Foe:
 Yet while I seek their Honour, Wealth and Ease,
 They seek my Death, my Fall, this ' Foe to please.

Like

^a The Randolph was one of the Six,
 • To wit, Edward King of England.

Like to that Fish the mighty Whale doth guide
 From craigy Rocks and Shallows thro' the Deep:
 In the vast Bosom of the Ocean wide,
 The Whale her Brood would fain devour, to keep
 Herself alive, and yet she steals aside
 When she espies the Monster rest or sleep,
 Brings forth her Brood with Care to keep them free,
 But they do her devour immediately.

So fares with me, that cares to keep alive
 My Nation, free from mighty *Edward's* Jaws,
 The greater Part of my own Subjects strive
 Who shall devour me first with tearing Paws:
 For lo, when to the Mountains I arrive,
 Left of my own, and left without a Cause:
 The Lord of *Lorn* a mighty Army brings,
 To bring my self to End, with my Designs.

Of all my Army was five Hundred left,
 That took a part with me in Well and Wo;
 Which Number few, of Strength were clean bereft,
 For pining Famine had oppress'd them so;
 In their pale Face was paler Death ingraft,
 Upon their wearied Limbs they fainting go;
 Yet Courage did their weakned Strength renew,
 And willingly they with the Fight ensue.

Thrice they their Foes with wondrous Strength assail'd,
 And thrice again their dying Forces spent;
 Three times with matchless Valour they prevail'd;
 Three times their Foes their Number did augment;
 Yea, which is most of all to be bewail'd,
 Our Foes, tho' Ten to One, did still prevent
 Our Victory with fresh and new Supplies;
 For one comes in still, as another dies.

At last, their Forces did so much abound,
 That we're encompass'd in on ev'ry Side,
 Whileas dark Night o'ershadov'd all the Ground,
 As pitying us, while she our Loss espy'd;
 Three Hundred lost of my best Knights I found,
 The rest, sore wounded, fighting still abide,

'The Lord of Lorn his Army was about Five Thousand.

Nor would they once be ta'en, or yield, or fly,
But would their Blood revenge, and fighting die.

Yet when I caus'd to sound a sad Retreat,
They hew'd a Passage thro' these Squadrons strong,
Still fighting they retire, and still their Date,
With Valour's endless Praise, they do prolong:
At last they enter'd all a narrow Strait;
On each side stretch'd a mounting Rock along;
When I, by Fortune, last of all did stand,
Them to restrain that would our Lives demand.

Three Knights were there, me by my Armour knew,
And were suborn'd before, my Life to take,
Who seeing me alone, did fast pursue;
Two lights, thereby Advantage for to make,
The Third before me did the Fight renew,
While they mount up the Craigs, and win my Back,
Thus was I sore assail'd on ev'ry Side;
But mighty *Jove* my Safety did provide.

I did of Victory almost despair;
But *Jove*, Heav'n, Fate, and Fortune will'd not so
To end my Wrack, my Misery, my Care,
Preserving me to greater Shame and Wo:
To fight while as the foremost did prepare,
It was my Luck to kill him with a Blow:
The One on Foot essay'd with mighty Force,
By my one Leg, to pull me from my Horse.

And in the Stirr'p thrust all his Arm well nigh:
The Third leap'd up upon my Horse behind,
And thrust his Dagger in my Side awry,
Whileas the other draws me to the Ground,
But in the Stirr'p his Arm so bruised I,
And with his Heels my Horse such way has found,
That he the Use of Feet had quite bereft him,
Then I cut off his Arms, and so I left him.

But now the Third, that all this Time alone
Was surely set behind me on my Horse,
Did wound me thrice, altho' not mortal one,
Whom in my Arms at last I strain'd by Force,

And

And on my Horse before, I laid him on;
 The Dagger then, wherewith he wrought my Loss,
 I made to dig a Passage thro' his Heart,
 And thence his cursed Soul did soon depart.

Thus freed of all my Foes, and free from Danger,
 For all the rest did long before retire,
 I wandred thro' the Desert like a Stranger,
 And of my mangled Band no News could hear.
 So does a Shepherd sad, and woful Ranger,
 That holds the Wolf in chace till Night draw near,
 Then to his fleecy Flock returneth back,
 But of their fearful Flight has lost the Tract.

At last when I a Forest did espy,
 Grim Night lookt forth with grisly Countenance.
 Her smoaky Breath in dusky Clouds doth fly
 From her pale Lips, and dark'ned Heav'ns bright Glance
 O'ervailing all the Earth and azure Sea,
 With Shadows dim that dreadful Sights advance;
 I stay'd a Fortnight in that Wood unstarv'd,
 Roots, Herbs and Water, still my Life preserv'd.

Weary at last, with Faintness all possess'd,
 Amongst the Flow'rs I laid me down, to prove
 If my sore weary'd Soul could find some Rest,
 Since Death did scorn my Woes for to remove;
 Near where I lay, from mighty Rocks increas'd,
 A Silver Brook down tumbling from above,
 With chirling Murmurs, sweet and dulcid Sounds,
 Whose Eccho from a hollow Pit redounds.

The Trees about me Arbour-like did grow,
 With bushy Tops and tender Leaves aloft,
 Whilst Zephyrs mild, sweet, gentle Breath did blow,
 The Leaves with mutt'ring made a Murmur oft,
 That, with the bubbling of the Stream below,
 Had rock'd my Senses in a Slumber soft:
 Whileas my Sp'rit was troubled from above,
 Strange Apparitions in my Soul did move.

Methought great Fergus did before me stand
 With ghostly Looks, with fierce and angry chear,

I heard

I heard his Voice like Thunder to demand
Account most Sharp of all my Labours here :
So great a Task as thou hast ta'en in Hand,
With greater Pains (quod he) thy Joys must clear :
Up then, arise ! this Life would blot thy Fame,
And should redound to thy eternal Shame.

In the vast Bosom of the western Lake
Of Albion, near *Irish* Mountains hoar,
Neptune a *Peninsula* doth make,
Stretching his azure Arms along the Shore :
There must thou all thy Sorrows quite forsake,
And Comfort find for all thy Grievs of yore.
Up then with Speed, I say, and thither go,
Where thou *Jove's* Will and Mercy both shall know.

This said, thro' shapeless Air he went away.
Suddenly awak'd, and was agast ;
Yet weighing well the Sentence he did say,
I sought my Horse in Haste, and thence I past :
When, as I travell'd had but half a Day,
Within that Valley I arriv'd at last
Where you I find. Thus may you see withal,
How great Misfortunes works my greater Fall.

Then, quod the *Douglasse*, Sir, I you desire
Forget these Passions strange, too strange, alas !
Since Fortune now shall change her sad Attire,
And ever after look with chearful Face ;
A hard Beginning to an End aspire
Of everlasting Happiness and Grace :
The mighty Minds to Honour still repair,
Thro' rare Difficulties and Dangers rare.

Where *Fergus'* Ghost directs, there must you go ;
Winter draws near, here must you not abide,
There Heav'n's your Fortune, Fate, shall to you show,
Ev'n unto you, and all the World beside. ---
In these and such like Speeches past these Two
The longsome Night, till *Morpheus* provide
For drowsy Flight, who o'er the Earth soon pass'd,
And lights on them with lazy Wings at last.

When

When Night's swift Course with Silence was outworn,
 She gives a kind Farewel unto the Day ;
 The wing'd Musicians, which awake the Morn,
 With hollow Throats, and horned Bills did play ;
 The Nightingale, whole Musick Match doth scorn ;
 The Mavis, that thro' Forest ecchoes ay,
 The Lark that warns the Craftsmen of their Pain
 And Labourers that daily toil for Gain.

E'en as a Man in Sleep, that seems to hear
 Of instruments and Songs a heav'nly Sound ;
 To them in Sleep such Sounds did now appear,
 Their Souls transported were when Joys abound ;
 They heard the Angels heav'nly Musick clear ;
 In Paradise it seem'd themselves they found ;
 Cloy'd, while they walk thro' Groves of all Delight,
 Sweet to the Smell, and pleasant to the Sight.

And in this pleasant Slumber while they lay,
 This feather'd Crew, with their enchanting Sound,
 Above them on the tender Twigs do play,
 Where Musick's well set Descant did abound ;
 When in the East arose the glorious Day,
 His crisped Locks in silver Cisterns drown'd,
 Waving his golden Veil, bright, pure, and clear,
 Wherethro' the Clouds like Crimson Flames appear.

CAPUT

CAPUT IV.

The ARGUMENT.

*The Bruce' dispersed Host their Lord doth know,
 Who to Kintyre retires, and there doth see
 An aged Sire, that unto him doth show
 The Heav'nly Constellations curiously,
 And his blest Race and princely Stem doth draw
 From these rare Portraits in the Heav'ns that be:
 He shows each Prince, and doth the Line advance
 To that fair matchless Dowager of France.*

*S*OFT now, my Muse, and do not soar too high,
 Wade not in curious Questions too deep,
 Let thy pure Ground be Truth and Verity,
 And learn the chiefest Points and Heads to keep:
 Altho' thou sometimes wantonize awry
 To recreate thyself; yet softly creep
 So near the Truth, as none may hear nor see
 To taint the chastest Ear, nor sharpest Eye.

*The Child doth learn his Lesson ev'ry Day,
 Let Play doth often recreate his Sp'rit:
 Play sharps th' Engine, makes pregnant Wits, they say;
 After long study, honest Mirth is meet:
 The purest Truth doth harshly run away,
 But fauc'd with Parnass Streams, it sounds more sweet:
 The strengthless Stomach, weak and wanting Pow'r,
 With Sugar sweet accepts a Potion sour.*

*While Bruce and Douglass sleeps and dreams of Toys,
 That in their moistned Brain Impression makes;
 When as the Day comes in, they hear a Noise,
 Noise that suddenly them both awakes,
 Let makes them both thereafter to rejoice,
 And Grief's sad Veil from their sharp Eyes it shakes:
 For Heav'n-blest'd Bruce was so with Patience crown'd,
 Adversity his Mind could never wound.*

Altho'

Altho' he gravely did unfold his Ill
 Unto the valiant Count, his Woes bewailing ;
 Yet with a constant Mind he acts them still,
 His chearful Looks and Words so much prevailing,
 As in their Hearts all Thought of Fear did kill,
 And wins their Love, their Courage still appealing,
 Who were his Followers in each woful Fight,
 And could no Danger Fear, if in his Sight.

Which made them alway up and down to range,
 Thro' Deserts, Mountains, Plains, and Forests hear,
 Bewailing their hard Lots and Fortunes strange,
 Their want of Food, but want of him much more
 They did lament, and in this woful Change
 They swear to venge his Death, or die therefore :
 For sure they thought, he by Mishap did stray
 Amongst his Foes, when Night did part the Fray.

Now were they come near to the Grove where he
 And *Douglass* slumbred soundly in a Dream,
 Who both awak'd, rush forth, and strait they see
 An armed Man, the King knew well his Name,
 Whom when he call'd, the rest did quickly flie
 Forth thro' the Groves, some fear, and some think Shame
 Yet Love and Joy recall'd them all at last,
 Before his Feet themselves they humbly cast.

So have I seen a Moor-Hen in the Spring,
 Missing her tender Brood, thro' Deserts straying,
 She in her Throat some chirping Notes doth sing,
 Which when they hear, with nat'ral Love repaying
 Her kindly Care, in haste themselves they bring,
 And flock about her, all her Will obeying.
 She seems right glad to see her young ones so
 'Scap'd from the Danger of their rav'ning Foe.

When he unlac'd his burnish'd Helm of Gold,
 His mild, sweet, manly Countenance they knew,
 Virtue and Grace divine they might behold,
 Like *Phæbus* Beams, from his fair Locks t'ensue:
 As *Phæbus* draws the Dew up from the Mold,
 His Eyes their Hearts so from their Bosoms drew:
 Before him still, upon their Knees they fall,
 To gracious Heav'n they render Thanks for all.

He thanks them for their Faith, their Truth, their Love,
 And to each Man did several Favours show;
 Soon after they from thence did all remove,
 And westward to *Dumbarton* gladly go:
 From thence great *Neptune's* Friendship would they prove,
 And th' Ocean's watry Force they needs would know:
 Shipt for *Kintyre*, flying the Winds before,
 E're Morrow next they safely came to Shore.

The King his Men in thro' the country sent,
 With them the Earl of *Lennox* for their Lord;
 Another Way he with the *Douglafs* went,
 To see what Favour Fortune would afford:
 They travelling along with this Intent,
 At last their Way them to a Wood restor'd,
 Where half a Mile at most they had not ridden,
 When both to ride one Way were thus forbidden,

Two ugly monst'rous Wolves they might espy
 Had kill'd a Hart, and on the same was feeding,
 Each chus'd a Wolf his Horse' swift Pace to try,
 Or Boar-spears lery'd their Launce in this Proceeding:
 Each Wolf his Follower leads a sundry Way,
 Their eager Chace and their Pursuit deriding.
 What Fortune Heav'n's for *Douglafs* had appointed,
 We'll after show: Now to the Lord's Anointed,

mean the *Bruce*, that brave and valiant Prince,
 Who with an eager Mind pursu'd the Chace:
 The Wolf had lost the Wood, and for Defence
 Into a mighty Rock he runs apace,
 Breathless he seem'd so slowly running thence,
 As made the Prince hope well to win the Race:
 He quits his Horse, runs up the Rock in Haste,
 But soon he lost the Sight of whom he chas'd.

His Travel lost, he would return e'er Night,
 Yet any where to ride he doth not know,
 The Rock he sees of such a wondrous height
 As all the Country round about would show:
 So then he goes to view so fair a Sight,
 While he ascends, the Sun descended low:
 But e'er he could unto the Top attain,
 Night spreads her painted Veil o'er all the Plain.

In Heav'n's high Court, the Lamps all lighted shines,
Which him constrain'd to search some Place of Rest,
The Mountain's Top was deckt with Oaks and Pines,
Where Nature had a Garden rarely dress'd
With Fountains, Walks, and Groves, without Ingines
Of Art; yet seem'd of Art's best Skill possess'd:
But sad it seem'd, to Night's sad Shades inclining,
Shewn to the Prince by *Phœbus*' feeble shining.

At last arriving by a Fountain-Side,
Beneath a leafy aged Oak he lies,
A hearty Draught of the cold Stream he try'd,
Which for a dainty Meal did him suffice:
And now his Cogitation deeply weigh'd
Earth's Glory vain, and worldly Fantasies,
Comparing all beneath Heav'n's silver Bow'rs
To Clouds of Smoke, to Shadows, Dreams, or Flow'rs.

Thus rapt with Admiration while he lies,
He views the Stars and all the heav'nly Lights,
Whenas he hears a Sound pass thro' the Skies
Like to the Noise of Floods impetuous Flights;
Or as when fearful Doves in Numbers flies,
Air and their Wings with Noise themselves affrights:
Such was this Noise, yet nothing he perceives,
Nor was there Wind to move the trembling Leaves.

A dark gray Cloud pass'd forth o'er all the Air,
But Night's pale Queen clear'd all the Heav'ns at last,
When to him did an old grave Man repair,
Whose Head and Beard had Youth's fresh Colour pass'd,
A Christal Globe his trembling Hand upbear,
Where Heav'n o'er Earth did move from East to West:
There Stars and Planets shin'd most bright and clear,
Which by a Sp'rit was mov'd, as might appear.

A spheric Globe within hung like a Ball,
That figur'd rarely forth the Earth and Sea,
Which round about was free from Heav'ns clear Wall,
Whose restless Course round o'er this Globe did flie;
The glassy Sea now calm, then seem'd to swell,
Where Wind-tofs'd Ships with Tides and Tempests be,
While *Neptune*'s azur'd Arms the Earth embraceth,
That circuits *Isles*, and Shore from Shore unlaceth.

Thus

Thus with a curious Pincel th' Earth was drawn;
 Here Meads, there Floods, here Woods, there Mountains were,
 Here Towns, there Tow'rs, with flow'ry Gardens shown;
 Here Vines, there Figgs, Pomgranates, Citrons fair;
 Here Plowmen till, there Herds and Flocks are known;
 Here Boors doth proyn their Vines with wondrous Care;
 There Sickles cut the Corn, there Sythes the Hay;
 Here Peace, there warlike Armies in Array.

Unto the Prince this aged Sire drew near,
 While chaste *Diana* shin'd more fair and bright,
 Clad in a hoary Mantle white and clear,
 He seem'd devout in Pray'rs to spend the Night;
 Lean flesh'd his watry blood-swell'd Veins appear,
 His ghostly Looks still offer'd Death his Right:
 Who pausing long with stedfast staring Eyes,
 This Salutation did at last devise.

Peace be to thee, my Lord and Prince (said he)
 Whom Great and Mighty *Jove* has hither sent,
 That thou might know his Mercies great by me,
 And of thy bad and bypast Life repent;
 The Shame, the Foils, the Loss that falls to thee
 Is *Jove's* just Doom, because thou gave Consent
 Unto thy Will, Wrath, Vengeance, and desil'd
 His sacred House with sinful Blood so vild.

Thy Nations Foil, their Wrack, and their Distress,
 Thy Country's Shame, her Wo, and Desolation,
 Thy Subject's Loss, in Care all comfortless,
 Whom Mighty *Jove* has had in Detestation
 For their great Sins, their Faults, their Carelessness
 Of his Soul-feeding Word; O wicked Nation!
 That still with Folly, Blindness, Pride Abuse,
 Did sacred Things apply to sinful Use.

Their filthy Life their lewd lascivious Lust,
 Their wallowing in sensual Delight,
 Threatens a dreadful Storm, e're long, that must
 Swallow them up in their own Sins despite.
 But leave we them and their Affliction just;
 And now behold this Day succeeding Night:
 These burning Balls, to thee and thine shall prove
 Heav'n's Forelight, Wisdom, Mercy, Grace, and Love

This Counterfeit of those bright Orbs behold,
 The Earth and Sea, but Heav'n's of greatest Wonder,
 Whose restless Course about the Poles is roll'd
 With contrare Motions their first Mobil under,
 The Firmament with fixed Stars untold,
 Whose various Shapes, and rare Effects we ponder;
 Lines, Tropicks, Circles, Zones, and Zodiack,
 Wherein *Sol* doth the Year's four Seasons make.

Almighty *Jove*, who made Heav'n's wondrous Frame,
 Has made Man's Wit so rarely excellent,
 That he can vively counterfeit the same,
 And his Great Maker's Work can represent;
 With heavenly Fury rapt, with sacred Flame
 Of artless Art's Invention, nought content
 Of his all-working Wonders here below,
 But ev'n the Heav'nly Mansions here must show.

Lo, where the π Planets, each his Sphere within,
 Keeps Time and Course with Heav'n's true Planets all,
 Forc'd by their Primomobil for to rin
 In twice Twelve Hours about this earthly Ball,
 And their own Course they end, and they begin
 With Heav'n's bright Lamps; for thus they rise and fall;
 Chast *Phæbe*'s Course just in a Month goes right,
 Now poor, then wealthy of her Brother's Light.

*Mercur*e and *Venus* follow *Phæbus*' Team,
 His tender Wings here does on him depend,
 Whose Load of Light and Life-reviving Beam,
 About a Year his nat'ral Course doth end;
 And *Mars* in twice Twelve Months resumes his Game;
Saturn's mild h Son in Twelve Twelve-month rescind;
 Cold hoary *Saturn*'s leaden Coach that rins
 In Thirty Years leaves off where he begins.

All these Heav'n's azure Canopy surrounds,
 Sprinkled with Eyes, speckled with Tapers bright,
 Spangled with Spangs thro' all his boundless Bounds,
 Sown all with glittering Sparks of glancing Light,

Set

π *The Diurnal Motion of the Spheres: Their Natural Motion is shewn likewise, beginning at the Moon.*
 π *Jupiter.*

Set with gilt Studs and golden skouchant Grounds,
Powder'd with twinkling Stars,, whose cap'ring Flight
Glanceth downright, and with their mild Aspects
Works in th' inferior Bodies strange Effects.

Those sparkling Diamonds this rich Vale contains,
Whose Number numberless are past Account,
Hath Twelve that Biass-ways o'erthwart her Lanes,
With pow'rful Virtue decks her glorious Front,
All those are Signs wherein the Planets reigns,
While they descend, or rise, or fall, or mount;
For they partake, in their swift Revolution,
From each of those, Strength, Virtue, Force, and Motion.

Besides all those about the Poles, you see
Figures of what almost in Earth is found;
For the all-knowing Mind of Majesty,
Before he fram'd this rich imbroider'd Round,
The Plot in his Idea seem'd to be,
And Form of all his future Works profound;
Thus working in his Sp'rit divinely rare,
Long e'er the World was made, the World was there.

Unfolding then that rich and glorious Tent,
He portray'd with a Pincel molt divine,
Upon the all-enlightning Firmament
Those Tables of his future Work in fine;
Where lo, behold thy brave, molt brave Descent,
That solly in the latter Age shall shine;
Bearing Christ's Standard, and his Church defending,
Bounding their Empire with the World's ending.

Ethnicks, not knowing God All-provident,
Have Names of *Ethnicks* to these Forms assign'd;
But let it thee suffice, and be content
That I herein unfold what *Jove* design'd
By these bright Portraits, portray'd in the Tent
Of azure gilded Heav'n's Pavilion, sign'd
By his own Hand, and for himself there mark'd,
For e'er immortaliz'd, for Heav'n embark'd.

" b Great Architector of this wond'rous Frame,
" Raise up my Sp'rit to thy celestial Throne;

C 3

" Let

b *The Prophet's Prayer.*

" Let my poor Soul contemplate in the Flame
 " Of thy all-dazling Beauty, where alone
 " Thy glorious Beams reflecting, may o'erwhelm
 " My weakned Sight, and more than Sun-like shone
 " On my poor Soul's all darkned Cynthia's Eyes,
 " Make her to Earth eclips'd, clear toward Skies."

Wherewith the Prophet's face began to shine,
 He suddenly with sacred Fury glows,
 His Soul cleaves thro' the ten-fold Orbs in fine,
 And from sole Majesty's bright Glory drows,
 Her all-celestial sacred Food divine:
 A Sun-like Brightness, on his Forehead grows,
 A shining Lustre from his Eyes forth sent,
 A fiery Glance of God-like Blandishment.

Here follows the Constellations about the Poles, alluding to the Kings descended of the BRUCE.

First thou (said he) the ^b Rampant Lion ties,
 Who wand'ring from his Den goes far allray,
 Intrap'd in Snares and foreign Subtilties,
 Who erst subdu'd all Preys, becomes a Prey
 To crafty subtil Foes, yet doth arise
 With glorious Triumph, to their great Decay:
 And he who scorn'd a Stranger should command,
 Now yields his Neck to thy victorious Hand.

Here sails the ^d Ship wherein thy young Son sits,
 Slicing the Waves of azure-trembling Plains,
 And wafts into a foreign Land, that sits
 For greenish Youth (where all Delight remains;)
 While here stern War's remorseless Fury frets,
 And tears our Bow'ls asunder, strips our Veins:
 Yet this bless'd Bark our Jason brings from Greece,
 And of sweet Peace brings home the Golden Fleece.

But

^b Constellation Hercules holds a Lion bound in Chains, alluding to King Robert Bruce holding the Scots Arms.

^d Constellation Jason in the Ship Argo; David Bruce, that sailed to France, where he staid nine Years, enduring the Wars against the Baliol, aided by England: But when he returned he brought home Peace.

But lo, here comes the lofty *Coach-man* down,
That after him draws forth such Lamps of Light,
Such Gems, such Pearls, and Jewels for the Crown,
Such Ornaments, such only rare Delight,
That Sun-like shines with ever blest'd Renown,
And all from *Po* to *Ganges* fears their Might :

Yea, and himself his Charge so well discharges,
Earth's sole Empire *Jove* for his Seed enlarges.

Then comes that holy Prince, grave, wise, and old,
That for his Children mourning still laments,
Whose spotless Life here by the *Swans* foretold,
His Thoughts and Looks the *Eagle* still presents ;
For lo, his Eyes bent upwards, still behold,
Fixt on his *Phœbus*, the One-Trine-Essence,
He for his Children plains to *Jove* above,
Who shall regard his Looks, his Life, his Love.

Here comes that Prince, of wrongful Bondage free,
Who that mild *Virgin Justice* did release
From that vild Monster raging Tyranny,
And set her free to all his happy Race :
He rules the Land with Laws and Equity,
In whose blest'd Reign flows Knowledge, Wealth, & Grace:
Of Justice in his Hand he holds the *Head*,
Whose Splendor strikes all Malefactors dead.

Here mounted doth that valiant Prince advance,
Whose Heav'n wrought Launce his Enemies o'erthrows,
In whom shall shine pure Virtue's Radiance,
Rais'd up on high by *Jove* 'gainst all his Foes ;
The rav'ning *Wolf* he soils with Temperance,
And the true Path to true Religion shows ;

C 4

Mov-

Constellation, Auriga draweth a Coach full of gallant Youths,
Robert Stewart the First, of whom the Kings of that Name
descended.

Constellation, Zepheus weeping for Andromeda, a Swan and
an Eagle on either Hand of him, alluding to Robert the Third.

Constellation, Perseus relieves the Virgin Andromeda allud-
ing to King James the First, who instituted the College of
Justice.

Medusa's Head.

Constellation, Chiron the Centaur with a Launce, holds a
Wolf by the Neck, alluding to King James the Second, a zeal-
ous Reformer of Sin and Vice.

Moving his Subjects Hearts, their Minds, and all,
Great *Jove* to fear, and on his Name to call.

Now in thy Time (quod he) shall here arrive
A worthy ^c *Knight*, that from his native Land
Shall fly, because he bravely shall deprive,
In glorious Fight, a Knight that shall withstand
Thy Praises-due, while he doth thee describe,
Yea e'en this Knight shall, with victorious Hand
Come here, whose Name his Seed shall eternize,
And still thy virtuous Line shall sympathize.

From this great Man shall ^d One far greater spring,
Whom Fortune fair and Fate shall still attend;
Bellona fierce and *Venus* mild shall bring
Lawrels from *Mars*; but lo great *Jove* shall send
A Garland rich, sprung from this worthy King,
Whole royal Stem, unto the endless End
Of his great Line, their Temples shall adorn,
With never-setting, ever-rising Morn.

For lo, the Daughter of this worthy ^k Prince
Shall wed this Knight, this Lord of high Renown,
Whose Height, whose Greatness, and whose Excellence,
Whose Shoulders seem'd an *Atlas* to the Crown;
Of him shall come that mighty ^b Lord, who thence
Shall go, and proud rebellious *Danes* beat down:
He to obey his Prince's great Command,
Shall take this bold and weighty Charge in Hand.

An Army and a Navy he shall bring
O'er *Thetis'* glassy Mountains, groundless deep;
Under his Wings that disinthroned King
Shall go, whose Crown rebellious *Danes* still keep:

O'er

^b Here the Prophet takes Occasion to treat a little of the beginning of the *Hamiltons*.

^d Sir James Hamilton, that married King James the Second's Daughter.

^k King James the Second.

^b King James the Fourth sent Hamilton Earl of Arran with an Army with the Danish King, whom he re-established in his Kingdom, and afterward returned to his Country with great Glory.

O'er all these Northern Worlds his Name shall ring
 Terror in ev'ry Ear; while he doth sleep
 His Sword in their most valiant Prince's Blood.
 Whose Might his all-commanding Will gainstood :

And to his wonted Height that King shall raise,
 And inthronize him in Despight of Foes;
 With Fame, with Glory, and with endless Praise,
 He shall return unto his Land *but* Loss.
 When he hath spent in Honour's Height his Days,
 Favour'd by Heav'n, freed from untimely Woes,
 Of him descended shall a Greater rise,
 And lift his Glory far above the Skies.

He shall this Land govern, ^m protect, defend
 From foreign Force, from home-bred civil Broils,
 And the imperial Sway shall sweetly bend,
 While the right Heir is young, in these great Toils;
 E'en the most Christian King shall sue in End
 For his great Friendship and his Favour, whiles
 To Dignity aloft he shall him rear :
 Thus shall his Greatness shine both here and there.

Nor yet this Prince alone shall be the last
 That shall surmount his Predecessors far,
 But this great Family shall spread so fast,
 As *England* shall envy, that such a *Star*,
 Shot from their Sphere, hath their clear Lights surpass'd ;
 And like a Comet, blazing Blood and War,
 Streams forth their Beams, that each where purge from
 Error,
 And warms their Friends, but burns their Foes with
 Terror.

This Famous Line shall flourish more and more,
 Great Columns fair, rare Pillars of the Crown,
 Rich Ornaments that shall the Land decore,
 Sun-glitring Lights with ever blest'd Renown ;
 Heav'n blazing Lamps, whose Flame from Virtue's Store
 Brings Oil, wherein they Hell-bred *Hydras* drown.
 But leave we them, and of Thy Royal Race
 Show Heav'ns rare Blessings, Greatness, Height and Grace,
 C 5 Then

^m *The Earl of Arran Protector of Scotland in Queen Mary's
 Minority whom the King of France made Duke of Chatelrault,*

Then comes that ^a *Serpent*-Bearer forth in view,
 In base born venomous Blood too much delighted,
 O'er all the Land their poisoned Gore they spue,
 And all his well-born Subjects much affrighted;
 Whereot great Harm, great Vengeance doth ensue:
 For those foul Beasts of each so much despighted,
 Shall be the Cause of this great Prince's Fall,
 Their Poison so infects Heart, Mind, and all.

And, ^d *Archer*-like, the next doth march on Foot
 Amidst his Army rashly to pursue
 His crafty Foes, while his brave Mind too stout
 Shall scorn the Counsel of his Subjects true;
 There shall unwares this warlike Prince, no doubt,
 Be lost, whose Want thou *Scotland* long shalt rue:
 For lo, too soon his Sun of Glory bright
 Is chok'd with Mills of Fate's untimely Night.

And here behold that ^m *Magnanimious King*,
 Most just in Peace, most valorous in War,
 His royal Scepter bravely managing,
 Whose glorious Fame shall pierce all *Europe's* Ear.
 From him fair Beauty's fairest ^b *Flow'r* shall spring,
 Whom here you see set in a royal Chair;
 And there her dangling golden ^b *Locks* intryl'd;
 Much these have blest'd her, but much more her Child.

^a *Constellation, A Serpent in either Hand of Serpentarius, al-
 luding to King James the Third, ruled by Cochran and the
 Daisie, who like Serpents poisoned the Land with Vice, the
 Cause of his Fall.*

^d *Constellation, Indus an Archer, marching to fight on Foot.
 James the Fourth, who fighting on Foot, was slain at Flow-
 don-Field.*

^m *Constellation, Bootes is a Man strong and powerful. James
 the Fifth.*

^b *Constellation, Cassiopea is a Queen sitting in a Chair. Queen
 Mary Dowager of France.*

^b *Berenices crinis, or Cesaries, called, The Garland of Hair.*

C A P U T

CAPUT V.

The ARGUMENT.

*The South and North Crowns join'd by that great King,
 Who of all Kings, Heav'n's Blessings most embrace;
 His Works, his Wit, Heav'n's Care him safe to bring
 To happy End: His two rare Imps of Grace,
 In whom he's blest'd more than in any Thing,
 By War the Youngest rules the Earth in Peace.
 The Prophet leaves the Prince amaz'd at last;
 He foils Six Knights, then to his Army pass'd.*

BUT ^a here, O Scotland, here begins thy Spring
 Of Honour, Wealth, Fame, Glory, Praise, and Bliss,
 E'en now, and not till now, high Heav'n's doth bring
 Thy Happiness, thy Good, thy All I wish,
 Thy Fame, thy Name, for e'er eternizing,
 If sinful Pride bear not thy Ways amiss:
 Hence shall thy Glory and thy greatness grow,
 Swelling o'er Seas, and o'er all Lands shall flow.

There o'er the Globe of Sea and Earth he stands,
 Which to the ^b North joins South's fair Diadem,
 And Boreas spacious Empire all commands,
 And all where Titan cools his fiery Team:
 If thou can number forth the Ocean Sands,
 Or all those spangled golden Wonders name,
 In radiant Coach that Course Heav'n's Lifts apace,
 Then mayst thou count his blest'd and fruitful Race.

This, this is he, e'en he, whom Heav'n propones
 Great Jove's eternal Motto for to bear,
 Whose Soul-refining Sighs, Heart-icolding Groans
 Shall on this Altar of Devotion rear

True

^a Constellation, The North and South Crowns on the either Side of
 Polophylax, before him an Altar; alluding to King James
 the Sixth, who joined the North and South Crowns of Britain.

^b The North and South Crown; Corona Borealis, Corona Au-
 stralis.

True Zeal, true Faith, and true repenting Moans,
 From whence ascends the sweet Perfumes of Pray'r
 To the ONE-TRINE, who from his Mercy's Throne
 Shall rain down plenteous Show'rs of Grace anone.

From so great 'Dangers shall the Lord him save,
 And to such Height of Happiness him bring,
 That tho' nought else could each one's Ear bereave,
 Yet this shall be an everlasting Sign
 For each to sing his mild sweet Virtues grave
 Without Correction, bent to each Design,
 His Bounty, Clemency, and Equity,
 His constant Mind and his Stability.

The least of nothing can my Muse record,
 Whose Wings is lag'd with Vapours gross and fat;
 But this I know, that his imperial Sword
 Shall slice down Sin, and shield the Desolate:
 But should I thus with seeming Shews debord
 His Praise so infinite, so intricate?
 No, no, dear Muse, search not where is no End;
 Only himself, himself can comprehend.

For all the Muses at his Birth descending
 Thro' the clear Welkin of our western Climes,
 As when a fiery Flash of Lightning bending
 With twinkling Rays glides downward oftentimes
 Amidst the tufted Plains: So they attending
 On his bless'd Birth, infuse their sacred Rhymes
 His Sp'rit within, and, with ambrosial Kisses,
 In his bless'd Soul they breath a Heav'n of Bliss.

This done, they with a Wreath of Stars half crown'd
 His Temples, with a Triple Crown adorn,
 With double Bays and Lawrel much renown'd
 They give Two glorious 'Titles ne'er outworn,
 And makes his Voice divinely to resound
 O'er all the Earth, on Wings of Fame still born.
 O Miracle! his Voice like Lightning dart,
 The golden Show'rs of polish'd Wit and Art.

His

** God's wonderful Love shewn to him in so many and notable Deliveries from Treason.*

** Sole Monarch of the North, and Prince of Poets.*

His Muse shall fly with sweetest Eloquence,
In learned Lays to charm all Sp'rits, all Senses;
And like a ^h Queen, in Pomp's Magnificence,
She's richest still when largest in Expences,
In Scarlet here, and Crimson there, and thence
In Purple Robes, adorning ^m royal Princes,
More rich than golden *Tissues* swelling Cost,
With rarest Gems and precious Stones imboss'd.

And then anone in Arms address'd for ⁿ War,
Steel bright Sword she's bravely brandishing;
Here does she place the Thund'ring Cannons, there
To Mars she bids the roaring Trumpet's sing:
The Victor gets her Lawrel for his Share,
That bring him more than *Craſus* Gold could bring.
But now in sable Black her self she futes,
And ^b Magick-Spells divinely she refutes.

Then Saint-like sits she in a secret Cell,
And sacred ^e Phrases sent from Heav'n above,
Forth from her Pen in Plenty doth distil,
Confounding all that Questions vain would prove:
And from her Wit's deep Treasure springs a Well,
Whose Source from God's celestial Throne doth move:
On golden Channels slides the Silver Stream,
And drowns her Foes in groundless Gulfs of Shame.

Yea, whosoe'er herself she list t' adorn,
With Diadems or Coats of warlike Steel,
Or Wisdom's graver Suits she list have born;
Yet ev'ry Thing becomes her Shape so well,
That still herself she seems, whole rising Morn
Shall have no Night, whose mighty flowing *Nile*
O'erflows all Lands, and with her swelling Wave
Holds her in Peace, and others all in Awe.

This Prince more Wealth, Peace, Honour, Greatness brings
Than all that sway'd his Scepter e'er before:

But

His Eloquence compared to a Queen.

His Book to the Prince.

His Work called, The Battle of Lepanto.

His Book against Magick.

His Answer to that Book set forth in the Name of Bellarmine.

But here since Heav'n him by his Worth designs,
 That to all Times and Age shall him restore,
 Since All and ev'ry Thing his Praises sings,
 I can but lessen what all Times makes more:
 But in his Seed rare Blessings shall attend him,
 Which it shall please Almighty Jove to send him.

In midst of famous Scotland does there ly
 Aⁿ Valley grac'd with Nature, Art, and Care,
 As fertile as the Soil of *Araby*,
 As pleasant as *Thessalian Tempe* fair,
 On which from Heav'n no blust'ring Tempests fly,
 Nor Zephyre blows but sweet and wholesome Air;
 Along whole Side the *Ochel* Mountains rise,
 And lifts their swelling Tops above the Skies.

Down thro' the midst of this fair Valley glides
 The christal *Forth* with glancing Silver Hue,
 Whose roaring Streams on golden Channel slides
 With Murmur sweet in *Thetis* Bosom blue,
 Of Brooks supply'd with lib'ral Stores besides,
 Which Tops of tow'ring Mountains still renew,
 Whose Springs the dry insatiate Meads supplies,
 And Moisture lends to Herbs, to Fruits, and Trees.

In midst of this fair Valley doth arise
 A mighty mounting Rock of wond'rous Height,
 On whose ambitious Back, as in the Skies,
 A City stands, impregnable to Sight;
 A Castle on his lofty Crest espies
 The Valleys round about and Mountains height:
 Below the Rock the glancing River glides,
 In whose cold Sreams he cools his hoary Sides.

When *Titan* doth up to the South aspire,
 Ascending thro' Heav'n's Vaults of brightest *Azure*,
 These lofty Turrets seem to have Desire
 To view there Beauty's Pride, while they have Leisure;
 Then set they all the rowling Flood on Fire,
 Whose trembling Billows show the golden Treasure,
 The smiling Flood illustrates them with Beams,
 Whileas their Beauty beautifies her Streams.

Within

• A Description of Stirling, the Birth-place of Prince Henry.

Within this *Paradise* of all Delight,
 Thus grac'd with Art's proud Wealth, and Nature's Care,
 Shall to the World be born that ^c Lamp of Light,
 Whose shining Shape you are beholding there :
 But ah ! too soon snatcht up from human Sight,
 Whose Loss shall make the western World despair
 That Heav'n's can raise them to their former Bliss
 Since they have rest so great a Good as this.

O could he live ! he were a worthy Prince,
 By Nature in her richest Wealth enrol'd,
 And fraught with all the Gifts of Excellence,
 That either Man could wish, or Heav'n's unfold :
 But O too wise, and too too soon ta'en hence,
 Heav'n scorns that Earth so great a Good should hold,
Albion beware lest Heav'n upon thee lour,
 Who thus untimely cuts thy fairest Flow'r.

Then shall arise a Prince of his own Kind,
 Born of his Dame, and of his Sire begot,
 Whose matchless, haughty, and heroick Mind,
 Shews Heav'n assigns great Empires for his Lot ;
 Here doth he ^d march in Arms, to War inclin'd,
 O'er *Danube, Nile, Euphrates, Ganges* hot,
 And treads on all, as on the fearful Hare,
 'Gainst his victorious Arm that dares prepare.

He, at his royal Father's high ^c Command,
 This great and weighty Charge shall undergo
 For dread Revenge, with War's hot burning Brand
 Sent from that angry Monarch's Breast, shall throw
 A thund'ring Tempest o'er all Sea and Land,
 With Shame, Loss, Foil, Blood, Ruin, Wrack, and Wo :
 For why, his waiting-slaves are War and Death,
 T'unbind his Brows knit up in Clouds of Wrath.

• To

• *Constellation, Antinous, a most rare and beautiful Youth, alluding to Prince Henry.*

• *Constellation, Orion marching with an Army over a River, and a Hare under his Foot ; alluding to Charles Prince of Wales, according to the Prophecies.*

• *He as General under his Father.*

: To whose brave Son thus sent, the Lord hath granted,
 If he his Thoughts hoord in that heav'nly Place,
 With him and his he sure has covenanted
 To pour an Ocean of his plenteous Grace;
 Nor his great Sire's Dominions shall be wanted,
 But all from fertile ^a *Inde* to *Orcades*
 All shall be his, and his victorious Hand
 O'er Sea and Earth, all Nations shall command.

And lo, that dreadful ¹ *Serpent*, Scourge of Earth,
 Whose Pride aloft him to the Heav'ns doth rear,
 Shall yield to his all-conqu'ring Arm, whose Worth
 From his proud Head this Diadem shall tear,
 And join it to his ^m own, by Right of Birth:
 Then to his Saviour's sacred Tomb shall bear
 This glorious Standard, this triumphant ⁿ Sign,
 Of Sin, of Death, of Hell's great taming King.

Nature and all her Train on him attend,
 Putting the golden Key into his Hand
 Of Earth and Sea's rich Treasure, to the End
 That all obey, and he may all command:
 Care, Wisdom, Foresight, Virtue to him send
 Fortune fast bound, with many Thousand Band;
 Love, Beauty, Youth, strive to adorn him more
 Than Virtue, Grace, and Wisdom's plenteous Store.

The ^a Twelve great Labours of that antick Lord
 Was justly prais'd and magnify'd alone.
 Yet much more Worth to him shall be restor'd
 Than Men, Beasts, Monsters, conquer'd one by one,
 Where only Strength, not Wit, did Aid afford:
 O'er murder'd Beasts his Glory shall not shone,
 But Kings subdu'd, and mighty Nations strong,
 Shall to his Fame and endless Praise belong.

This Prince shall always feel Heav'n's gracious Love,
 And happy Fortunes shall comfort him still;

Proud

^a The Verses following, are translated out of the Prophecies.

^b Agreeing with the Prophecies.

¹ Hydra, alluding to the Great Turk.

^m Corona Australis, Corona Borealis.

ⁿ Crux.

^a Hercules's Twelve Labours.

ed, Proud conqu'ring *Mars* still by his Side shall move,
 Fair Victory shall e'er obey his Will,
 His Infancy the nursing shall remove
 To noble Hopes, and his strong Years forthfil
 With stately Trophies, and his Age with Balms;
 With Crowns, with Laurels, and triumphant Palms. X

The boundless Sea shall seem to him a Brook,
 Heav'n threat'ning *Alps* shall seem an easy Way,
 Two horned * *Po* shall his proud Streams rebuke,
 Beholding his victorious Army stay;
 His glassy Cave he leaves, and comes to look
 Whereas a Thousand Cisterns ev'ry Day,
 To pay their endless Silver Tribute, hies,
 Which, till that Time, did never view the Skies,

The Aged Flood came gravely from his Cell,
 Down from his head hangs dangling Silver Tresses,
 From every Hair a Chrystal Spring doth fall,
 Ay when he sweats, a roaring Stream forth presses,
 Each Sigh raise up a Wave, each Groan foretell,
 A fearful Innundation following passes:
 His wrinkled Brows a pearly Dew distilleth,
 His greenish Eyes with endless Tears still filleth.

The *Nymphs* with dancing round about him trips,
 Against the Sun their azure Mantles shone;
 From Wave to Wave the wanton *Faries* skips;
 Whole *Sholes* of Fish here swims; there leaps anone
 Their wat'ry Lord with Ice-cold shiv'ring Lips,
 Thus chides his Streams:---You foolish Streams alone,
 Ah, will you thus Heav'n's Champion gainstand,
 When Sea and Earth obey his conqu'ring Hand.

Proud Brook be calm, abate thy raging Torrent,
 Gainst him whom *Jove* hath lov'd, list not thy Horn,
 Rowl smooth your Waves, lash not your swelling Current
 Forth at his glorious Feet, which should be born
 On your smooth Back, but dance an easy Courant
 With me your aged Flood, with Years not worn,
 Till his victorious Army march before
 Their glist'ring Ensigns, on our Eastern Shore.

His

* A Digression, describing the River Po.

His fear'd Renown like thund'ring Cannons roars
 In each Man's Ears, thro' all Lands, Towns, and Towns
 And Tempelt-like it beats the *Baltick* Shores;
 Clouds of his Wrath in Hail's sharp stormy Show'rs,
 Tumbling thro' mighty Winds, aloft still soars,
 At whose dread Sound all Nations sadly lows,
 And o'er all Lands it flies, at last it falls, (Walls
 And beats down Bulwarks, Towns, Tow'rs Gates, and

This valorous Prince, wise, comely, fair and neat,
 In ev'ry Thing himself shall bravely bear,
 His Enemies he shall no sooner threat,
 Than he shall overthrow with Shame and Fear;
 The Terror of his Name shall Tyrants beat
 Down from their Thrones, who yields before he war:
 For *Jove* not gives him sparingly good Hap,
 But always pours down Plenty in his Lap.

Thus thy great House, thy Race, thy Offspring fair,
 Unbred, unborn; all those, and more's enrol'd
 On Heav'n's Brass-leaves, by the Almighty's Care,
 For all ensuing Ages to behold:
 Be thankful, serve, love, praise his Mercies rare,
 That in Heav'n's Birth did first their Birth unfold:
 So thy bless'd Race shall be more blessed still,
 Nor Time, nor Age, thy blessed Seed shall kill.

And thou, dear Country, with all Grace contented
 That Heav'n on fertile Earth can thee afford,
 Let not thy Mind with Pride be once attained
 For those great Blessings of thy Gracious Lord;
 Let not fair Fate's approach be so prevented,
 And Bliss once giv'n, with Shame soon back restor'd:
 But, O alas! here my poor Soul doth faint:
 O! then I fear a thankful Mind thou's want.

Which if thou do, the Almighty's Smiles shall turn
 To hot consuming Wrath and Coals of Fire,
 That shall thy "Entrails, all thy Bowels burn,
 Thou's feel his just sad Wrath and dreadful Ire,
 For which thy Maids and harmless Babes shall mourn:
 Nor shall thy Plagues, War, Famine, Death retire
 Till thou be wallowing in a crimson Flood,
 And drown'd almost in thy own guilty Blood.

"Prophecies

Great

Great *Jove* shall send strange Nations far and near
 Within thy native Land thee to destroy,
 Earth's farrest Ends thy Widows Plaints shall hear;
 Where weeping Air thy Mournings shall convoy
 From Pole to Pole; beneath Heav'n's Vaults so clear,
 Echo shall sadly found thy sad Annoy.---
 Annoy cuts his Discourse, thus woful hearted,
 Wherewith the prophetizing Sp'rit departed:

Long Time he silent stood, at last again
 He thus began :---Brave Princce, in Time beware
 Next, when the Crown thou freely shalt obtain,
 Thou let not Sin and Vice creep in so far,
 That *Jove* his endless Blessings he refrain,
 And thee and thine with endless vengeance mar;
 Which if thou do not, then thou here hast seen
 What bath for thee and thine prepared been.

Thus said the Prophet, while the Prince rejoic'd
 Those of his royal Offspring thus to see
 In Heav'n so fram'd, by *Jove* so well dispos'd;
 And rend'ring Thanks to his Great Majesty,
 E'en then a Vow he on himself impos'd;
 He Kingdom once at Peace, his Crown made free,
 His with an Army great Christ's Tomb would view,
 And with stern Wars would *Saracens* pursue.

Then said he to that grave and ancient Sire,
 Wise, holy Father, let me once be bold
 Thy bless'd and happy Name for to enquire,
 Of whom my very Soul's Content I hold.
 Great Prince (quod he) I yield to your Desire,
 Rymour I heght, your Slave and Servant old,
 My Love and my last Duty to discharge
 I hither came, as you shall know at large.

For the appointed Time is drawing near,
 When my poor Soul must leave this ruin'd Tow'r;
 Know

Gladsmoor.

He died unperforming this Vow; wherefore he sent his Heart to
 the Holy Grave.

This was Thomas Rymour an old Prophet, who died about Six
 Months after this Time.

Know then an Angel did to me appear,
 And of these Revelations gave me Pow'r,
 Only for thee, because the Lord doth hear
 The woful Plalnts and Groanings ev'ry Hour
 Of thy still tortur'd Land, which Heav'n surmounted,
 And Mercy beg'd, where Mercy never wanted.

That only thou selected for Relief,
 By the ONE-TRINE eternal Majesty,
 Crost'd with Misfortune, Sorrow, Pain and Grief,
 For that vile Slaughter sacrilegiously
 In *Jove's* sole sacred House; but that Mischief
 Hath thy unfeign'd Repentance freed from thee;
 Should here by me Heav'n's endless Bounty know,
 For to remove thy Cares, and Comfort show.

Persist thou still then in thy just Desire,
 For mighty *Jove* stands arm'd against thy Foes,
 Now all thy bad Mistortunes shall retire,
 Hence shalt thou ever win and never lose:
 Thou freely shalt possess a free Empire,
 And such Renown, such Fame and Glory goes
 Of thy great Name, that thou shalt have more Praise
 Than ever had a Prince before thy Days.

Now (quod the Prince) old Father, I would know
 If these great Kings shall beautify my Name.
 No, no, (quod he) but from thy Loins shall grow
 A One Tree, whose Fruit shall flourish still with Fame,,
 And on the Banks of silver *Forth* shall show
 Two Branches fair for to adorn that Stream,
 Who turns and bows her crooked Shores about,
 To keep such Heav'n-blest'd Treasure ungotout.

And so farewell.---This said, thro' shapeless Air
 He went away: A Light clear, bright, and shining,
 Enlightned all the Place so clear and fair
 As *Phæbus* seem'd, but *Phæbe* thence refining
 His pale old Beauty spent with Age and Care;
 The Prince his Knees and dazled Eyes inclining,

Down

b King Robert had a base Son that was Earl of Ross, of whom
 is descended the two famous Families of Clackmannan and Airth,
 both surnamed Bruce.

Down falls he straight, Life seem'd to leave his Station,
Struck blind with Light, and dumb with Admiration.

When he recover'd of his Brain-sick Trance,
The Cause of such a golden Radiance,
For any where see that grave Prophet old,
Which chang'd and alter'd much his Countenance
Twixt Doubt and Fear, yet needs from thence he would,
Finding a beaten Path down to the Plain,
That leads him where his Horse doth yet remain.

He takes him straight, and doth from thence depatt,
Revolving oft into his princely Mind,
By Illusion, Vision, Dream, or Art,
Or if he rest in Sp'rit, such Things divin'd:
But weighing well each Thing with joyful Heart,
He nothing thinks impossible to find
By mighty *Jove*, altho' Men's shallow Wit.
Can hardly be induc'd to credit it.

Thus while he thinks, thus while he musing rides,
Six Knights all arm'd, well mounted he espies
Come towards him; he for Defence provides.
Yield, yield thyself or die, the foremost cries.
He nought replies, but boldly them abides,
Drawing his noble Brand, them all defies;
And in short Time so quell'd them with Rebuke,
That Three he kill'd, Two chas'd, and One he took.

Then forward on his Journey doth he hold,
And of his Prisoner desires to know
Who rul'd that Land. He thus unto him told:
To day this Country did me Homage owe;
But I too rash, my fond Attempts too bold,
Hearing of Strangers landed here below,
Would with these few my Country's Wrong prevent,
But you alone have marr'd my fond Intent.

And if you to King *Edward* do pertain,
Or to our Prince, I pray you shew to me;
Or with these late come Troops if you remain,
Whom I but Foresight thus would go to see.

I hold

I hold of *Edward*, said the Prince again,
 Thereof I'm sorry, said the Prince, pardie;
 Great Pity wer't, in such unlawful War,
 So excellent a Knight should Armour bear.

Thus jest they, thus they talk, till thy have gone
 Far on the Way, at last they might descry
 A warlike Troop in glitt'ring Armour shone,
 Whom by their Arms the Prince knew presently;
 They knowing him, with high Applause each one
 Made known how well they lik'd his Company:
 He to his Prisoner himself reveal'd,
 Who Pardon beg'd, and Thanks to Heav'n did yield.

While Day's great Lord o'er Heav'n's gilt Roof far past,
 Beholding *Thetis'* Beauty where she lies
 Redarting back his Amours, till at last
 His Love-fir'd Smiles seem'd to inflame the Skies,
 He hurls his golden Wheels down in the West,
 Breathless for Haste, he blush'd, yet down he hies,
 Where on the trembling silver Waves she stood,
 Then dive they both down thro' the cristal Flood.

Ev'n then the Knight, the King, and all his Train,
 Intreat that Night beneath his Roof to rest,
 Whereto the King doth yield: Thus back again
 Right to the Palace they themselves address'd;
 But this brave Prince not long did here remain,
 For why a joyful hope his heart possess'd,
 Wherefore he shipt in Haste and took the Sea,
 Hoping on his proud Foe reveng'd to be.

CAPUT

CAPUT VI.

The ARGUMENT.

By Fortune, Valour, and adventrous Chance,
 The Douglas doth relieve three Scottish Dames
 In Arran's Isle, and doth from thence advance,
 While he is burnt with Love's insulting Flames:
 Yet shews he that on Mars, nor Cupid's Lance,
 Glory provides to hang triumphant Palms.
 He finds his Lord, in Scotland who returns,
 And Turnberry he sacks, destroys, and burns.

NOW may you think, that I have lost the Sight
 Of Douglas, and forgot his warlike Deeds;
 Who still pursues his Chace till sable Night,
 To save her Friend, and end his Game, forth speeds:
 When from his well-spurr'd Horse he doth alight,
 To rest till Heav'n smil'd on Apollo's Steeds:
 But long he rests not when he hears a Noise
 Confus'dly jarring with a weeping Voice.

He takes his Horse and there in haste doth ride
 Where, as him thought, he heard the woful Sound,
 By Phæbe's Light, at last he has espy'd
 On Horse some Fifty Knights, who led fast bound
 Five Knights, Three Ladies, all behind them ty'd
 Upon their Horse; the Knights from many a Wound
 Dy'd the green Grass in red, that seem'd to call
 For dread Revenge, shewing the Way withal.

He follows still; but lo they ride so fast,
 That they by this had gotten to the Shore,
 And in a tall Ship soon from thence they pass'd,
 He sees sixteen in Arms him there before
 That them pursu'd; with those he goes at last
 Into a Barge, oft wishing to restore
 To Liberty those poor distressed Wights,
 The woful Ladies and the wounded Knights.

Now

These were his Friends.

Now these were led, he met upon the Shore,
 By one Sir *Robert Boyd*, a valiant Knight;
 They from the Army stray'd not long before
 When on three Gentlemen they hap'd to light,
 Who them besought to aid them to restore
 Three Ladies ta'en by cruel * *English* Might;
 And coming near to *Arran*, they conclude
 With *Douglas* only for to spend their Blood.

Wherefore he caus'd them presently to land
 In Halte, to get betwixt them and their Hold;
 Which strait was done: O happy they that fand
 So brave a Guide, wise, hardy, fearless, bold,
 In whose mild Look, in whose all-conqu'ring Hand
 X They Victory already might behold.

Now were they to the Castle nearhand by,
 Where all in Secret they did closely ly.

By then the *English* to the Shore had brought
 Their Prisoners; but all their Wealth and Store
 Within their Ship they left, which all for nought
 From Merchants Ships they had bereft of yore:
 And now straight to the Castle when they fought,
 The *Douglas* gives the Sign, and steps before
 His warlike Rout, and with his Sword and Shield
 He cuts a bloody Way out through the Field.

Thus in a Rage forth thro' his Foes he drew,
 Whose virtuous Valour thirsts for Glory's Crown,
 With ev'ry Blow a Soul bids Earth adieu;
 Their new Array he breaks, their Ranks beats down:
 So many Shields he cleft, and Knights o'erthrew,
 That too much Valour hinder'd much Renown;
 For lo a Wall of Bodies dead he laid,
 Whereof the rest, in need, a Rampart made.

Transported thus with Hate, with Wrath, and Ire,
 Now here, now there, he woful Slaughter wrought;
 Astonish'd then, some did with Fear retire;
 Yet some for Shame stick to't, amaz'd in thought;
 Others that scorn'd such Wonders to admire,
 Vow dread Revenge, and on him still they fought:

* *These English Men whom they followed, were Keepers of the
 Castle of Breithwick in Arran.*

Yet those that Fools were thought, did wisely fly,
And those that wisely stay, like Fools they die.

While he, not wearied thus with killing, fights,
Their Captain stout, that *Hastings* heght to Name,
Forth from the Castle comes with Twenty Knights,
Whose fresh Supplies, with Fury most extreme,
Beats down their Foes, and stay e'en in their Sight
Fair Victory with Glory, Praise, and Fame,
That crown'd was come, and smil'd on them before,
But now she turns her Back, and threats them sore.

Which when the noble *Douglas* had espy'd,
Viewing their Force, and valiant Captain bold,
He leaves his Task; and forthwith thither hy'd,
Whose chearful Sight his mangled Band did hold
From present Flight, while he so well apply'd
His matchless Strength, that his keen Blade grown cold
In their warm Blood, his Heat so much renew'd,
That now they first did flee, who first pursu'd.

Thus rarely chang'd the Fortune of the Broil,
Hastings with Threats menace them still that flee,
And now in equal Balance stood the Toil:
Ah Heav'ns! you feeble Soldiers (said he)
Shall you, almost an Hundred, have the Foil
Of but few more more than half a Score, you see?
Ah Shame! you ever hence the Name to bear
Of *English*, so victorious in War.

This said, he gaz'd, and staring round about,
At last he flies with fierce and angry Look
Forth thro' the Throng against the *Douglas* stout,
A stiff Steel-pointed Dart he strongly shook,
And as a Bow an Arrow swift shoots out,
Swinging thro' Air, such sounding Air it took,
Whileas the hardy fearless Knight oppos'd
His Shield against all Dangers undisclos'd.

This strange and mighty Throw pierc'd *Douglas*' Shield,
And in his Armour itaid, which quickly done,
The warlike *Douglas* doth the Weapon weild,
And gave his Foe no Leisure for to shun,

X 'Gainst whose strong Arm, his Arms could be no Bield,
Quite thro' his right Side pass'd it too too soon;
For at his Heart he aim'd, yet forc'd him fall,
Which doth abate the Courage of them all.

Love, Sorrow, Fear, threw forth Confusion fast,
Yet quickly they resolve, and in their Fray
Take up their wounded Lord, and thence they pass'd;
Yea surely this had been their latest Day,
But Night's dark Shades between them slipt at last,
And forc'd them both aside their Arms to lay:
For if Heav'n's chearful Lamp had bidden in,
The valiant *Douglas* Force the Tow'r had win.

Now they the woful Prisoners unty'd,
Who fell with humble Rev'rence on the Ground,
Praising Almighty *Jove* who did provide
The *Douglasse*, that their Way to Safety found;
When he the Ladies Beauties well espy'd,
He wonder'd what wild Savage would have bound
Their minger'd Bodies, with their dainty Hands,
Fitter for Arms Embrace than Iron Bands.

For their neat Bodies, dainty, sweet, and rare,
Was exquisite, and excellent he thought,
That e'en almost his martial Mind, all Care
Of Arms forgot, and Love's Delight he sought;
The youngest's Beauty did his Thoughts ensnare,
Her Face, Eyes, Hair, her All, by Nature wrought,
Was in the rarest and the finest Mold
That Heart could wish, Hand touch, or Eye behold.

But now because the Night was waxing dark,
He did from thence unto the Shore retire,
Where they at Anchor fand the *English* Bark,
Which they of all Resistance soon did clear,
And launching from the Shore, they did remark
What Store of Wines they had, what dainty Cheer:
And as their former Talk great Praise obtain'd,
So by the last a wond'rous Wealth they gain'd.

With Dainties cloy'd, at last they go to Rest,
And sets their Watch; but lo, no rest at all

The *Douglas* finds, Love did him so molest,
 Now he's become enchanting Beauty's Thrall;
 Sooth was he that his Love should be possess'd
 By one to whom he was a Debtor small:
 And by her changing Passions, sure it seem'd
 That she of late some Knight had much esteem'd.

But that you may the Truth more clearly know,
 Three Sisters born were these fair Ladies Three,
 Their noble Sire of Children had no mo,
 Great was his Wealth, his House and Lineage high,
 His Revenues he wholly did bestow
 On those Three Ladies, yet did this forsee,
 To give the Youngest, whom he most affected,
 The better Half, whose Worth he most respected.

All Three, to their old Sire, such Rev'rence bore,
 And each to other had such mutual Love,
 As still his Pleasure was their Pleasure; sure
 His Will they did with willing Minds approve:
 A brave young Knight the Youngest would procure
 In Marriage, and still his Suit did move,
 Whom she did neither love, nor hate outright,
 Sir *Andrew Murray* heght this valiant Knight.

Those Ladies chanc'd one Day abroad to go
 To *Neptune's* sandy Shore, for their Delight,
 With whom this Knight went forth, and Twenty mo,
 No Armour but a Sword had ev'ry Knight:
 It chanc'd e'en then, hard by a Craig below,
 Those *English* came ashore, whose sudden Sight
 Puts those poor Ladies in so great a Fray,
 That they obtain'd a rich, but easy Prey.

Murray long Time the Ladies did defend.
 With chearful Words encouraging the Rest;
 So lo, there was no Safety, for in End
 Fifteen there dy'd, the Remainder possess'd
 In Prisoners they hold, and then extend
 Their Wrath, which in that Land their Wealth increas'd:
 At last they fled with Shame, and with Rebuke,
 These follow'd them whom *Douglas* overtook.

And only by this warlike Earl's brave Hand
 Were they repaid of all their former Wrong;
 Amongst the Rest of Prisoners he fand
 This *Murray*, who had lov'd this Lady long;
 All this the valiant Earl did understand,
 Inform'd by Conference the Rest among,
 And tho' indeed he lov'd that gallant Knight,
 Yet in the Lady was his chief Delight.

Now on the Seas they stray a certain Space,
 Till on a Night the Count that silent lay
 Upon his Bed, did hear one cry, Alas!
 Will thus my Lady all my Hope betray?
 Is my long Love rewarded with Disgrace?
 Ah, Grief! alas, what will the World now say!
 On Wings of Hope I mount above my Might,
 And now am forc'd with *Phaeton* to light.

Ah! who so feeds on Women's double Words,
 Runs with a Strangling-tow to meet Despair;
 Who Kindness to their wanton Looks affords,
 Heaps on themselves a Hell of endless Care;
 Who to their Smiles applies Love's sweet Concords,
 With Scorn and Shame they shall their Thoughts insnare
 Yea, who upon a Woman's Vows shall dream,
 Can ne'er be rid of Wo, Grief, Care, and Shame.

But I must love her, I must love her still,
 And loving her, ev'n loving I must die:
 Or shall I live my Friendly Foe to kill,
 That thus deprives my Hopes? O no, not I.
 I will my very Soul in Tears distil,
 In Sighs consume my Heart, with Groans I'll tie
 Unwilling Death unto my tortur'd Mind,
 And with all Pains, End to one Pain shall find.

Tho' thus disdain'd, disgrac'd, and quite forlorn,
 Yet her poor Soul, e'en her I cannot blame
 But Fortune proud, that to this Knight hath sworn
 O'er all the Earth she will extol his Name;
 And Nature that did weep when he was born,
 For all her Wealth hangs at his Virtue's Beam;
 Yea, she in him herself excels so far,
 Compar'd with him, all others she does mar.

Oh! thrice unhappy I, that e'er did yield
 As Prisoner unto the *English* Foe;
 Thrice happy I, if slain into the Field,
 Then had she pity'd, if not lov'd I know:
 But O, this Knight, did with his Sword and Shield
 Free me from Bands; and yet he freed me so,
 As giving Life and saving this my Breath,
 He sends me to a far more cruel Death.--

Here Sorrow cuts his sad Discourse at last,
 With many grievous Groans, with Sighs and Tears;
 Whereat this warlike Lord was much agast,
 Whenas this woful Song had pierc'd his Ears;
 His Lady's Love all other Cares surpass'd,
 Her divine Shape graft in his Mind he bears:
 And yet he thinks he wrongs that worthy Knight,
 Whole faithful Love, long since made known his Right.

Wherefore in Time he would command these Fits,
 And Love's fond flaming Passions would remove:
 But O! commanding in his Heart she sits,
 Ruling the Motions of his Soul above;
 It would him kill, or near distract of Wits
 If he the meanest Thought of Loss should prove.
 Yet straight he thinks, with Reason Man's indow'd,
 That by himself his Lusts may be subdu'd.

Thus tossing Thousand Passions in his Mind,
 At last he vows himself for to command;
 Now *Phæbus* had his golden Locks untwin'd,
 And them in *Thetis* chrystal Glass unband;
 When cutting *Neptune's* Back afar they find
 Three warlike Ships come towards them from Land.
 Wherefore in Arms each one himself address'd,
 And at their Lord's Devotion then they rest.

Now all of them did in his Presence stand,
 And forth he caus'd the Ladies to be brought,
 And thus he said:--- Fair Dames, you understand
 What I and these most valiant Men have wrought
 By *Jove* his only Aid, we took in Hand
 Your Honour, Safety, your Relief we sought;
 Tho' Heav'n did favour this our Enterprize,
 You know it was more desperate than wise.

And tho' all Knights indeed should Armour bear
 For Ladies, and in their Defence to fight;
 Yet I more shameless than the Rest I fear,
 Of you, fair *Eve*, (for so the Youngest heght)
 Would crave Reward, which you may well forbear,
 Yea I would have your Oath in all their Sight,
 That what I charge you with, you will obey,
 Nor what I seek may you offend, I pray.

The modest bashful Dame, in silent Mood,
 Her mild sweet Looks she bent upon the Ground,
 Thro Sun-bright Beauty shin'd her crimson Blood;
 Which sudden Tempest past, she quickly found
 This Answer (while the Gallant trembling stood
 Expecting that which his poor Soul should wound)
 Curs'd be the Child his Dame gainsays in ought,
 Who his dear Life with her Life's Hazard bought.

Glad was she for to grant whate'er he would,
 Who would to him have giv'n herself and all;
 Wherefore again she made this Answer bold:
 Brave Knight, your Will I promise, and I shall
 (Mine Honour safe) perform; so shall you hold
 My Fate, come Life or Death, or what you call:
 To which my Grant, I here the Heav'ns attest;
 Let me be plagu'd, if I refuse the rest.

A shiv'ring Cold thro' all his Veins forth went,
 Stopping the Organ of his Speech a Space;
 To what he would, he should not give consent,
 And what he should, he would not that embrace:
 Proud *Cupid* from her fiery Looks forth sent
 Love-burning Darts, that more and more encrease
 His Thoughts, at last he thinks his own he'll make her
 Her Heart flies thro' her Eyes, and prays him take her

And while he goes within his Arms to catch her,
 Casting his Eye aside, he there espies
 Her faithful Knight, who all this Time did watch her;
 Love Fury, Wrath, Disdain, a Combat tries
 In his sad Looks, and Rage bids still dispatch her;
 But black Despair did thus to him devise:
 More Honour is't thyself to sacrifice,
 And tell disloyal her, thou loyal dies;

A Strife betwixt the Passions of the Mind and Reason.

So shalt thou end thy else ne'er endless Pain,
And die with Honour, to her endless Shame.
No, take his Life, Quod Jealousy. Again,
Quod Reason, Why? he does not bear her Blame.
Quod Courage, shall he unprov'd obtain,
Then thou no Man, much less a Knight by Name.
Quod Reason, If he die she hate thee shall.
Then, quod Despair, kill him, her, thee, and all.

But Reason says, and Pity takes her Part,
O! will thou kill thy Nation's Lamp of Light?
No, rather go to him with all thy Heart,
And give him all thy Intrest, all thy Right;
So shall thou win great Praise and high Desert.
Quod Beauty, First deprive thy Eyes of Sight.
No, then quod Love, thy Heart first must thou tear
Forth from thy Breast, for her Idea's there,

Which is the Star that rules thy Life, thou knows---
While he thus rul'd with jarring Passions stands,
Sad Pity mov'd this brave young Earl make chose
Beauty to fly, and break Love's mighty Bands,
And thus he said:--- If Heav'n will that we lose,
And that those Pirates get us in their Hands,
No Torment shall sufficiently assuage
Their cruel Will, their Fury, and their Rage.

So gladly would they wish Revenge to take,
Of Forty which we last of theirs did kill,
Wounding their Lord, tho' we but few did lack:
But so eternal Majesty did will.
Now therefore first I wish you to forsake
Our Company, let hap us Good or Ill,
And take those Knights which here on you attend,
Those shall with you home to your Country wend;

And in the light swift-sailing Barge you may
Be out of Reach, e'er these our Foes come near:
But this it is I will you to obey,
Which of your Heav'n-sworn Oath will make you clear,
That presently you take without Delay,
Brave *Murray* for your Knight and Husband dear;
Tho' I myself you to myself could wish,
If to my Taste were ty'd no other Dish:

Let him your chaste and spotless Heart receive,
 Himself and his true Love deserves no less:
 And so your Sisters, he, and you shall leave
 Us to our Fate, while his great Worthiness,
 With these your Knights, shall you from Dangers save,
 God grant in Wealth, Ease, Honour you increase.
 Wherewith good *Murray*, after Thanks, reply'd,
 Not so, brave Sir, I will with you abide,

Till this sharp threatening Storm be overblown,
 Or else I surely were too much to blame;
 Yea, and the like Good-will the rest have shown.
 But none would he accept, nor none would name,
 Except brave *Boyd*, in Feats of Arms well known,
 And with him Ten, bold, fearless, full of Fame.
 But *Eve* thus gone, proud Love must needs obey;
 She dies for Grief, brave *Murray* mourns for ay.

Our gallant Earl the Fight abides by Sea,
 And very long in fearful Hazard stands,
 At last he wins, and sinks One of the Three,
 And mightily the other Two demands
 To yield, till both in End are forc'd to flee,
 By the Approach forth from the western Lands
 Of a new Fleet, e'en quickly rigged forth
 By *Bruce*, that famous Prince, and full of Worth.

Who glad was *Douglas* thus again to find,
 Whose Loss with wondrous Care he oft lamented:
 All what the Prophet had to him divin'd
 He told him there, who thereof much contented,
 Praises Almighty *Jove* with thankful Mind.
 Now that their Foes might quickly be prevented,
 The King his Army there would set ashore
 Where *Piercy* rul'd, and he was ^a Lord before.

Two Times Heav'n's glorious golden Post had pass'd,
 Measuring the boundless Bounds of all the Sky,
 When *Auster* to the Shore their Fleet had chac'd,
 With chearful Shouts each one aland did fly,
 With thund'ring Sounds of Trumpets interiac'd,
 They rear aloft the royal Standard high,
 Whereas the Princely Lion in his Jaws
 Would foes intomb, asunder torn with Paws.

^a To wit, Carrick.

Their

Their Tents they pitch down in a pleasant Plain,
While their glad Rumour thro' the Land arose,
Fresh Troops from each Part to them flies amain,
All wish to shake the Yoke of their proud Foes;
Brave *Edward* hears his Brother's come again,
To him he with a gallant Troop forth goes:
This dauntless Prince so fierce was and so bold,
He threatening Fortune by the Hair did hold.

Now our great King a Niece had nearhand by,
A Lady full of Wisdom, Wealth, and Worth,
Who marches to the Camp majestickly,
To view her royal Cousin came she forth,
And with her brought a gallant Company
In Arms, dread *Mars* the Lord was of their Birth;
Into his Wars those Knights she did convoy;
He thanks her, her he entertains with Joy.

She unto him those sad Misfortunes told
That by Mischance had chanc'd since he departed;
How his fair Queen to his proud Foe was sold,
His Brother *Neil*, and *Mar's* great Earl had smarted,
Kildrimme also won, and how that Hold
By filthy Treason burnt was, she imparted;
And how his greatest Foe King *Edward* dy'd,
Whose Son, young *Edward*, now his Place supply'd.

Thro' all the Camp these Rumours sadly goes
Of tho'e Misfortunes that each one abased;
For all doth add these new Mis-lucks to those
That had so much before their Fames defaced.
Their Prince that sees their Courage now they lose,
And for true Worth had frantick Fear embrac'd,
Caus'd bring them all before his royal Throne,
And wisely thus encourag'd ev'ry one.

Brave gallant Friends, with me that have remain'd
Against so many fearless Dangers past,
So many painful Travels that sustain'd,
Nor from your Necks my Yoke, for Want, would cast;
Of Hunger, Thirst, and Loss, you ne'er complain'd,
Nor nothing could your noble Minds agast:
Tho' Fortune thus hath smil'd upon our Foes,
Shall we of Fear, and not of Fame, make chole?

No, no, the Lord forbid we should refuse
 This War so just, whereto we all were born,
 Tho' Conquest with our Foe so long doth use,
 And our poor woful Country seems forlorn,
 It is not Destiny, but Sin's Abuse,
 Not Man but God, that hath our Country torn,
 That we may Ill, and Sin, and Pride reject,
 And with Repentance mourn for our Defect.

Yea, if we do with sad Repentance mourn,
 No doubt but his sweet Mercies he'll extend,
 His Love and Favour back he will return;
 So hard Beginnings have an happy End;
 Our Foes he will destroy, consume, and burn,
 To cruel them he this Reward shall send,
 That when we have triumph'd on their Decay,
^m Themselves shall be unto themselves a Prey.

Thus ended his prophetick Speech Divine,
 Which breathing Life in their dead Hope, they live:
 His Countenance with Lightning seem'd to shine;
 From his bright Looks did Courage them revive;
 And humbled all before *Jove's* sacred Shrine,
 With Fasts and Pray'r these starry Walls they cleave,
 Before the Lord themselves they humbly lay,
 With broken Hearts and weeping Souls they pray.

The King and all his Princes of Estate,
 Of Godliness and Faith Ensamples be,
 With Fasting, Publick-Prayer, and Sins regrete,
 The ONE-ETERNAL everlasting THREE
 They do beseech to pardon them ungrate,
 And view with Mercy this their Misery.

Thus they invoke, and from the Lord above
 On them descends Grace, Mercy, Conquest, Love.

Now while they brought their solemn Fast to end,
 And holy Vows unto the Lord had made,
 To *Turnberry* their halty Course they bend,
 It would they first besiege and first invade,
 Wh'ch Town the warlike *Piercy* did defend,
 Within the Castle strong himself abade;
 By warlick *Bruce* environ'd so about,
 That nought but Fear gets in, and Courage out.

^m So it fell out soon after.

So suddenly, so unawares they came,
That they no Time had left unto them so
Their Town to victual, or their Strength to frame
Them to defend, or to offend their Foe,
No rolling Force, no Engine, nor no Ram
Our Gallants fought the Walls to overthrow:
By Force he enters at the first Essay,
And to his Army gives it as a Prey.

But still the *Piercy* did the Castle hold.
Built on a Rock impregnable it stands;
Thrice fiercely he assaults, and thrice the bold
Northumbrian beats back his valiant Bands:
At last the valiant *Piercy* yield it would,
For want of Victuals, in the Prince's Hands; (ror;
Not mov'd, forc'd, fear'd, by Gold, by Strength, nor Ter-
Want breeds his faultless Fault, his guiltless Error.

This valiant Prince his Army here would rest,
Wearied with Travel both by Sea, and Land,
His Foes Design to view he thinks it best,
Which Charge he puts into the *Douglas*' Hand:
For this Attempt himself he soon address'd,
With him twice Twelve, hid Dangers to withstand,
And forth they went the Country for to view.
What they by Valour wrought, doth next ensue.

C A P U T

C A P U T VII.

The ARGUMENT.

*The warlike Douglas on his Journey goes,
Where his most loved Lord did him command,
He finds a dying Knight that sadly shows
A Tale most pitiful to understand,
Which doth a woful Injury disclose,
Whereof he vows Revenge; and in that Land
He knew a Knight, whose Counsel doth obtain
Douglas chief Strength: The English Bands are slain.*

FAIR Fortune's Knight that erst had ta'en in Hand
The Country all about to view and see,
And all the Foes Designs to understand:
When *Titan's* Spouse with purple Wings forth fly,
The golden Bars, Heav'n's Silver Gates unband
She straight undoes, when with dread Majelty,
On Silver paved Heav'n's her Lord of Light
Rolls forth his golden Wheels and Chariot bright.

The western Lands in Clouds of Night enroll'd,
From Shadows dark of Death he doth release,
Whenas the Earl so strong, so stout, so bold,
Brings forth his Troop well arm'd, and thence apace
He march'd o'er Dales, Hills, Vales, and Forests old,
And Passage free he finds in ev'ry Place;
For being oft encounter'd by his Foes,
Fair Victory still forward with him goes.

This conq'ring Lord, three Days forth journey'd right,
When in a Wood, hard by a River Side,
They sadly hear a woful groaning Knight,
Forth thro' the Groves to him in haste they ride,
Who deadly wounded lay a woful Sight;
His gory Blood the flow'ry Verdure dy'd.
The Earl with Pity sadly him besought,
What Murderer that cruel Act had wrought.

He

He weakly leans his Head upon his Hand,
 Wan was his Face, pale Death hath dim'd his Sight;
 A hollow Sound his dying Voice yet fand,
 These Words he breathing faintly as he might:---
 Ah! shall the conquer'd Conquerors withstand,
 When e'en themselves against themselves still fight?
 Ah Heav'ns! thy Wrath procur'd doth now descend:
 Ah Scots! your Name, Fame, Glory, now must end.

In *Douglas* dwelt I, *Kennedy* I heght,
 My Wife a Lady was, alas! too fair;
 Too fair, alas! my Sorrows doth endight,
 Her too chaste Mind was fraught with Virtues rare;
 In her was all my Joy, all my Delight,
 With her remain'd my Heart, my Thought, my Care;
 Yea, she me also lov'd as much and more,
 She me esteem'd all earthly Joys before.

A Hundred Soldiers and a^b Captain bold
 In *Douglas* strongest Castle doth remain,
 These hath the Land in all Mischief enroll'd,
 Which now by Wrong to *Clifford* doth pertain,
 By wrong-*usurping Edward's* Gift and Gold,
 While the right Heir defers his Right to gain;
 And all the Land obeys this Captain's Will,
 Either in Right or Wrong, in Good or Ill.

One Day he chanc'd my Lady for to view,
 While she on Divine Service did attend,
 Whileas enamour'd straight of her he grew,
 Whom not enjoy'd, Death would Affection end:
 Friendship he urg'd on me; thus did ensue
 Twixt him and me great Love; but still he feign'd,
 For all his Friendship was for to deceive me,
 And of my chiefest Joy for to bereave me.

Such friendly Love he seem'd to me to bear,
 Confirm'd with Words, with Vows, and Oaths not few,
 That my too trusty Mind could no Way fear
 From such fair sugar'd Words Deceit t'ensue:

But

A pitiful Tale told the *Douglas* by a Gentleman of *Douglasdale*, called *Kennedy*.
 That Captain's Name was *Hasilrig*.

But lo, he whisper'd in my Lady's Ear,
That I to her did bear a Mind untrue.
By this one Slight, to win his Suit he try'd,
When by all other Means he was deny'd.

No heed to this fond Tale at first she took;
At last he urg'd so far, he takes in hand
She should it see, her Eye thereon should look,
Providing that she would but closely stand,
And nothing would bewray, to his Rebuke;
Whereto she yields at last, which erst I fand.
Then forth into a Grove he did her bring,
O'er which a mighty clifted Rock did hing.

Near to my House this quiet Walk doth ly,
By which a clear swift running River glides;
A Sister hath my Lady near hand by,
That with her Sire, a grave old Knight, abides;
For her the Captain seem'd in Love to die.
When pensive oftentimes alone he rides,
He haunts my House, and yet no Ill I deem'd,
His virtuous Worth I still so much esteem'd.

While oft he pensive seem'd and sad with Grief,
I much desir'd the Cause thereof to know;
Oft wish'd I to his Woes to find Relief:
When after great and much Intreaty, lo
He so disguis'd his Thoughts, that, to be brief,
He made me to believe his ceaseless Wo
Proceeds from Lady Ann's fair Beauty's Beam,
For so my Lady's Sister heght to Name.

I pity'd him, and, glad of this his Love,
Promis'd his Suit should cunningly be wrought,
For which in Secret I her Mind would prove:
This he allows; for this was all he fought,
But pray'd, I to my Wife should nothing move,
Nor she nor any else should know his Thought,
But tryst her to that secret Grove I should,
And there alone to move her, if I could.

When Night drives Day down from the western Lands,
E'en then he brings my Lady forth, to view

Where

Where I and her fair Sister closely stands
Within a Grove of Bushes, thick that grew;
My Arms embrac'd, I gript and wrung her Hands,
And oft these Words I softly did renew:
"Thou, then, most worthy, fear not Love's Annoy;
"Be secret still, and thou shalt all enjoy."

This heard my Lady, like to burst for Grief,
Tortur'd with burning Love and cold Disdain,
Whilst I, poor Soul, knew nought of this Mischief,
Which to acquit my Pains he doth ordain:
Yet to his Love this finds him no Relief;
Her spotless Name, for this she would not stain;
But closely heaps her Pain, her Grief, her Wo,
In her poor Heart, till it should burst in two.

As doth a new, fresh, strong and mighty Wine
Pierce thro' and burst his Vessel old asunder;
So would her Sorrows split her Heart in twain,
So oft she wish'd to fall her Burden under:
But he that could not work with this Engine,
His Lust to Fury turn'd almost, O Wonder!
Yet loath by Force to work this cruel Fate,
Lest he were thought of all the most ungrate.

Not that he car'd for Credit, Faith, or Fame,
But that he fear'd some fatal Punishment,
Whileas his Passion burneth so extreme,
As, if it lasted, Death would all prevent:
For Sickness doth him quite from Health reclaim,
His vital Pow'rs a burning Ague spent,
Wherewith he seem'd tormented so indeed,
As his Disease all human Pains exceed.

Such Grief for his Disease I did conceive,
And such the Love was I to him did bear,
Of Food, of Rest, of Sleep, did me bereave.
Nor can I half express my loving Fear:
One Day I hapt of his Disease to crave
The Ground or Cause, which long I could not hear.
Ah! if your Health were in my Pow'r (said I)
Or that my Life, with Death, your Life might buy,

Do then to me your Sorrows all declare,
 That, if I can, both would and should relieve you;
 Hope healeth Wo, Wisdom o'ercomes Despair,
 And Counsel can remeedy all Pains doth grieve you :
 By Craft, by Strength, by Wit, or Foresight's Care,
 We shall have hence all Hurt that doth mischieve you.
 Let not fond Shame 'gainst Health and Safety strive;
 Flee willing Death, while Hope is yet alive.

So earnestly, in Wo, these Words forth brake,
 And he at last to tell me, seem'd content;
 And having paus'd a little, thus he spake:---
 Dear Friend, it fears me much you shall repent,
 When you have known what doth my Sorrows make,
 And to my Death you will give soon Consent;
 For in my Death much Pleasure does belong you;
 In Life I cannot live, except I wrong you.

No then (said I) I fear not, let me know it, (ther.
 Come Well, come, Wo, come Death, come Life, come ei-
 Well then (said he) unwilling I shall show it;
 Your Wife her Beauty, nay my Folly rather,
 From both of these, or either Love doth draw it;
 Or shall I say more truly, Fate and neither;
 Which secretly I smother'd have so long,
 And rather chuse to die, than do you Wrong.

To chase this frantick Passion from my Mind,
 I you desir'd to move her Sister *Ann*;
 For to her Beauty had I been inclin'd,
 I haply had left off where I began:
 But since Remedy at all I cannot find
 Except, of all the Earth, the only Man
 Whom I lov'd best, I should so far injure,
 Death first unto my Love shall End procure.

These Speeches pierc'd my Heart in thro' my Ear,
 Nor, Tongue, nor Hand, nor Foot, could stir or move;
 Great was the Love I to my Wife did bear,
 Him both I lov'd, and pitied, as did prove,
 Who rather chose to die without all Fear,
 Than me to wrong thus all the Rest above;
 This, this, I say, e'en this alone did kill me,
 This one Respect his Life to save, did will me.

Where.

Wherefore at last I said, first shall I lose
Both her, my self, and all my Joys besides;
Than such a worthy Friend should make a chose
Of Death, if I can for his Life provide:
And to be short, at length we did dispose
The Matter so, that kind, too kind I try'd;
For in my Place I did him so convoy,
Her Thoughts untain'd, he did herself enjoy

But I my self such Grief did soon conceive,
A Thousand Deaths unto myself I wish'd;
For Jealousy did in my Soul engrave
Such endless Pains, that I no Torment miss'd;
Such eating Corosives my Wits bereave,
That my too woful Heart was like to burst.
Ah woful Act! which doth my Soul afay;
Myself consents myself for to betray.

But he all Reason did exceed so far,
And with Ungratitude so much was stain'd,
That of my Joy he did me quite debar;
For when he had his filthy Lust obtain'd,
He then bewray'd himself, which all did mar:
And which was more, of me he also feign'd
That I contriv'd the Plot, that I did send him;
Her I disdain'd; her I did gladly lend him.

Whereat she did conceive such endless Grief,
That presently she doth resolve to die,
While he, e'en he, that wrought this great Mischief
Departs in Haste, and to his Strength doth flie.
I, all this Time, of Cares found no Relief,
Wond'ring that to his Bed return'd not he:
Wherefore, I in the Morning straight arose,
And to the Chamber where he lay forth goes.

But there I found her, Ah! I found her there;
As she was then, would God that I had been!
A purple Stream, with Milk mixt white and fair,
Ran her more white and snowy Breasts between!
With Child she was, the Milk could well declare;
Ah, too untimely Fate! Ah, Death, I mean!
Thus past all Help, forth from the Bed I drew her,
And in my Arms (Ah, woful Sight!) did view her.

E'en

E'en as the Lily clear, fresh, fair, and white,
 Wither'd with Drouth, grows wrinkled, pale, and black;
 So her fair Face, Fair Beauty's choise Delight,
 Did swarthish seem, that Life, Blood, Moisture lack;
 In her dim Eyes, Death did my Crime endite;
 Once lookt she up, and once these Words she spake:
 Ah! let my guilty Blood wash forth the Stain
 That cruel you, to my chaste Bed did gain.

Ah! let my Soul mount to high Justice-Throne,
 And there sound forth a sad, still sad Revenge:
 Heav'ns only view'd my chaste, chaste, Thoughts alone;
 Heav'ns only may forgive this Murder strange;
 Heav'ns only owes my chaste Vows ev'ry one;
 Heav'ns only wrong'd, since I my Vows infringe;
 Heav'ns only then your Wrath, fierce Wrath surcease you;
 And let my Blood, thus sacrific'd, appease you.

These Words, *appease you*, seal'd up Death's sad Birth,
 And her last Breath, dear Breath, dear Life, dear All:
 Ah, cursed Death! bereft Earth's rarest Worth:
 Ay me for Shame!--- While he on Shame did call,
 Shame clos'd his Lips, the Sound went weakly forth,
 Shaming to shew what after did befall:
 His moving Speech, his Sight, and all was lost;
 Down falls his Head, and he yields up the Ghost.

Himself had kill'd himself they surely scan'd;
 But when they weigh these his first Speeches right,
 Ah, shall the conquer'd Conquerors withstand,
 When e'en themselves against themselves do fight;
 They think some Friend of her's that there him fand
 Had done the Deed, or else some *English* Knight,
 Aided by *Scots*, had kill'd him for the same,
 Surmising that himself had kill'd his Dame.

By why, or howfoe'er he shed his Blood,
 They all lament this woful Tragedy;
 While their brave Lord avow'd to taste no Food
 Till he had ta'en Revenge most rigorously
 Of that same *English* Lords Ungratitude;
 Whereto Occasion fitly did apply
 A present Mean, whereby he might fulfil
 His well-made Vow, and Work his warlike Will.

By this the Light gave place to Shadows brown,
And fable Clouds had masked all the Sky,
When from the Hills and Forests they come down,
And in a Valley fair they might espy
A stately Palace far from any Town,
To which this warlike Crew did halte in hy;
Where they a reverend aged Knight did find,
That gives them Entertainment to their Mind.

To a Chamber richly hung the Earl was brought,
And there disarmed by a Lady fair;
The rest were all unarm'd, and with a Thought,
They to a stately Hall did then repair;
Whose Tables richly spread, there soon was brought
All Kind of Meats, all Kind of Dainties rare.
Thus were they serv'd to supper in such Sort
As might become a King, for princely Port.

The Supper done, the worthy Count began
To question with his Host, both grave and wise;
His Lineage, House, and Name requir'd he then,
And who doth rule that Province where he lies.
Brave Sir, (quod he) I'll tell you truly, when
Fair Scotland's Glory mounted to the Skies;
When in sweet Calms of Peace her Native-horn
Deckt her fair Front, whose Wealth did them adorn;

E'en then I serv'd a too too noble Lord---
Here silent long, scarce could the rest essay,
Grief, Kindness, Love, and Pity well deplor'd
His grievous Loss, Tears did his Woes bewray.
This Quandary once past, and Speech restor'd
He thus began again,--- Ee'n him I say
Whom *English Edward* did by wrong Surmise
In Prison close; and there, ah! there he dies.

Douglas great Earldom did this Lord enjoy,
A Son he had both young, strong, fair and wise,
The Fruit that kept his Years from Age Annoy,
The Casket rich where all his Treasure lies,

Sent

^m This old Gentleman was called Dicklon, and is now called
Simington of That Ilk, and dwelleth as yet hard by the cas-
tle of Douglas, and hath his Living off that House for the
same.

Sent unto *France*, while he is yet a Boy;
 And to return it seems he still denies;
 While here the *Clifford* holds his Revenues,
 Who tyrannizing all the Land subdues.

Ah! were he here, Age from my wrinkl'd Brow
 Would soon depart, and Youth would soon transport
 These silver Heirs with Strength and Vigour new,
 That would my Limbs and weakned Arms support;
 This Arm should make him Way for to renew
 His just Revenge in such a wond'rous Sort,
 That *England's* King should quake for Fear and Shame,
 When in his Ears, Fame thunder'd forth his Name.

Why (said the Earl) and if himself were here,
 How could he be reveng'd upon his Foes,
 Whose Strength nor his much greater doth appear,
 Which makes our Prince, e'en *Bruce*, so oft to lose?
 No, no, (said he) God shall his Wrath retire,
 And make brave *Bruce* shine like the Morning Rose,
 Whose beauteous Branches each where spreads & springs,
 Whose Odours sweet the Senses Comfort brings.

The Count, for Joy, cutting his Speeches short,
 Inquires his Name; who told he *Dickson* heght:
 And then he calls to mind his Father's Court,
 Where he had seen him many a joyful Night;
 So that, embracing him, he doth report
 His Name, and how he was his Lord by Right:
 Whereat he humbly kneels, and doth embrace
 His Feet for Joy, while Tears bedew'd his Face.

Now each of others Sight did much rejoice,
 And after they had talk'd and argu'd long,
 The Earl enquires what Way he might oppose
 Himself against his Foes inflicting Wrong.
 Brave Lord (said he) to Morrow all our Foes
 Will muster forth their glorious Forces strong,
 Under the Conduct of a valiant Knight,
 Who here rules all beneath the *Clifford's* Might.

This Man within your chiefest Strength doth bide,
 His proud commanding Garrison withal,

Palm-Sunday is to Morrow, all provide
Their Palms to bear at that chief Festival;
They all to Church in sumptuous Manner ride,
You by the Way may cause them catch a Fall;
Myself shall lead the Way unto your Train,
And, if I can, the foremost Brunt sustain.

Glad was the Earl so fit a Mean to find,
Wheron they both conclude, then goes to Rest,
And on *Olympus* e're proud *Titan* shin'd,
The ancient Knight in Arms himself address'd;
He rais'd the *Douglas*, whose still restless Mind
Had banish'd Sleep, and for Revenge was press'd.
Now with this Knight, he and his Train departs,
Revengeful Fire still burning in their Hearts.

And near unto the Church when they were got,
They hap'd to meet a hoary aged Sire,
Whose woful Looks his woful Loss did note;
At whom the Earl did earnestly enquire,
What he did lack? Sir Knight (quod he) my Lot
Is for to lack what most is my Desire;
Which is, alas! my long desired Grave,
Age, Loss, Grief, Sorrow, doth all Joys bereave.

A Daughter had I, which was all my Joy,
In whom I more than in ought else delighted,
But her from me an *English* did convoy,
An *English* that my Nation ay despighted:
I to the Captain plain'd of this Annoy,
The Captain that my Wrongs should all have righted;
But greater Wrongs than these himself hath done,
Wherefore to right all Wrongs he still doth shun.

And thus my Daughter with my Foe doth stay,
Her urging to his Pleasure for to yield,
While me thus scorn'd and mock'd with long Delay,
E'en now the Captain with proud Words revil'd,
As he with all his Troops from Church to Day,
With Palms in Hand was marching thro' the Field,
They all rejoycing, while my Griefs renew,
And now they come my Life for to pursue.

The ancient Knight looks up, that *Dickson* heght,
 And sees a Hundred armed Men draw near ^u,
 And says, Brave Lord, lo here the long wish'd Sight
 You of your Vows, and me of mine, shall clear.---
 Then with these Words he doth begin the Fight,
 Whileas his Lord the rest with Comforts chear,
 Whose Countenance their Courage all appeal'd,
 Their Eyes, Hearts, Hands, and all their Foes assail'd.

Then burnt with Heat of Glory, Praise, Revenge,
 This all-subduing Earl rush'd thro' the Rout;
 Bright shin'd his Looks, of Sun-like Beams a Range
 About his Head did Flame, his Courage stout
 Did his mild Looks to sparkling Fury change,
 That shoots out noble Anger round about:
 Unev'n they fight, and yet with valiant Hand
 Their noble Lord made Way to his small Band.

Who hem'd about in midst of all his Foes,
 His valiant Heart and Courage well made known,
 His Name and Fame, his Deeds did well disclose
 And ev'ry one to other has him shown;
 All run to him, his Life to make him lose,
 Which fondly while they seek, they lose their own;
 For on his Sword, accusing each of Error,
 Sat dreadful Death, all arm'd with Fear and Terror,

Long fought he thus, imbru'd with Gore and Blood,
 Till he at last their Captain did espy,
 Whose knightly Valour, long he viewing stood,
 By whose strong Hand four Knights did breathless ly;
 Wherefore he steps to him with angry Mood,
 And him to mortal Battle did defy;
 Which long in equal Balance did abide,
 While each his Strength and utmost Valour try'd.

The angry Count at last with wrathful Heart,
 Did in his Stirrops raise himself on high;
 His Foe with Force would set the Blow apart,
 But now no Force, his Force could bear away;

On

^u They were on a Place called the Bredlibank, over against
 the Church, from the which they came and joined with the
 English, as they came out of the Church.

On his left Shoulder, to his Grief and Smart,
The crimson colour'd Brand did light, whereby
His warlike Arm was from his Body shorn,
Himself with Force and Pain to Earth was born.

Now he who late did Captain-like command,
Was as a Captive forc'd for to obey,
Whileas this noble Earl with conqu'ring Hand,
No longer with his Prisoner would stay,
But where the rest in Battle strongly stand
He thither haltes, his Sword shears forth the Way;
And shortly Victor was of all the Field,
Forcing them all to die, or flee, or yield.

The Victory by Heav'ns Decree obtain'd,
They thence depart the Castle to surprise,
Wherein no Soldier at all remain'd,
Nor any to gainstand them did arise:
His Fortrefs since he had so bravely gain'd,
Here would he rest, and here he would devise
To make his Captives by an uncouth Death
To know his Vow, and justly kindled Wrath.

Now in a Vault, the Captain first he band,
And all the other Captives him beside;
The Grain, the Flour, the Beer and Wine he fand,
Which they before could ne'er enough provide;
With this he fill'd the House wherein they stand;
Thus chock't with Meat, and drown'd with Drink they dy'd,
Whose greedy Gorges ne'er suffic'd with Ill,
Now in their Death might gormandize their Fill.

Then all the Tow'rs he raz'd unto the Ground,
And levell'd all the Ditches with the Plain;
Poison'd the Springs and Fountains which he found,
And to the wonted Liberty again
Restor'd that Land, which long before lay bound
Beneath a Tyrant's servile Yoke with Pain:
But this Estate they long remain'd not in,
Such was the Wrath of angry Heav'ns for Sin.

It was ever after called, The Douglas Ladner.

CAPUT

C A P U T VIII.

The ARGUMENT.

Scotland's great King from Treason ill contriv'd,
 By Heav'n's and his own Valour is reliev'd;
 In Spight of twice Two Hundred he repriev'd
 The Victory, which he alone atchiev'd;
 He resteth there, till all his Knights arriv'd,
 The witty Hay is with his Haste aggriev'd:
 Fierce Edward Aid unto his Brother lends;
 Douglas to win his Strenth again intends.

WHILE Fame, with brazen Breath, did sound o'er all
 what she had heard in *Scota's* fairest Land
 Of *Bruce's* Return, whose Arm imperial
 Now o'er the western Regions did command,
 Great *Edward's* Viceroy did a Council call,
 Wherein, with grave Advice, he choos'd a Band
 Of warlike Soldiers, and their Captain bold
Sir Ingham Bell, a Champion wife and old:

Now these for to gainstand his Pow'r he sends,
 And for to keep him still into the West;
 For he himself with greater Pow'r intends
 To pull the Weeds up by the Roots at last:
 That Squadron then their warlike Pow'r extends,
 And marching to the Town of *Air* they pass'd,
 Whereas their wary Captain minds by Slight
 To work this valiant Foe a foul Despight.

Within this Land an ancient Knight doth dwell,
 Who of our Prince had secret Friendship got,
 He *Liebail* heght, whom th' *English* did compel
 Of his sad Death for to contrive the Plot;
 Two valiant Sons he had, nay, Sons of Hell,
 Who stain their Fame with filthy Treason's Blot;
 Nor this their Treason would at all reveal,
 But wait to take Occasion by the Heel.

Near to King *Robert's* Camp a Grove there lay
 Low by a River Side and out of Sight,
 Where aged Oaks their branched Arms display,
 And makes dim Shades with dark and gloomy Light,
 Here oft our Prince in secret us'd to pray;
 Here lay the Murderers, till on a Night
 Down to this Grove the Prince alone descended,
 On whose Return, a Page without attended.

No sooner 'mong these Thickets did he go,
 When he beheld where they had closely lien,
 By what Intelligence I do not know,
 Or rather Revelation most divine;
 He calls his Page, and from his Hand does throw
 A Cross-Bow and a Bolt both sharp and fine;
 The ancient Knight he killeth with the same,
 As he unwares too rashly forward came.

all All arm'd the other Two, in Wrath and Rage,
 began him cruelly for to assail,
 But his good Sword, did both their Wraths assuage,
 And did so much against them both prevail
 'E'en then expir'd the Dates of both their Age:
 They in their Death, despairing, curse and rail
 Against their Fate, and Fortune's bad Decree.
 Of God who careless lives, shall careless die.

Thus to the Camp the Prince returns again,
 Lov'd, honour'd, fear'd, admir'd, and prais'd of all:
 When Night of Day the Victory did gain,
 The Scouts return'd, before his Feet they fall,
 While in his regal Tent he did remain,
 Representing there a Prisoner withal,
 Who to this worthy Prince in secret shows,
 That he should be assailed by his Foes;

and how they would approach that very Night
 Under thick Darkness, black and cloudy Veil,
 And would assault his Camp with sudden Fight,
 Or would strong Trenches ought at all prevail,
 With Fire thrown forth, their Tents should burn so bright:
 Yet could not this his wonted Courage quell,
 But with a glad and chearful Countenance,
 He doth enquire what way they would advance;

E

Be-

Beyond this River are they yet (said he)
 And by a secret Foord they pass unknown.
 Then (quod the Prince) Heav'ns our Protector be;
 As is our cause such be our Fortunes shown.
 Now he commands his Captains for to see
 That his small Army from the Camp be drawn,
 And rank'd in Battle forth upon the Plain,
 Where they in Arms must all that Night remain.

To guard the Camp he Sixty makes to stay,
 And brings Four Hundred forth with Spear and Shield;
 With this small Army he would needs essay
 To force his subtil Foe to flie or yield;
 And that brave Lord that bears the Name of Hay,
 He doth create as Gen'ral of the Field:
 Himself, with only Two, would go and view
 The Foord where they should pass that would pursue.

Now down the River-side his Course he bent,
 From whose steep Banks, high Craigs and Rocks arise,
 And still he sees the farther that he went,
 Higher the Shore, lower the Stream still lies:
 At last, whereas the Rocks in Two were rent,
 Their Nature did a narrow Path devise,
 So to the River, down or up, might go
 But One in Rank, or at the most but Two.

When this brave Prince this Strength did well behold,
 Quickly these Two that with him thither went
 He back directs, and prays in haste they would
 Draw up the rest, his Foes for to prevent:
 For here (quod he) our Foes to us are sold;
 To die what death we list for to invent;
 Craft without Craft, we should withstand in vain:
 Here will I stay, till you return again.

When they were gone, he softly nearer drew,
 Whileas he hears a Noise and ratling Sound,
 Which still the longer heard, the greater grew;
 At last Horse-braying Men's shrill Voice contound,
 Yet these he vows his Flight shall ne'er pursue,
 Nor ought but Death shall make him lose his Ground:
 When lo, pale *Phæbe* shin'd so bright and clear,
 That he descries Four Hundred Horse well near.

Theft,

These, crossing o'er the River, did ascend
The Passage, where with Sword high born he stands,
And with a Blow the first bright Crest doth rend,
For Head nor Breast the mortal Blade withstands:
Down falls the Knight, his reeling Horse doth bend
And forward leaps; but lo, in both his Hands,
The Prince his Sword shears thro' his hoary Sides,
And for his Lord a bloody Tomb provides.

Now, with a Shout, the rest of this proud Crew
Throng up the Path, and strongly him invade,
Part climbing up the Craigs upon him flew,
And at his Feet they fall, lam'd, bruis'd, dismay'd;
Killed by their Friends they die, the rest forth drew
Their Swords, each other hurts, haste Love betray'd;
Straightway dark Night, fierce Rage, doth blind them so,
Each hurts his Friend, for haste to harm his Foe.

Yet as a Rock, or Craig, or Cap of Land,
That Fire, Air, Water, raging would divide,
Both stedfast still and unremoved stand
Against Thunder, Lightning, Tempest, Storm, or Tide;
Even so the Prince gainstands this warlike Band,
And all their Rage, their Wrath, their Strength doth bide:
Still as they came in Troops confus'd to find him,
He marching leaves them slain in Heaps behind him.

His Leader foremost, now to speak began:---
Shame! (quod he) now never live we more;
Many Hundreds beat by one poor Man,
Would die a Thousand Deaths.---Death clos'd the Door
And Organ of his Speech, he stagg'ring ran,
And reeling twice, he falls the Prince before,
Whose Sword had pierc'd his Heart; he lifts his Eyes:
With half-groan'd Words he threats, and threatening dies.

The Captain's Brother, thirsting for Revenge,
Rusts thro' the Throng, and to the Prince he hies;
Death from his Eyes forth sparkled Lightning strange,
And with an angry Voice he sternly cries:---
Villains! you your Gredit thus infringe;
Soldiers! you no Soldiers thus that sees
Your Captain slain: Ah, now! return you never,
You Feazards, Wretches, Outcasts, curs'd for ever!

Weak, feeble, faint, for Horſe, for Sword, or Spear,
 More fit for Iron Tools than Armour bright:
 Your Heads, Breasts, Backs, should heavy Burdens bear,
 No Helms nor Shields should you adorn with Light:
 In Courage' Place is enter'd Shame and Fear,
 No Hope is left but in your Feet and Flight:
 In darkeſt Night your chiefest Strength abides:
 Darkneſs your Shame, your Fear, and Faintneſs hides.

And full of Rage, for ev'ry Word a Stroke
 He gives our Prince, whoſe Sword bears ev'ry Blow:
 And while he, yet enrag'd, more would have ſpoke,
 He cuts his Words, and with them cuts in two
 His Jaws: On him Death ſpreads his miſty Cloak;
 He on his Brother falls, who living, lo
 Him doth embrace, both kiſs, both Souls remove:
 O, Pity great! O bleſs'd, O wondrous Love!

Now forward ruſh'd this ſingle Champion ſtout,
 And makes ſuch Havock always where he goes,
 As *Boreas* when he has blaſted out
 His Storms; of Herbs, Trees, Beaſts, and Fowls, the Foes
 Or as the raging Floods that roar and rout
 'Gainſt Rocks, or Thunder that high Tow'rs down throws
 As Earthquakes threat to burſt the Earth aſunder,
 His Force ſo ſhakes thoſe Bands. O Strength! O Wonder!

While thus he kills, and drives them back by Force,
 And all their Blows, unharm'd, unhurt, ſuſtain'd,
 Horſe bruſ'd their Maſters, while he treads the Horſe
 In and beyond the Stream they all remain'd:
 Forc'd down with Might, the Paſſage quite they loſe:
 When lo the Army comes, and quickly rain'd
 A Storm of Swords, while Trumpet's roaring Blaſt
 War's thund'ring Tempeſts forth with Lightning call

Death, Horror, Murder, Fear, Grief, Sorrow, Pain,
 Came far before, and with their Tallons wide
 Seize on their Hearts, and chill'd in ev'ry Vein
 Their vital Breath, that flies itſelf to hide.
 Now are they ſo benumb'd that ſcarce remain
 Strength for to fly, or Force for to abide:
 Some fly, ſome fall, ſome drown, deſpair'd alone,
 Each other hurts for halfe for to be gone.

The Prince by this, of all his Foes was clear'd,
 And sets him down upon a Stone to rest,
 Sweat on his Face, Blood on his Arms appear'd,
 His Breath was short, faint Heat his Heart oppress'd:
 Weary his Arms, his Hands so stiffly steer'd,
 He could not wield his Sword which he possess'd:
 And lo the Sword did seem no sword at all,
 So blunted was the Edge, and hack'd so small.

By this his Troops were come unto the Place,
 And for him calls, and for him loudly cries;
 But when they found him, when they knew his Face,
 In Heaps they run to feed their longing Eyes,
 And down they fall, his Feet for to embrace;
 With Thanks and Praise to God, they rend the Skies,
 That he alone o'ercomes a Thousand Foes,
 They doubt who wonder most, or most rejoice.

They find the Captain and his Brother slain,
 And Fifteen more ly wallowing in their Blood,
 Some *English* were, some *Scots* who felt the Pain,
 They gain, who 'gainst their King and Country stood;
 In *Galloway* these Troops did all remain,
 Holding that Country in great Servitude;
 They took King *Edward's* Pay, their Captain bold
 Brought them in Hope of Gain, Praise, Glory, Gold.

But the Lord *Hay*, and others grave and wise,
 Against his Rashness bitterly did chide;
 (Quod they) What prove you in this Enterprize?
 No Gen'ral, nor no Captain, Prince, nor Guide,
 In whose dear Lots e'en all our Loss now lies,
 Nor ours alone, but all this Realm beside:
 Ah! should you not to Mind our Nation call,
 That, but for you, no Nation were at all.

Alas! you do of Glory so account,
 That it to gain, an Empire you would lose;
 Nor can you not to endless Glory mount,
 But to all Dangers you yourself expose?
 In vain poor Valour doth for Glory hunt,
 If not for good, of Wisdom he make chose.
 Be wise, dear Lord, since of our Crown and Camp
 You are the Head, the Heart, the Life, the Lamp.

He little Answer to thele Speeches made,
 But said, he forc'd was either fight or fly :
 Now to the Camp triumphant-wise they ride,
 While Day shoots forth his Silver Horns on high ;
 Fame flies o'er all, on War's Wings sanguine red,
 And strows the Seed of this great Victory ;

Which back unto the Camp brought many Score
 Who, cross'd with Fortunes bad, had fled before.

Edward the bold in *Lennox* now remain'd,
 And with Three Hundred did that Land subdue,
 Who hearing what his Brother late had gain'd,
 Returns unto the Camp with all his Crew.
 The *Douglas* with his Train, that late obtain'd
 His own chief Strength, which last he overthrew,
 Hears that the *Clifford* had, with wond'rous Care,
 Re-edify'd the Building much more fair,

And left a warlike Man, a valliant Knight,
 To keep the Hold, with him Three Hundred strong
 And he who thus commanded *Thirswal* heght,
 A Man who had in War experience long,
 Yet would the *Douglas* needs essay his Might,
 And to the World make known his Right, their Wrong ;
 To Sixty now his Train augmented were,
 With those he would essay the Chance of War.

CAPUT

C A P U T IX.

The ARGUMENT.

*An English Wizard, with great Art, foreshows
The Douglas Off-spring, great to these our Days,
And how that happy Family arose
To Fortune's Height, whereat the World may gaze.
The second Time he doth himself oppose
Against his Foe, and there, with endless Praise
O'erthrows the Captain of his chiefest Strength;
Then back, to aid his Prince, returns at length.*

NOW with this *English*^b Captain did abide
His Uncle old, grave learned wise, and true;
Whose Judgment deep was rarely edify'd,
High Myſteries and Secrets hid he knew.
One Day by chance the *Douglas* he eſpy'd;
Who thus unto the Captain quickly drew:
From this infused Sprit, and flowing Mind
This^b Hiſtory, by Heav'n long ſince divin'd.

The righteous Heir of that moſt famous^m Line,
That ſhall the *Scots* fierce Nation ſtill adorn;
To whom, and not without Right, doth incline
Theſe Lordſhips: great, which *Clifford* holds in ſcorn,
Which once hath won this Strength without Engine,
Whoſe Virtue by no Time can be outworn,
Shall win the Land again, and it poſſeſs,
In vain would mighty *England* him oppreſs.

Ver him to triumph ne'er ſhall *England* boaſt,
But Victor he ſhall evermore remain,
He ſhall not fear to meet their mighty Hoſt
With his ſmall Troop, the Garland ſtill to gain;

E 4

While

*The Captain heght Thirſwal, who kept the Caſtle of Douglas.
The Race of the Douglas is from Sir James to this our Time.
Sir James Douglas Lord Douglas.*

While Fortune his Attempts hath never cross'd
 He cloy'd with Conquest^b here shall cross the Main,
 His Prince's unperformed^c Vow to bear,
 Where^a Infidels his Worth shall know and fear.

Not without Cause the West shall fear him still,
 Their chiefest Nation's Force his Sword shall tame,
 And all the East his worthy Praise shall fill,
 To *Ganges* sounds the Terror of his Name:
 But there a dreadful Tempest shall him^k kill;
 Yet of his Death none dare the Conquest claim:
 His Courage fierce shall arm his Foes Deceit;
 And thus himself, subdues himself to Fate.

Here Silence stays his Tongue, his Speech is cross'd,
 Both Joy and Grief at once his Heart oppress'd;
 Grief for so rare a Knight that should be los'd,
 Joy that his Death should cure rich *England's* Pest:
 But now enamour'd of his Worth almost
 The Captain him entreats to show the rest;
 And needs would know, if Heav'n's should Nature will,
 From such a Root, to bring such Branches still,

Ah! (quod his Uncle) thence doth Grief proceed;
 For as great *Jove* ordain'd a Hatred still
 Betwixt the Serpent and the Woman's Seed,
 So shall his Line bear us and our's Ill-will,
 While their ambitious Minds on Fame doth feed:
 Yet Heav'n shall raise, for to withstand this Ill,
 A famous^l Race their dreadful Wrath to bear,
 Whose Worth shall prove right fortunate in War.

Now first of him descends that valiant Lord^m,
 Whose high Atchievements shall his Foes withstand,
 His Victories most rare shall be decor'd
 With Valour flowing from his conqu'ring Hand:

^b He triumphed Seventy seven Times over his Enemies.

^c He bore his Prince's Heart to the Holy Grave.

^a He was Thirteen Times Victor over the Saracens.

^k He dy'd in Spain following the Victory too rashly, being enclosed by his Enemies, Anno 1330.

^l The Piercies, Earls of Northumberland.

^m William Lord of Lidsdale, Son to Sir James, of whom is descended the House of Kavers.

Yet Cruelty in him shall be deplor'd,
Which Hermitage doth fatally demand:
But for his Valour worthily renown'd,
Whose Deeds almost are all by Fortune crown'd.

Then comes his " Uncle whose all-matchless Brood
Seems thund'ring Flames, with Fire-consuming Breath;
A new Deluge, an overwhelming Flood,
A Storm that nips our Spring's fair Flow'rs to Death:
For he like thund'ring *Mars*, imbru'd with Blood,
To dreadful Arms shall all his Days bequeath;
But ruling for his Prince, with Royalty,
Too forward in his Country's Cause, shall dy.

His " Brother bold an *English* Dame shall bear,
Whose famous Line and wondrous Gifts exceeds,
This Man a mighty Family shall rear,
That shall the World astonish with their Deeds;
Which at this Time to shew I will forbear
Till thou have known who from the first proceeds,
Who valiantly in Battle spends his Life
To bring to End his Country's endless Strife.

Then shall appear that first great shining Light
That dims those blazing Stars, his Heav'n's bright Sun,
In Midst of Arms, and thund'ring Wars, dread Sight!
At him is Honour's Title first begun;
Conquest's first Fruits do much augment his Might,
Penwick his Wrath thy Wealth shall over-run;
And *Berwick* strong his Anger's burning Fire
Shall turn to Ash, yet shall not quench his Ire.

His " Brother's Worth shall to all Times be told,
Whose Son shall soar on princely Eagles Wings,

E 5

By

Archibald Brother to Sir James, Lord of Douglas, was Regent of Scotland: He fought Hallidownhill, and being too forward, was slain Anno 1333.

John Lord of Dalkeith, of whom the House of Morton is descended, whose Mother was an English Lady called Feres.

The first Earl of Douglas.

His Brother was Archibald Lord of Galloway. His Son was Lord of Niddale, married the King's Daughter, whom the King of France sued for in Marriage: Of him is descended the House of Drumlanrick.

By Virtues rare and Valour so extoll'd,
That he's preferr'd to Princes, Lords, and Kings;
In Arms his Fortune, Strength, and Courage bold,
Shall strive whole Merits most the Muses sing.

From this fair Imp shall spring a fairer Tree,
Whose Fruit shall much adorn this Family.

But O! thou ^a *Bellicose*, what Man may know
Thy virt'ous Mind, thy Worth, thy warlike Deeds?
The brightest Lightning of thy Works doth show,
Dazling the Beams which from thy Peers proceeds,
Heav'n's Lamps removes their painted Ceiling so
To bright *Apollo's* fiery flaming Steeds;

Yea, thy rare Line thy rarest Virtue's claims,
In whom still shines thy former Glory's Beams.

The Deeds of all thy Deeds do overturn;
All Fortunes rare thy Fortune foileth still;
E'er Victor thou ne'er Conquest shalt return:
And *York's* proud Walls bear Witness of thy Skill:
Lastly, that ever famous *Otterburn*
Seals all thy Conquests, 'gainst thy Country's Will,
While thou, thrice wounded Victor, sheds a Flood,
To dye thy latest Triumphs with thy Blood.

Thy valiant ^b Brother shall to thee succeed,
Whose awful Looks presageth Wrath t'ensue,
With him shall Fortune likewise forth proceed,
And *Linton Battle* shall his Praise renew.
But O! his ^c Son shall all that Age exceed
In Wit and Courage, Strength and Valour true:
To princely State, in *Europe's* Garden fair,
He shall be rais'd, and Honours great shall bear.

Yet

- ^a James Earl of Douglas, Son to William first Earl; He dismounted the Piercy before Newcastle, and won Otterburn, being thrice stricken thro' the Body, where he died Anno 1388.
- ^b His Brother was called Archibald Grim; He won Linton Battle, the Piercy, and the Earl of March Anno 1403.
- ^c His Sen, called Archibald Tynman, was valiant, but most unfortunate, who was slain at the Battle of Vernuil in France Anno 1422. He was Duke of Turin, Lord Longoville, and Marshal of France.

Yet all in vain, since Fortune proud hath sworn
 The World shall build no Trophy to his Name :
 Nature doth him with such rare Gifts adorn,
 That she, envying, cuts the Wings of Fame :
 He tries her Favour oft, but she doth scorn
 His Suit, and doth her Favour quite reclaim.
 Thus him, whom Nature frames for Glory's Throne,
 Fortune throws down, for Fate to tread upon.

Then comes that lordly ^d Earl, whose powerful Might
 Is both suspect'd, and fear'd, and wish'd more small :
 Whose Race once run, his Sons, without all Right,
 Must free the Way to rule by their great Fall :
 Which turns the *Scots* calm Day to stormy Night,
 Whose Tempelt threatens the Kingdom, Crown, and All :
 Yet he that must succeed, shall flee Mischief,
 And wisely to his End, conceal his Grief.

This Star gone down, * another doth appear,
 Whose bold Mind feeds the Flame of martial Fire :
 Yet shoots forth Beams illustred white and clear,
 Which shews to War or Peace a like Desire :
 At Honour's Crown he aims, tho' ne'er so dear :
 His conqu'ring Look presageth martial Ire.
 To Honours great he shall his Brothers raise,
 But he offends his Prince, who ends his Days.

His ^r Brothers then enrag'd, upbraids their King,
 Whose Minds burst forth a Storm of Desolation :
 What he heap'd up in Silence, forth they bring
 A Flood of War, a fearful Inundation,
 That well might choak their Foes o'erflowing Spring,
 But vented wrong, flows to their Prince's Station :

Yet

Archibald Earl of Wigtoun, Duke of Turin and Lord of Longoville; his Son William Duke of Turin, Lord of Longoville, was beheaded in the Castle of Edinburgh Anno 1445. To him succeeded Gros James, Earl of Abercorn.

William Duke of Turin, Lord of Longoville, he made his two Brothers Earls of Murray and Ormond, and the third Lord of Balveny, Anno 1452.

James second Son to Gros James, with his three Brothers, of Murray, Ormond, and Balveny, rose against the King, and were pacified with great Difficulty.

Yet this huge Flood, e'en in the Height, shalt turn,
And of a boundless Ocean, seem a Burn.

X For with the Weight of their own heavy Sway
The Current's swiftest Motion they recal,
Their too too lofty Minds do mount so high,
That scorch'd with *Phæbus*' Beams to Earth they fall
From Tops of tow'ring Clouds in War's bright Sky,
Their Smoak-*evanish'd* Throne dissolves and all :
For why the Heav'ns ordain no Force of Men
To rouse the lordly Lion from his Den.

Yet their deserved Fall shall not be such,
As shall extinguish that most famous Line,
Nor darken shall their wonted Glory much,
Nor yet their former Greatness shall decline :
Tho' Pride o'erthrows, whome'er he haps to touch :
But they by Virtue shall their Thoughts confine
Within the Limits of their former Worth,
Wherein they stretch'd their fruitful Branches forth.

Yet ends this Race ; their Room the second Line
Obtains, and brings their Virtues from the Grave :
The First in Worth and wondrous Deeds shall shine,
If he from *Shrewsbury* himself can save.
Nor shall his Son to any Vice incline,
But of due Praise swift Time shall him deceive :
Whose second ^b Son shall to the World bring forth
A Family of much redoubted Worth.

But to bear up that House, lo, ^m One appears
Clad with the Light of bright *Aurora's* Rays :
Whose great Experience, and whose aged Years
His Prince rejects, and still at *Floudon* lies :
With whom he leaves Three Sons, himself retires
Fearing his Lord's untimely blasted Bays :

And

^a George first Earl of Angus was slain in *Shrewsbury*, aiding the Picity against the King of England, Anno 1403.

^b George second Earl of Angus, of his Base Son called George, the House of Boundward is come.

^m Archibald Earl of Angus, his Sons and Friends were all slain at *Flouden*; he went home himself, being reprehended for good Counsel.

And as he doth presage so shall it fall,
There dies this royal Prince, his Sons and all.

Yet shall their rich and fruitful Seed spread forth
Four Branches fair, whose Fruit is rip'd by Fame,
Whereof the ^a second, planted in the North,
Shall grace that Soil with Blossoms of his Name,
Nor shall the ^b Third know any Want of Worth:
The ^c Fourth shall cleanse his Blot in Virtue's Stem:
But lo, the ^e First's rare Son shall grace the Line,
And shall o'er *English* royal Blood propine.

With that rare Dame, whose heav'nly Grace is such,
As her Son's Son shall be that blazing Light,
Whom all Divines and Prophets praise so much,
Of whom fair *Albion* longs to have a Sight,
The Aim which all the Prophecies would touch:
The Joiner of this Isle's disjoined Might:
For *Albion* it is now in Name alone:
But then in Substance we shall *All be One*.

But leave we him, till God appoint his Time,
And turn us to that ^d Lord, that ancient Knight,
Whose Charge is free, uncharg'd with any Crime:
Famous for Wit, and fortunate in Fight,
Not one beneath this cold distemper'd Clime
May claim more princely Virtues for his Right:
Yea *Anckermoor* his Fortune fair shall see,
Where he obtains a glorious Victory.

* Two Brothers shall he have, both valiant Knights,
From whom two famous Families shall spring:

The

* Sir William his second Son Laird of Glenbervie.

* His third Son Laird of Kiltpindy.

* William his Base Son of Torthoral.

* Archibald, Son to George Master of Angus, married the Queen
of Scotland, Sister to King Henry the Eighth of England, and
begat Margaret Countess Lennox, Mother to Henry Duke of
Albany, Father to King James the Sixth.

* The forsaide Archibald that married the Queen, he was Anckermoor; he died in Tintallon, Anno 1557.

* His second Brother Laird Pittendreich: His third Brother Prior of Coldinghame.

The First's rare ' Son, well skill'd in martial Fights
 Obtains his Uncle's Place in every Thing :
 Thus is that House prepar'd of glorious Lights,
 By Heav'n's eternal universal King;
 For Rule's the Line, they soar in virtuous Deeds :
 And if the Branch itself that Branch exceeds,

Then comes the ' Last of this fair Branch in fine,
 For Virtue call'd, *The Good*: When from the North
 Shall come a ' Knight that shall succeed by Line,
 Who, weigh'd with him, doth equalize his Worth ;
 And yet with Fame cannot the World propine,
 So loath is Time to bring Occasion forth.

Yet Virtue for his Son shall Grace prepare,
 And thus to Fame shall measure forth his Share.

Heav'n-changing Time shall civil Discord raise,
 And wrap the *Scots* in Wealth-consuming Woes ;
 When ^m he, by God set up unto these Days,
 Shall leave his Soil, to foreign Lands he goes,
 Wading thro' Trouble's Streams, and there, with Praise,
 His Pen unto his Predecessors shows

The Way to win from dark Oblivion's Night,
 Building their Trophies with his Virtue's Might.

This Lamp gone out, O then his ⁿ Son succeeds,
 Raising that House declin'd, to former Height,
 Whose Mind is great with Child of glorious Deeds,
 And as a *Coloss* fair upholds the Weight
 Of a large Frame, so from his Wit proceeds
 The Strength that under-props that Name's great Might ;
 Yet he by Art stops Nature's Stream to flow,
 With *Juno's* String still bending *Pallas'* Bow.

He

- ' David, Son to the Laird of Pittendreich, succeeded his Uncle Archibald Earl of Angus, 1558.
- ' Archibald, Son to David Earl of Angus. died without Issue, 158--
- ' William, the Third from Sir William first Laird of Glenbervie, succeeded the Earl of Angus, he died 1591.
- ^m William his Son, Earl of Angus, died at Paris, Anno 1611.
 He has written the Chronicle of that Name, to which I have referred most Part of their Actions.
- ⁿ William now Earl of Angus.

He rips the Tombs of his Ancestors old,
And brings them clad with Robes of heav'nly Light
For all ensuing Ages to behold,
They shot forth Beams of Fame and Glory Bright,
Which long lay hid in Night's dark pitchy Mold,
O'ervail'd by sad Oblivion from our Sight;
Their Ghosts rejoicing that so rich a Gem
Springs from their Loins, t'immortalize their Name.

Now comes the next ' great Family in Sight,
That jointly with the First, at first shall spring,
Which ev'ry where sends forth such Lamps of Light,
As Earth and other Firmament doth bring;
Wherein each fixed Star doth burn so bright,
As yields both Life and Light to ev'ry Thing;
So far those Glory-lighting Flames do shine,
Moving their Orb with Influence divine.

The ^b First that shall illuminate the Sky
Of this bright Orb, this Heav'n reflecting Sphere,
Arm'd with his Father's Magnanimity,
Shall be a great and mighty Man of War,
Of whom shall Two arise to rectify
Two Lines, that shall their Fame to Heav'n up-rear:
Yet to the Younger shall the Elder fall;
And both, thus join'd, shall one great House instal.

O! thou thrice famous Lake and Strand of *Levin*,
Famous for that great Race shall come from thee,
Enrich'd with Graces by the wand'ring Seven,
That still aloft in th' azure Vallies flee;
The ' First that shall adorn thy watry Heav'n
With sure and staid establish'd Rule, I see,
By fatal Deeds shall many Fortunes share,
And *Pallas*' Sword shall all his Paths prepare.

The

The Descent of the Earls of Morton

John Lord of Dalkieth, Sir James Douglas's youngest Brother:
He had two Sons; the Eldest was Lord of Dalkieth, and the Se-
cond Lord of Loughlevin.

The Descent of the Lairds of Loughlevin.

The first Laird of Loughlevin. He was with Archibald Grim
at Linton Battle, where having won the Enemies Standard from
Sir Thomas Kolbuth, was the Chief of the Victory.

The Bays thy Temples shall at *Lintoun* bear,
 Where thou, by Valour, from a valiant Knight
 The *Leopard* and *Flow'r de lis* shall tear;
 Thus shall thy Arm put all thy Foes to flight.
 But when the valiant *Piercy* wageth War
 Against his Prince, in that untimely Fight
 Thou, valiantly advent'ring, then shalt fall;
 Yet, after Death, thy Fame shall soar o'er all.

But thou ^e brave Youth, altho' a Stripling young,
 Scorns in thy native Soil for to remain:
 Thou hears *Bellona's* dreadful Bell was rung,
 Following the Voice with Honour's thirthing Pain,
 When all the Plains embroider'd were along
 With Gore, and Blood, tint Arms, and Soldiers slain:
 There having win Fair Conquest by the Hair,
 Thou leaps from off this worldly Theatre.

And then succeeds that all-praise-worthy Youth,
 That with the Ground-Stone lays a fairer Stream,
 Mounting that House up to the second Growth,
 Whose Worth in War illustrates his Name.
 Then comes that blazing ^s Comet of the South,
 Whose wond'rous Deeds with Terror sound his Fame:
 His Looks send Virtue forth so grac'd with Art,
 As strikes mild Rev'rence in each barb'rous Heart.

And yet his gallant ^b Son shall with him strive,
 Who to that Age shall greatest Light restore.
 As painful Bees still work to serve the Hive,
 And lazy Drones, that doth their Wealth devour,
 There dare not enter, nor with them may strive;
 So Nature doth provide for to decore
 That fruitful Stem with such, whose Pains exceeds,
 Past all Compare, in high and virt'ous Deeds.

- No
- * The second Laird of Loughlevin, who going with the Earl of Buchan to France, defended the Passage of a Bridge there with Three Hundred against the Duke of Clarence's Army, whom he made retire, and in pursuing fiercely was killed.
 - † The Third Lord of Loughlevin.
 - ‡ The Fourth Laird of Loughlevin.
 - § The Fifth Laird of Loughlevin.

No fruitless Drone shall from that Race arise,
Each gives Testificates of Honour's height.
What Praises to the Sixth can I devise,
That serves his Prince in many a bloody Fight?
Nor Conquest e'er to crown his Pains denies.
Next him comes ^m One, whose Worth and pow'ful Might
Doth aid his Prince against usurping Foes,
Whose Want at last that mighty Prince o'erthrows.

But, O what ⁿ Knight is this! address'd for War,
That all the Country round about obeys;
Whom greatest Princes of the Land do fear
In bloody Battle; who at last essays
Our *English* Force from off his Prince to bear,
With whom another valiant Champion stays:
And while, to save their Prince, their Lives they yield,
Great Multitudes from Valour wins the Field.

But who comes here, ^a in the cold North, t'infuse
Such heav'nly Gifts all *Europe* passing by?
O! 'tis *Apollo* sure, that doth refuse
The East, and comes the West to beautify;
Where he the silver Lake of *Levin* doth chuse,
The clear *Caballine* Streams he doth deny:
Thus leaving *Grecian* Plains and pleasant Fountains,
He seats himself near to the *Ochet* Mountains.

Where whilst he views the Valleys round about,
By Chance shall see fair ^b Nature's Queen come there,
That *Daphne* doth surpass, and all the Rout
Of Virgins, Queens, or Shepherds known of ere;
Whom following long, at last shall find his out
And wed the Dame, who unto him shall bear

• Five

No The Sixth Laird of Loughlevin.

The Seventh Laird, who was always with King James the Third,
against the Humes and the Hepburns: His good Service was
oftentimes of great Value to his Prince.

The Eight Laird of Loughlevin, who being upon the King's left
Hand at Flouren, and another upon the right Hand, were both
slain with their Prince, there being Forty five of their Enemies
found kill'd about them.

The Ninth Laird of Loughlevin.

His Wife a most virtuous, wise, and beautiful Lady.

• Five Virgin-Dames, nay Graces five; for lo
The World shall not their Match in Beauty show.

Yea, this rare Beauty past compare shall be,
Nor 'longs to one, but in them all it dwelleth,
E'en all in Colour, Neatness, Decency,
Proportion, and the Mind's rare Gifts excelleth;
Nor shall it spend, nor waste, nor fade, nor die,
But to all Times a Quintessence distilleth:

For lo their Seed shall in this Land be born
As Stones to Rings, or Stars that Heav'n adorn.

And from their Sire, both sanctified and sage,
Cold, wise, and bold, with hasty Wrath not burnt,
Adorn'd with Virtue both in Youth and Age,
Whom Heav'n decrees with Honour's Height to mount;
Shall likewise spring that Youth, when Fortune's Rage
On swelling *Thetis*' shining Back doth hunt,
Till angry *Nepune*'s Fury bursteth forth,
And swallows up that Treasure-house of Worth.

O! but his • Son is *Mars* and *Phæbus* Knight,
For Valour, Courage, Wit, and Beauty store;
The foggy Mists of Ignorant's dark Night
He clears to Knowledge-Day, he opes the Door:
E'en as a Lantern from a Tow'rs proud Height
Shows the Sea's Port for Ships to win the Shore;
So his clear Lamp of Judgment shows the Way,
For dark, gross Wits to land in Virtue's Bay.

The active Boldness by his Sp'rit refin'd,
Produce resillless Actions strongly knit;
The quick Vivacity that melts his Mind,
In Streams of Eloquence o'erflows his Wit,
And yet so much to Courtesy inclin'd,
That humble Mildness on his Brow doth sit,
Which tempers Passion still with Faculty,
And makes a sympathizing Harmony.

For

• His Five Daughters so admirable in all the Gifts of Nature, as
not only themselves, but their offspring, are the Ornaments of
their Sex,

• The Tenth Laird of Loughlevin perished at Sea, in a Tempest
of Weather.

William now Earl of Mortoun.

For lo, his Soul's rare Faculties divine
Is so cut forth on his humane Perfection;
Yet in his Looks high Majesty doth shine,
By Modesty held in so sweet Subjection,
As always holds a Mean, nor doth decline
To simple Mildness, or to proud Infection:
Thus Decency steals forth with ev'ry Glance,
And frames a piercing am'rous Countenance,

Which Breeds respective Rev'rence with Delight
In ev'ry Heart whose Eyes do him behold,
With Admiration and Amazement great,
That strains a sweet Obedience uncontrol'd.
But now I fear, if I the rest indite,
To cloy your Ears with my Discourse too bold.
Yet (quod the Captain). I would gladly know
If still that Name produce such Fruits, or no.

O still (quod he) and shall be still increas'd;
For both these mighty Families proceeds
To Honours great whereof they are possess'd,
Mounting aloft with high and glorious Deeds;
And this Lord's Son--- While he would lay the rest,
A sudden Tumult their Amazement breeds;
O'er all the Land great Clamours they might hear,
Which did foreshow some Danger to draw near;

Wherewith they leapt to Arms. The Captain cries
For all the Garrison in Arms to be;
When lo, hard by the Castle he espies
Were driv'n great Herds of Cattle hastily.
This was the conqu'ring Knight, that doth devise
How he that Country might from Thraldom free,
And needs would train the Captain from his Hold,
Whose Strength he would essay with Courage bold;

But this his Purpose greatly doth withstand,
They hardly could be brought unto the Field:
Wherefore he takes this Stratagem in hand
To train them out to fight, to fly, or yield:
A woody Plain near Sandilands he fand,
Whose Umbrage seem'd from Phæbus Heat to shield;
On each Side grew the Trees so bushy thick,
It seem'd that Nature fram'd it for a Trick.

Thither

Thither the Earl by Night his Troops forth guides,
 Where each lies closely, quiet, whist, and still;
 His Van-couriers, in Haste he thus provides
 To bring their Herds of Cattle from the Hill,
 And those that nearest to the Tow'r abides
 These drive they hence; whileas the Herdmen fill
 The Air with Scrieks, the Land with loud Alarms;
 Wherewith proud *Thirswal*, clad in glorious Arms,

With all his Garrison address'd for War,
 Iss'd forth in Haste for to return the Prey,
 And follow'd, having neither Doubt nor Fear,
 Till they were past the Ambush far away:
 Then those that fled return'd, their Swords they rear
 Aloft their Shields, before their strong Arms stay
 Their Blows they bear, they push, strike, stab, and kill
 Th' amazed Foe, who yet resisted still;

Till at their Backs a sudden Storm arose,
 Whose horrid Noise doth make them all to quake,
 And with their Force, their Fury, and their Blows,
 Their broken Ranks begin to faint and shake;
 Their first Rank backward on the second goes,
 The second on the third, the third doth break,
 Crush'd by the fourth and fifth, and at each End
 They leap forth, scatt'ring here and there they bend.

So do the Clouds dispers'd from East to West,
 In Ranks and Rows that hang clear, white, and fair,
 Whenas the Northern and the Southern Blast,
 Forth from their Caves, break thro' the troubled Air;
 Rank 'gainst a Rank, Cloud 'gainst a Cloud they cast,
 Till in a Heap confus'd at last, they tear
 And burst asunder, crush'd with furious Blows,
 Scatter'd in Drops flies from between their Foes.

Thirswal there dy'd beneath the *Douglas*'s Sword,
 Of all his Men but Ninety went away,
 Who in the Castle got, from thence they pour'd
 Darts, Quarry-stones, like Hail, without Delay:
 The Earl retir'd his Band, when they were tow'r'd,
 And from his Prince no longer would he stay,
 'Gainst whom he heard an Army was prepar'd,
 Of which in Time to show him, he repair'd.

CAPUT

CAPUT X.

The ARGUMENT.

*While Fortune hovers, doubtful of her Choise,
Nor Peace, nor War on either Side displays,
Hard Fate anone prepareth greater Woes,
Great Dis forsees that Jove the Scots will raise
To former Height, and forth his Fiends he throws,
Who tempt the Scots: They leave the Bruce, whose Praise
Augments, while unawares his Foe assails;
His witty Flight; his Valour twice prevails.*

THE Prince of Darknes now long Time rejoic'd
Of God's great Wrath among his Children thrown,
Whose foul Offences had his Favour los'd,
Fearing if they repent, that Grace were shown;
A Thousand Ills into his Mind he toss'd
Wherewith to tempt them, yet to Heav'n's unknown,
Thus wildly star'd he, when he mus'd alone,
Whileas he sits on his infernal Throne:

And now resolving, to his Work he falls,
And, with a dreadful grisly Countenance,
The curs'd and hateful Furies up he calls:
The Monsters trembling give Obedience;
Their poison'd Gorges all with Venom swells,
Inflam'd with his red Eyes hot flaming Glance:
While his strong Breath, forth from his ratling Throat,
A Noise like to a fearful Tempest shot;

Which made the Earth to quake, and deafn'd Hell:
Thus understood they this confused Sound.
"You Malice proud, and you Envy that dwell
Amidst our fiery Regions under Ground,
Haste up, and with infecting Breath expel
All Peace, and let no Amity be found
In the great North; and see that you defile,
With Blood and War, Great Europe's greatest Isle.

Make

Make *England's* King to forge some causes new,
 To keep the Right which he by wrong has got :
 Tell him that Heav'n ordains him to renew
 Sin's just Reward upon the sinful *Scot* :
 Make *English* all with deadly Hate pursue
 The *Scots*, their only ancient Foes by Lot ;
 The only Block that ever bears them down
 From all their Greatness, Glory, and Renown.

Thus edge them on ; it were great Loss, great Shame,
 If they unto their wonted Greatness rise :
 Your Strength alone was never so extreme
 To make them once to shrink, nor could devise
 By Slight or Might to drown their famous Name,
 Till now, that lo, * themselves themselves defies ;
 And what your Swords before could never do,
 Their Swords have done, and won themselves to you.

So that you see Heav'n favours your Intent,
 With these and other your intended Slight ;
 Arm them with Pride, Hate, Anger, Discontent,
 And move the *Scots* still 'gainst themselves to fight :
 For lo, I see, *Jove* doth his Wrath relent,
 And minds to raise the *Scots* to greater Might ;
 For in that famous *Bruce*, and in his Line,
 They must be bless'd, and o'er all *Europe* shine.

Tho' what great *Jove* decrees we cannot mend,
 Yet may we oft delay th' intended Bliss
 Which he ordains upon frail Man to send,
 Since sluggish Man, by Nature, careless is,
 And we may move him thankless to offend,
 And oft to disobey his Law, I wish ;
 For Man is fleshly, gi'en to foul Delight,
 And God is always pure, clear, holy, right.

Since we of all the damned Heirs are chief,
 And have no longer Time from Torments free
 Than till the Cup be full of God's hot Grief,
 And that great Day of his fierce Wrath we see,

Then

* *Scots only were the Overthrowers of themselves, divided in three Factions, the Bruce, the Baliol, and the Cuming; both the last took part with England against the Bruce.*

Then with the Souls which now without Relief,
We still torment, shall we tormented be;
And, which is worse, our Pains shall ne'er be spent,
While we ourselves must still ourselves torment.

Then Heav'n's Decree to stay our Strength is small;
Yet having Time we may not tire of Ill,
Since what we would, that can we not at all;
Do what we may, we may not what we will.
At these his words *Envy* and *Malice* swell
With murd'ring Hate, their Breasts with Venom fill,
And up they fly to view Day's glorious Light,
Bringing Mischief, Grief, Horror, War, Despight,

Arriving here, they fill each godless Heart
With Anger, Rage, Mischief, Pride, Hate, Envy:
Then to the Camp they hie to use their Art,
Not their vain Slight the nobler Sort descry;
While Grace, Love, Wisdom, with their worth's Desert
Did drive them thence in endless Infamy:
Yet, in the baser Sort, great Pow'r they win,
Thro' whose faint Hearts, Despair, Fear, Danger run;

Great Bands of these by their Deceit, they Drew,
Who stealing from the Camp, by Night do fly;
And still these Fiends to their faint Minds do shew,
Or hoped Conquest shamful Infamy;
Their former Loss, Remembrance lets them know,
Which oft repeated, makes their Hopes to die:
These words they murmur still themselves among.
On shameful Death shall we attend so long?

Alas! what Strength, what Might, what Pow'r have we
Which *England* warlike *Scotland* to gainstand?
May not our Lord behold his Infamy,
And in the Glass of former works have scann'd,
That 'gainst his Will Heav'n's bend their just Decree?
Earth scorns to build a Trophy for his Hand,
Fate to his Fall his frowning Fortune brings,
Heav'n, Earth, Fate, Fortune, all cross his Designs,

Heav'n's never yet did favour his Intent;
Earth never lookt for Conquest at his Hand;

Fate

Fate never fram'd his Will to find Content :
 And Fortune never lik'd of his Demand ;
 Fair Victory her chiefest Wealth has spent
 On his proud Foe, who conqu'ring, doth command
 Us all, if got, like Robbers hang'd to be :
 Thus we're but Outlaws to his Majesty.

With Grief, and Sorrow, Pain, and Travel sore,
 We Hunger-starv'd amidst the Mountains ly ;
 Our Friends still aid our Foes, and which is more,
 E'en our own Nation us with Scorn defy :
 Thousands that rose in our Defence before,
 Now with our Foes 'gainst us their Forces try :
 While we, that nought but Shame and Want do gain,
 Attend on Hope, and still attend in vain.

Why stay we then to imitate their Flight
 Who, with our Foes, abide in Wealth and Ease ?
 No, let us render up this Camp but Fight,
 And give our Lord to use him as they please :
 Or if not this, then let us fly by Night,
 And yielding to our Foes, their Wrath appeale.--
 This last Opinion each approveth so,
 That ev'ry Night away in Troops they go.

Thus wrought black *Pluto's* Messengers their Will ;
 And now to work the rest of their Mischief,
 Brave *m Pembroke's* Ear with these glad News they fill,
 And fills his warlike Mind with Rage and Grief
 To make an End of War ; they show him still
 That now he may at Ease, without Relief,
 His weak'ned Foe of further Hopes deprive,
 Quite overthrown, or kill'd, or ta'en alive.

Then, fed with Hope, he doth an Army raise
 Of *Scots* and *English*, near Ten Thousand strong,
 Whose Minds with Hate and with Desire of Praise
 They do inflame ; nor stay they those among,
 But here and there thro' all the Land they gaze,
 Subjects to find, whereby to work more Wrong ;
 At last of *Lorn* that cruel Lord they find,
 And unto new Revenge they stir his Mind ;

m Sir Odomer de Vallance was Earl of Pembroke.

To new Revenge of his dear Cousin's Blood
Great *Cumberland*, whom *Bruce* before had slain;
He to this War brings forth Five Thousand good,
And to great *England's* General joins amain.
Thus forward, prick'd with Hope and hateful Mood,
They bravely march o'er Hill, o'er Dale, o'er Plain,
Whereof our Gallant nought at all did know,
So speedily and secretly they go.

Now of Five Hundred thrice, with him remain'd
Three Hundred scant, the rest were fled and gone,
Whereof he oft and secretly complain'd,
Yet wisely in himself conceal'd his Moan:
But now his Scouts, by Travel that obtain'd
A Sight of their proud Foe, return anon,
And to him bring those woful News at last,
Whose Sound from Ear to Ear right sadly pass'd.

The Relicks small of his forsaken Host,
Were all about him standing in a Round,
Whileas bold *Edward* thus did him accost;
My Lord and Brother, let not this confound
Your noble Thoughts, tho' Numbers quite be lost,
In this small Band must all your Hopes be crown'd;
Tho' Fortune bear your just Designs awry,
She cannot *lett* us bravely for to die.

Well is it known, since first we Armour took,
When in our Country's Cause we swore to stand,
That ever since we suffer'd have Rebuke,
Nor Fortune once would favour our Demand;
With Shame and Loss our Friends us all forlook;
Our Soldiers, seeing nought but Loss at Hand,
Have left us, Cowards worthy not to breathe,
That we may look for nothing now but Death.

Let shall it ne'er be said, nor seen, nor known,
That in our latest Hour we shrink or fly:
No, let our Hearts, our Hands, and all be shown,
Even in Despite of Fortune's Cruelty,
To work most dread Revenge, if overthrown,
And with their bravest Captains let us die:
No, Fame and Glory shall our Death attend,
Nor shall they much rejoice in this our End.

The rest whom Anger, Courage, Grief, Despair,
 Tormenting made to wish their Deaths were nigh,
 Applauded all that he had said, and there
 All cry, Dy, dy ; revenge, and bravely dy !
 But their brave Prince, with mild Looks, doth declare
 His Counsel wise and his Command, whereby
 Their Fury hot and their Despair restraining,
 He to his Brother answers thus complaining.

Thy Counsel in the Wise no Place will find,
 With such despairing Hazards to betray
 Ourselves unto our Foes; they prove too kind,
 To please their Foe, that work their own Decay :
 What tho' the baser Sort their beaulty Mind,
 In flying from our Camp doth well bewray:
 Yet Hope and Foresight Fortune still commands,
 And War's good Luck in Wisdom's Counsel stands.

What tho' our fainting Troops have fled before ?
 Whoe'er the News of Ill with Terror stings,
 These at the real Sight will fear much more,
 And Comfort none, but meer Discomfort brings :
 Yea when they fled, my Hopes they did restore,
 And with them fled the Doubts of my Designs :
 Great Fools are they that build their hopeful Good
 Upon the ever-changing Multitude.

In you that do remain my Comfort lies,
 Nor can a World of Armies me afay :
 For Heaven promis'd me that I should rise,
 Unto my Foes Shame, Ruin, and Decay :
 I care not, I, what Earth or Hell devise :
 They cannot hinder Heav'n, tho' they delay
 Frail Man's intended Bliss by Heav'ns decreed :
 With heav'nly Faith is earthly Want supply'd.

Know then this Praise to *Scots* is only due,
 Ne'er conquer'd yet, ne'er yielded to their Foes,
 For Want refusing never to pursue,
 With endless War, the just Revenge of those
 That would their Lives or Liberties subdue :
 For *Scots* will either always make a Chose
 Of Freedom ever poor, with War maintain'd,
 Than Bondage ever rich, with Peace still gain'd.

By this they see an Army to appear
Before their Face, and at their Backs they view
The Lord of *Lorn* with all his Troops draw near,
By secret By-ways led, them to pursue;
Whereat they stand amaz'd, until they hear
Their Lord's wife hardy Resolution true;
Who thus to cheer and comfort them began.
Fear not their Slight, for do the worst they can,

We shall eschew their Craft, their Hate, their Force.
Then he commands his Brother to depart
And *Lennox* Earl, with them an Hundred Horse;
Douglas and *Hay* unto the contrar Airt,
With equal Number bend their speedy Course.
Now Friends (quod he) each bear a valiant Heart,
And flying fight, and fighting fly your Foes;
For your brave Flight hew forth your Way with Blows.

Our's shall be the Glory of this Day,
And we with Fame return, but they with Shame;
We with the rest will likewise hold our Way
Betwixt their Armies, so shall we reclaim
Our Life and Honour, which they count their Prey,
Sea, and perhaps, e'er long, may pay them hame;
This said, all Three three sundry Ways oppose
Their warlike Breasts 'gainst Thousands of their Foes.

Sea, surely each of them great Valour shows,
And Wisdom's Beams still gave their Valour Light,
They break thro' armed Squadrons of their Foes;
Thus they pursuing fly, and flying fight:
Courage great! O Valour worthy those
That rise to ever-shining Glory bright:
Thro' thrice Five Thousand, fighting flies Three Hunder,
Not losing one: O Courage great! O Wonder!

The valiant *Bruce*, with unresisted Might,
Lies, yet his Deeds still make him known of all;
The Lord of *Lorn*, that well espy'd his Flight,
Soon follow'd him, in Hope to work his Fall;
Five Hundred thrice, on Horses swift and light,
With him he takes, and gives but Leisure small
To *Bruce*, who thrice divides his Men in three,
And thrice three sundry Ways thy're forc'd to flee;

At last with him there did remain but one,
 And yet his Foes still followed on his Tract,
 Their Care is only him to have alone,
 Nor seem they of his Men account to make:
 Five Knights that all the rest had far outgone
 Were come so near, that him they overtake;
 Who scorn'd to flee while he had been alive,
 Tho' but alone, from Fifty join'd to Five.

The Knight that with him stay'd was bold and stout,
 Whole Birth made in his Dame's fair Breasts appear
 The Milk that nurs'd the Prince; for which no doubt
 He greatly lov'd the Man and held him dear,
 Who with him turns now to his Foes about,
 Both on them run, nor would they once retire;
 Their Salutations were in Rage and Wrath;
 Death on each Wound attends, and Shame on Death.

Three to the Prince, and two unto the Knight
 Address'd; and thus the Combate's underta'en;
 The valiant Monarch with two Blows downright
 One's Heart, another's Head did cleave in twain,
 Whereat dismay'd the Third doth shun to fight:
 And now the matchless Lord thus left alone,
 Lends th' One a Blow that did his Knight assail,
 Till from his Horse he sunk down cold and pale.

Beneath the Knight's good Sword the Fourth soon dies,
 Death after him that flies was quickly sent;
 This Stratagem the Prince doth soon devise,
 To learn to see and know his Foes Intent:
 He on this Horse in this Knight's Arms doth rise,
 And to his Foes back as a Friend he went;
 His Knight he there commands for to sojourn
 Till he again dead or alive return.

Thus back again a Mile he had not gone,
 Whenas he meets the foreward of his Foe
 Come with a speedy March that Way anone;
 And them before an Hundred Knights and mo
 Come towards him, before all these alone
 A scenting Slouth-hound comes with Squires two;
 The Hound his own he knew without all Doubt,
 Which by his Foes was brought to find him out.

Without Delay, without Advifement long,
He forward furs upon his lofty Steed,
Whole Swiftnefs had no Match them all among,
Known by the Hound whom he was wont to feed;
On him he fawns, and with a Leap he flung
Forth from the Leefh, running on him with fpeed,
Whom when he would have kill'd, poor Pity mov'd him,
He could not be ungrate to one that lov'd him.

Wherefore he back returns the Way he came,
The Hound ftill following him, and kept him ftill,
When, lo, thefe Hundred Knights efpy'd the fame,
The Horfe and Arms they knew, yet doubt fome ill
That with a fcornful Rage their Minds inflame,
And with avow'd Revenge their Hearts they fill:
Thus with diforder'd hafte they quickly run,
And one by one, much Ground of him they win;

Some him to kill, and fome the Hound to take
Did oftentimes effay, but all in vain:
For their diforder'd Fury ftill he brake,
Each Wound with-holds a Foe with Death or Pain:
Yet was he forc'd at laft a Way to make,
By killing of the Hound, his Life to gain;
And being now come near unto his Knight,
He thinks not meet againft them all to fight;

But him commands in hafte to kill that Hound,
Which he himfelf could not abide to do:
Hard by, a Foreft cover'd all the Ground,
Whofe Trees o'er all the rocky Mountains bow;
Hither they flee, where fuch dark Ways they found,
As from their Foes their Safety did allow,
Thus, mock'd and fcorn'd, the Army turns again
With Lofs and Shame, their Travel fpent in vain.

CAPUT XI.

The ARGUMENT.

*Hell's damned Fiends find Scots renowned King,
And by three Thieves work him a new Despight;
To God he prays, who grants his just Design
Thro' Deserts wild alone he flees by Night;
He finds his Men at last, whom he doth bring
On his proud Foe, who slaughter'd fears his Might.
Winter makes both their Camps break up at last;
At Hunts Great Bruce a fearful Danger puffs'd.*

INFERNAL Pluto missing his Intent,
Began to roar, his Voice his Words confound,
From whose foul Throat such thund'ring Noise forth went
As shook the Hell, resounding thro' the Ground:
His Bowels deep a misty Smoak forth sent,
Which made the Souls in endless Torments bound
To dive in Floods, and in the Flames to hide them,
Eschewing Pain while greater Pains abide them.

His dreadful Looks afay'd the Fiends and Ghosts,
Choak'd with the Savour of his noisom Breath;
Like Flights of Crows Hell mutters forth her Holts
From Erebus, with Horror, Fear, and Death:
In Clouds of Dangers on our Northern Coasts,
They rain the bloody Tempets of their Wrath;
And scatter'd here and there, they soon untwin'd
The Webs of Woe, wov'n in each sinful Mind:

And one of them e'en then did hap to light
On Robbers three, that in this Forest lay,
Wherethro' the valiant Bruce had ta'en his Flight,
Him see they, whom they count an easy Prey,
For which Great Edward rich Rewards had heght;
Therefore their Treason thus they did essay:
Mildly they come unto that noble Prince,
And vow to spend their Lives in his Defence.

They

They Scots Men were, by Right his Subjects too,
Which to their Treason adds more Credit still :
Dark Night, to shroud the rest that they would do,
Heav'n's Silver Walls with sable Hangings fill :
Within this Forest stood a Shepherd's Crue,
No other Lodging were they near until.

Thither those Thieves this noble Prince forth guide,
And with their Shift a Supper soon provide.

When he right pleasantly had ta'en Repast
Of Viands, such as Time would then afford,
On the cold Earth he lays him down at last,
A Shield for Pillow serv'd this noble Lord :
When Thousand careful Thoughts were overpast,
Sleep's charming Rod of Silence him restor'd
Unto a Slumber soft : But while he lay
He thought he heard a Voice, him threatning, say,

" Tho' careless of thyself, Heav'ns for thee care :

" Up, up, arise, from Danger thee defend."

Whereat he starts aloft, begins to stare ;

Whenas he sees come from the House's End

The Robbers three, that with their Swords prepare
Death on his Knight and him in Sleep to send :

But with his Sword he their Designment breaks,
And with his Foot his faithful Knight awakes.

Yet ere he he could arise one of the Three

Unto him slept, and with his transhant Blade

He forc'd his Soul forth from his Breast to flee,

Which in the Prince both Grief and Anger bred,

And in his Wrath his Death so venged he,

That of these Traitors three he soon was rid.

Then thanks he God who sav'd him from that Snare,

And thence departs, loaded with Grief and Care.

Where as his Horse was feeding, there he goes,

Whileas the Darknes somewhat clearer grew,

And being mounted then, no Way he knows,

And yet from thence himself he soon withdrew ;

Yea oftentimes himself himself did lose

In Deserts wild, in Paths but us'd by few,

Revolving still within his troubled Thought

What grievous Cares proud Fortune had him wrought

At

At last beseeching his great Lord of Grace
 To pity him, and comfort to him send;
 His earnest Prayer cleaves Heav'n's starry Face,
 And at *Jove's* Throne for Mercy did attend,
 Who bends his gracious Eyes on Mortals Race,
 Viewing their Woes, their Weakness well he kend:
 The Splendor of his glorious Countenance (hence,
 Clears Heav'n and Earth, and chas'd Hell's Fiends far

Earth freed of such a sinful Burden vild,
 Begins to smile on Heav'n's all-glorious Spheres,
 When from the Prince all Sorrow was exil'd,
 Comfort from Heav'n to his sad Soul repairs;
 His Faith had brought from his dear Saviour mild
 Assured Hope of what his Soul requires.

Now to that Place he goes, the nearest Way,
 Where he appointed all his Men to stay.

When bright *Aurore* her Treasures had forth sought,
 She edg'd the Silver Clouds with Fringe of Gold,
 And hangs the Skies with Arras rarely wrought,
 Powder'd with Pearl and precious Stones untold;
 Then Roses red and white from *Inde* she brought,
 And strew'd Heav'n's Floor, most glorious to behold:
 Yet weeps she; for she thinks it all too small,
 To welcome Great *Apollo* to her Hall.

Ere *Sol* could shine, his Way did him restore
 Where *Edward* and the *Douglas* did abide
 With all his Troops, that scatter'd were before;
 With whom the Prince doth secretly provide
 For to assault his Foes so proud of yore;
 For them he cateless knew dispersed wide,
 Disorder'd quite, and scatter'd here and there,
 Nor for him would they look, nor for him care.

They all agree; yet thus he would them chear:
 Brave Friends (quod he) behold this happy Day
 That shall the Clouds of our Disasters clear,
 And bring the Garland from our Foes away:
 Methinks I see fair Victory appear
 To crown us, that triumphs on their Decay,
 And their hot Blood rich Trophies us advances,
 Born on the Points of our victorious Launces.

Methinks, upon our glist'ring Crest I see
The glorious Garland of the Conquest worn,
While feather-footed Fame before us flee,
Upon the golden Wings of Honour born;
Altho' than ours their Numbers greater be,
Yet fear them not, JEHOVAH high hath sworn
To yield them in your Hands, that ye may sleep
Your thirsty Blades in Blood, whileas they sleep:

This said, from Heav'n reflected on his Face
A lightning Beam, bright, shining, pure, and clear;
His Countenance shin'd with such heav'nly Grace
As lighted all about, both far and near;
A martial Fury in his Breast took place,
Whose sparkling did his Eyes with Lightning cheer:
So that his gallant Port and graceful Looks
The bold confirms, the faint with Shame rebukes.

A Guide he got, who brought him where they lay
Encamped in a fair and open Plain;
And, ere the glorious Sun could gild the Day,
Four Hundred he had wounded, hurt and slain;
For these before the Camp a little Way,
Within a Village careless did remain:
Yea, e'en the Camp at last they did pursue,
And there, with Slaughter, did the Fight renew.

The Fire yet stay'd within his ashy Couch
When they began the Camp for to invade:
Sleep, Rest, or Silence ev'ry one did touch,
And here and there they lay disordered:
Some were asleep, of Wine that drank too much,
And some with Cards, and some with Dice wereled;
Some lazy Lubbarbs quafft Carouses deep,
Till ev'ry Drink began an endless Sleep.

While thus they ly, those Warriors enter in,
Too strict Justiciars for to part the Fray,
The Wine and Blood both forth together rin
From Back, from Breast or Side, e'en as they lay:
Half Words confus'd, their hollow Throats within,
Made bellowing Noise, their Blood their Breath did stay:
Some rise to strike some ope their Mouth to chide,
Those fall, and these with Blood cl. d, gasping dy'd.

Thus while each Sword dislodg'd a Hundred lives,
 Brave *Bruce* made known his Rancour, Wrath, and Ire:
 Squadrons he kills, cuts Cords, and Tents he rives,
 And for Revenge, enflam'd with hot Desire
 To overthrow them all, alone he strives
 To kill the Men, and set the Camp on Fire;
 And forward, still alone, he murd'ring goes, (Blows,
 Giving more Deaths than Wounds, more Wounds than

But as an hungry Lion for his Food
 Kills Thousand Beasts, mo than he can devour;
 So thou, stout *Edward*, dost their Lives seclude,
 Whom thy brave Brothers Halte had past before;
 And treading proudly on the Multitude,
 Thou seemest sad because thou finds no more
 Whereon to exercise thy Valour, so
 Wishing each Trunk could raise a stronger Foe.

Now at another Part doth enter in
 The conqu'ring Knight, that dreadful Slaughter makes:
 So from the West the drying Winds begin
 To clear Heav'n's cloudy Front, and strongly breaks
 The spungy Barm, exhal'd up by the Sun
 Forth of the *German* Lake, which *Eol* takes
 Upon his Wings, and musters forth in Hosts,
 Wherewith he threats to drown the northern Coasts:

E'en so this Champion driveth back by Force
 The Multitude of armed Squadrons strong;
 His warlike Weapon kills without Remorse,
 His Eyes such fiery Splendor darts along
 As burns their Hearts, but Fear conceals their Loss;
 All turning Backs, forget to venge their Wrong;
 And careless of their Shame, their Fame, their Fall,
 They lose their Lives, their Honour, Hope, and all.

And he, that to withstand will prove so bold
 As not to flee, but bravely bear it out,
 Soon lies he breathless, tumbling in the Mold;
 Which in the rest confirms their Fear and Doubt.
 Thus forward, none his Fury can withhold,
 Till with his Lord he meets, where all the Rout
 Assembled were, and weary'd now with killing,
 The Soldiers dispers'd, the Tents were pilling.

But

But Scots Great King who saw them careless, care
More for their Gain, than Conquest to prolong,
Caus'd sound Retreat, lest some new Force repair
And bring the Conquest back with Shame and Wrong.
By this the *English* Gen'ral did prepare
Of armed Knights above Five Thousand strong,
But this brave Lord in Time retir'd his Crew,
Whileas they had no Lust for to pursue.

The worthy Bruce thus having paid his Foe
Of that Disgrace, which he of late receiv'd,
He was both lov'd, and fear'd, and hated so
As the just Worth of his great Deeds had crav'd:
Yea, *England's* warlike Gen'ral, tho' in Wo,
Extol'd him much, when he his Worth perceiv'd;
Swearing by *Jove*, that Heav'ns decreed to raise him,
And in the Midst of Hate was forc'd to praise him.

Wherefore he breaketh up his Camp that Night,
Letting his Soldiers to their Home retire;
The Mighty Scot to *Carrick* marcheth right,
And sojourns there the dead Time of the Year:
Where nought befel him worthy to recite,
Save once he went a hunting of the Deer;
For there he thought no Foes could Harm afford,
Since all that Land obey'd him as their Lord.

Now being much delighted with that Sport,
His warlike-Knights were near about him still:
One Day unto a Forest they resort
The Hart and Hind with Grey-Hounds for to kill;
And he alone stay'd in a private sort,
With two swift Hounds, above them on a Hill,
Till all the rest were scatt'ed far and near,
Rouzing the Woods to bring him in the Deer.

While here he stay'd, three Men he did espy
Come from the Wood with awful Countenance,
Each bends a Bow, and thus doth him defy:
To venge the *Cuning's* Blood is our Pretence.
Brave Sirs (quod he) then first I pray you try
Me with your Swords, if I can make Defence:
Three one to kill, so far were endless Shame;
So Cowards fight, the Valiant hate such Game.

At these his Words, their Bows away they threw,
 And with their Swords they sharply him assail;
 His Hounds he loos'd, his Sword he quickly drew,
 And many Blows on either Hand they deal.
 The Hounds that see such Foes their Lord pursue,
 One by the Gorge unto the Ground they hale;
 One of the other Two by this he kill'd,
 Then kills him whom the Hound at Ground still held.

The Third, who fears such Guerdon for to try,
 Staid not, but soon betakes himself to flight;
 Whom when those Heav'n-ordained Hounds espy,
 They follow both with keen and awful Might,
 And in a trice they force him by and by
 Most furiously upon the Ground to light;
 Their Lord at last from them did him resume,
 And strictly gives him his deserved Doom.

When all his Knights return'd, they wondring view
 How Heav'ns their Prince from Danger had preserv'd.
 To God they give great Thanks and Praises due,
 Rejoicing that so brave a Lord they serv'd.
 This did his Fame thro' all the Land renew,
 All wish'd him now what his great Worth deserv'd:
 Who 'scap'd so many Dangers, they conclude
 Must be reserv'd for a greater Good.

C A U T

CAPUT XII.

The ARGUMENT.

*First at Glend'rule doth Scots renowned Prince
Get Victory above the English Foe:
Douglas at Adderford, with Valiance,
By Forty doth a Thousand overthrow:
Then Pembroke sues for Battle, with Pretence
To free the Land from longer War; and so
To Loudon-hill he brings an Army fair;
But vanquish'd, lies the Land in great Despair.*

WHEN in his golden Carroche *Sol* returns
From *Zenith* back unto the northern Star;
The *Ram* grown proud with am'rous Heat so burns,
That with his horns he seems to make him War:
Hills turn in Tears their Milk white Robes, and mourns
To see themselves so stripp'd by *Sol* afar:
Who, to redress their Wrong, is quickly seen,
For Ermines poor, to clothe them all in Green.

The Gardens prank'd with rosy Buds still spring,
While *Flora* dallies in her flow'ry Bed,
Whom *Zephyre* courts, and sweet to her doth sing,
Wiping away the Tears *Aurora* shed,
Whose shrill sweet Notes thro' all the Forests ring,
When Meads with Grass, and Woods with Leaves are clad;
So that the Spring, thus following *Phæbus* Trace,
Made ev'ry Thing to look with cheerful Face.

When *Bruce*, Scots Hope, their Comfort and their Joy,
With all his Knights doth to the Fields repair,
Stout hardy *Edward*, fearless of Annoy,
And Fortune's Knight, brave *Douglas*, als was there,
Whom Victory did seventy Times convoy,
Crown'd with the Garlands of her golden Hair;
And many mo, all Knights of high Renown,
Pillars of State, and Pearls unto the Crown.

Thrice

Thrice Ninety Knights their Number were at most,
 All marching forth with chearful Countenance,
 Whose Worth was known so to their En'mies Colt,
 As their brave Gen'ral fear'd not to advance
 With these against a great and mighty Host,
 And hazard all upon a Battle's Chance.

Thus marcheth he, and would with these begin
 To conquer all, or lose what he hath win.

The warlike Lord, whenas the Night drew near,
 Camps on a Hill, a Strength by Nature wrought;
 And as the second Morning did appear,
 The Watch a Woman had before him brought
 In Beggars Weed, whom he did straight enquire
 What her Intention was, or what her Thought
 That Way to come? She answer'd, To betray him,
 And that his Foe would presently essay him.

Pembroke's brave Earl (said she) within a Mile
 Is come with Thousands Five, thee to surprize,
 That *Scots* and *English* are, and swears the while,
 That they triumphing on thy Death must rise.
 I hope (quod he) their Hopes shall them beguile,
 The Right is ours.---And with the Word he cries,
 To Arms! to Arms! And in a Moment there,
 All clad in dreadful Arms, to fight prepare.

The Prince without the Camp his Army drew
 In Three Battallions or Squadrons strong;
 The Vanguard gave he to the *Douglas* true,
 Under whose Standard Sixty march'd along,
 Expert in Arms, that Feats of War well knew.
 The Rereward to Prince *Edward* did belong,
 Which also did consist of Sixty mo,
 That faint Fear's ghottly House did never know.

The King himself the great Battalion led,
 Wherein there stood thrice Fifty born to fight;
 There *Scotland's* Constable in Arms was clad,
 The worthy *Hay*, a bold and fearless Knight;
 There *Lennox* faithful Earl his Ensign spread;
 There val'rous *Boyd*, and others scorning Flight:
 All Soldiers old, all well approv'd at Arms,
 All breathed War, and Conquest's loud Alarms.

By

By they were rank'd, and well in Order set,
 A Cloud of Men, of Horse, of Spears and Shields
 Comes from a Wood: A Herd of Deer beset
 By Hunters keen, to fearful Flight so yields,
 Whose horned Heads a rattling Noise beget;
 Such Noise their Launces made, when all the Fields
 Were hid with Troops, and e'en as Flights of Crows,
 Sing thro' the Air, their Halte such Sounding shows.

But to the Scots when they approached near,
 They stood amaz'd to see their good Array,
 Till their courageous Gen'ral did them chear
 With hopeful Words of Conquest, Spoil, and Prey.
 Lo, what are those (said he) which you see here,
 But Robbers which dare never view the Day;
 Outcasts, and not true Scots, whose warlike Force
 You oft before have try'd unto their Loss:

And tho' they were their Nation's Flow'r and Choice,
 Yet are they but a Handful unto you;
 'Gainst ev'ry One let Ten themselves oppose,
 So they beneath our conqu'ring Sword shall bow.
 At these brave Words the Army forward goes
 With Shouts and Clamours great, and with a Show:
 Afront the Douglas Troop they give the Charge,
 Who were too few against these Squadrons large.

Yet make they neither Murmur, Noise, nor Din,
 Save Armour's Clash, and Death-resounding Blows,
 Till they had pierc'd these Squadrons wide within,
 On ev'ry Hand a Stream of Blood forth flows,
 That o'er their Man-made Banks to swell begin,
 And on their Friends they help to venge their Foes:
 For such as wounded could not stand for Pain,
 Falling untimely, were both down'd and slain.

The conqu'ring Knight with his victorious Band,
 That now had broken all the Ranks well near,
 Beholds the Clifford that still fighting stand,
 Whose Valour's Worth he could not but admire;
 For by that gallant Earl's strong conqu'ring Hand
 Some slain, some hurt, some forc'd were to retire,
 To him for just conceived Hate he flies,
 And him to bloody mortal Fight defies.

Now

Now first whenas the *Bruce* his Foes did view,
 Under an Ensign all to march in gro,
 He charg'd his Troops their Distance to renew,
 And leave more Ground 'twixt ev'ry Battle ; so
 In sev'ral Parts they did their Foes pursue,
 One charg'd afront, One to each Flank did go ;
 And each a solemn Vow had made withal
 Midway to meet, or by the Way to fall.

On the right Side fierce *Edward* gave essay,
 Whose Courage hot could scarcely be refrain'd
 But those more cold, by his brave Troop to stay :
 And yet the Valour of his Foes constrain'd
 Fair Victory above them both to play
 With doubtful Wings, till at the last detain'd
 By his all-conqu'ring Hand, beneath his Sword
 They fall, yield, flee, and tremble at his Word.

But *Scotland's* famous Champion the while,
 Whose Charge he knew was their left Side to charge,
 Broke thro' the Ranks with long and bloody Toil,
 And to his Troop he made an Entry large ;
 While th' *English* Gen'ral choos'd, their Force to foil,
 Five Hundred strong, with Launce, with Sword, with Targe,
 Whose armed Ranks he sets into the Way
 Of *Scots'* renowned King, his Force to stay.

Those at the first so fiercely do assail,
 They break the *Scots* with Wrath and high Disdain,
 Who yielding straight, begin to bend and reel,
 And break their Ranks, nor could from Flight refrain.
 Which th' *English* Captain, *Harrington*, saw well,
 By whose brave Hand eight dead, the ninth, new slain,
 The Standard bore ; which won, he loudly cries,
 The Victory is ours, who yields not, dies.

Scotland's great Champion, who this while had fought
 Amidst his Foes, and left his Men behind,
 Rush'd thro' the Throng, and this stout Captain sought,
 Whom got, his Head he from his Shoulders twin'd,
 And won again that Standard dearly bought,
 With which he forward goes, where he did find
 His Men dispers'd, but, with his chearful Words,
 They rank themselves, & march with conqu'ring Swords.
 The

The Victory recover'd thus with Pain,
 And rarely wrung out of the *English* Hands,
 Earth's bravest Prince leads on his Troops again,
 The Standard still he bears, and thro' the Bands
 Of his proud Foes he looks, if they contain
 Some Object worth the Hire of his Demands :

He shakes his Sword, whereat the *English* quake,
 And shrink away, and out of Order break.

Then he espies, a little him before,
Lennox' stout Earl, and *Hay*'s unconquer'd Lord,
 And famous *Boyd*, all Three assailed sore
 And hemm'd in by their Foes ; he much deplor'd
 Their Danger great, and Valour's worthy Store
 They show ; for to be ta'en they still abhor'd,
 And all the Ground to strew, it seems, they strive
 With wounded Men, half dead, and half alive,

Not far from them he also might espy
 Whereas the conqu'ring Knight with *Clifford* stood ;
Clifford was strong, but fought too furiously,
 And now grown faint with shedding too much Blood,
 His careful Band to save their Lord would try,
 Thrusting betwixt him and the *Douglas* good ;
 Yea, all at once him furiously assail ;
 But his unconquer'd Valour doth prevail.

All this the Prince of Warriors did behold,
 And as a Lion new come from the Wood
 Roaring for Prey, espies a Shepherd's Fold,
 His hungry Whelps still follow hollowing loud,
 Whose Sight and Sound afrays the Herdmen bold,
 They flee that fearful Foe, resitless, proud,
 Who killeth all, tho' one would serve for Food ;
 His Whelps, by his Example, feed on Blood.

E'en so he comes with Scarlet-colour'd Blade,
 His conqu'ring Crew encourag'd by his Sight,
 Before whose Terror-threat'ning Face they fled ;
 Yea, e'en great *Pembroke* yields him now to Flight :
 This Uproar such a great Confusion bred,
 The *English* throw away their Armour bright :
 With still sad Murmurs *Scots* pursue their Foes,
 And nought was heard but dying Groans and Blows.

From

From *Erebus* black Darkneſs takes her Flight,
 And ſpread her Wings above our Half of Ground;
 When th' *Engliſh*, aided by the friendly Night,
 O'er Hills and Dales dark Ways for Safety found,
 And of their native Soil to have a Sight
 The greater Part by ſolemn Vow was bound;
 For nought they ſand, in this our barren Soil,
 But Death and Wounds, inſtead of Wealth and Spoil.

After this Victory, ſo rarely got,
 The Choice of Princes, with an humble Mind,
 Gave Thanks to God for his ſucceſſful Lot,
 And holy Vows unto the Lord enſhrin'd.
 Then marching forth in Halle, he reſteth not
 Till all the weſtern Countries were inclin'd
 To his meek Rule, and with Advice more ſtaid,
Kyle, Cuningham, and Carrick him obey'd.

While in the Weſt he reign'd a Conqueror,
Sir Odomar was griev'd at his Succeſs,
 And thought he had diſſolv'd his ſtrongeſt Pow'r,
 Seeing his own Atchievements fortuneleſs;
 Yet Fortune on another would not lour:
 Another Captain, whoſe great Worthineſs
 Had gi'en good Proof in many a bloody Fight,
 A Scots-man he, *Sir Philip Moubray* heght:

Him would he needs imploy unto this Feat,
 And to his Charge commits a Thouſand Horſe,
 With theſe to view *Scotland's* great King's Ekate,
 And wait Advantage to imploy his Force.
 But mighty *Bruce* Experience had of late,
 That Strength ſhall oft of Craft receive the worſe,
 And being careful, vigilant, and wiſe,
 Prevents his crafty Foe's ſly Enterprize.

With Fortune's Knight twice Twenty forth he ſent
 To underſtand and know the Foe's Deſigns,
 Who having ſearch'd and travell'd far, in end
 His Way him to a narrow Paſſage brings,
 On ev'ry Hand did mighty Craigs aſcend,
 On ev'ry Side below deep marriſh Springs;

Called the Adder-ford.

And

And of this Place he fitly makes a Choise
For to gainstand, or to assault his Foes.

Long staid he not, when all his Foes drew near,
For by that Way they needs must only go;
Stout *Moubray* then his warlike Troops did chear,
While they courageously did charge their Foe;
And as on *Neptune's* humid Sky so clear
Stern *Boreas* to the Land the Waves doth blow,
Till Wave on Wave break on the *Baltick* Shore,
Whose dying Voice o'er all the Land doth rore:

So ev'ry Rank on Rank is beaten back
By that brave Count and his resolute Crew,
Their Ranks in order orderless they brake,
They kill the Bold, and Fliers faint pursue:
All goes to Death, they none to Mercy take,
And with meer Strength and Valour overthrew
Their Foes at last, and forced all with Might:
Nor can their Captain stay their fearful Flight.

But *Moubray* stout, wise, valiant, fearless, bold,
Whose Words nor Deeds letts not his Men to flee,
Scorn'd such a Flight, nor could his Foes withhold,
His Resolution acted constantly;
For thro' their Ranks he doth his Way unfold,
Where much Blood doth his stern Wrath satisfy.
At last he lost his Brand, and shun'd the Fight,
Else had he yielded Captive to their Might.

His fainting Troops fled home the Way they came;
Which when he view'd upon the other Side,
Such Rage and Fury did his Breast inflame,
As he would needs return, and would abide
'Gainst all his Foes; but that could no Way frame;
For Want of Weapons forc'd him turn aside;
Whileas the Count, whose Deeds are ever glorious,
Triumphing, to his Prince returns victorious.

His Prince that now was under *London-hill*,
And all that Country to his Peace had brought;
These Losses all great *Pembroke's* Ears did fill,
And sets fierce Rage on Edge; for this he thought,

To wit, Douglas.

If *Scotland's* King had Fortune thus at will,
England's intended Conquest turns to nought;
 Wherefore this Motion has unto him sent,
 By which their Wrath should soon or ne'er be spent.

He bids him under *Loudon-hill* prepare
 To give him Battle on the Tenth of *May*,
 And if the Conquest fell to *Scotland's* Share,
England should quit the Land that very Day,
 And ne'er return to claim a Conquest there;
 But if the *English* won, without Delay
 Then yield he should unto fair *England's* Prince,
 And at his Sentence stand for his Offence.

To this the grave, wise, worthy *Bruce* agrees,
 And for that Day great Preparation makes;
 But with great Foresight wisely he foresees
 How that his mighty Foe Advantage takes
 Of Multitudes of Men and large Supplies,
 Whose endless Number his mean Forces breaks;
 For which three Walls he raises wondrous high,
 E'en there whereas the Battle fought should be.

And in the Midst he leaves a Plain so wide,
 As Hundreds Five might march and fight at Ease,
 At ev'ry End lay Morasses beside,
 So at their Back they could no Forces raise;
 Thus only here he would his Foes abide,
 Let Fortune frown or favour whom she please:
 But twice Three Hundred march'd with him along,
 Altho' his Foes were full Seven Thousand strong.

Sir *Odomar* the Bold doth keep the Day,
 And marched bravely under *Loudon* law,
 He put his warlike Army in aray,
 Whileas the King of Men himself doth shaw
 With his small Pow'r, his Passage for to stay,
 His hardy Knights the Art of War did know:
 These oft approv'd, so oft had try'd their Might,
 He needs not to encourage them to fight.

Yet Earth's great Warrior restless still did range,
 Now here, now there, his restless Troops among,

Kind-

Kindling their Breasts to hot and new Revenge
Of old done Deeds, and long received Wrong;
The Captains of his Troops he needs not change,
For these were matchless, hardy, wise, and strong,
The worthy *Douglas*, and the valiant *Hay*,
Edward the Fierce, impatient of Delay.

Who with his Troop did first assail the Foe,
For his fierce Wrath could bruik Delay no more:
How soon this angry Prince himself did shew,
Terror and Fear went sadly him before;
As when strong Winds do cause high Tides to flow,
Whose brackish Waves still beat the broken Shore,
Sea's smooth Back roll'd before with gentle Breath,
In Bristles set, spits forth his foamy Wrath.

So, after furious *Edward*, all the Plain
Was over-run with Ranks of Spears and Shields,
Horse, Armour, Weapons, echoes ay again
The dreadful Noise that Drum and Trumpet yields;
Strife, Terror, Rage, follow both Hosts, anon
Death softens Armour, and strong Weapons wields;
Fury and Strife stalks thro' the Hosts with Fire
Of deadly Wounds kindled with blood-blown Ire.

Now both the Armies jussling rudely met,
And Spears and Shields 'gainst Spears and Shields oppos'd,
Strength answer'd Strength, & Wound for Wound they get,
Swords, Targets, Pikes, with Pikes, Swords, Targets, clos'd;
Then *Tumult* comes, to Heav'ns her Head she set,
And from her Throat a Thousand Sounds she loos'd,
That thro' the Air confus'dly jarring rore;
Such Sound great Waters send from broken Shore:

Or as when Rain, by Night's black Tempests born
Down from high Rocks and Mountains to the Plain,
Stones, Earth, and Trees up by the Roots hath torn,
Till Streams and all in one Pit fall again,
Whose bull'ring Noise, when comes the pleasant Morn,
The Herdmen frights that with their Flocks remain;
Such Sound their Conflict yields, and thro' the Air
Sends Clamours, Groans, and all th' Effects of Fear.

But

But thou, brave *Edward*, was the first did wound,
 And wounding kill'd, and killing did affright
 Thy Enemies, while thro' the Troops resound
 The News of thy great Deeds, which raise on height
 Thy Soldiers Hearts; their Valour did abound,
 With awful Strength resistless still they fight.

And thou, bold *Hay* advent'rously did venture,
 Hewing a Way next for thy Troops to enter.

The Woes *Hay* wrought, an *English* Lord there brings,
 Who wonders at his Deeds; at last in Wrath
 A Dart he sends, that to his Labours sings,
 And well near brought with it a hasty Death,
 Piercing his Curass, from his Breast out-springs
 A Stream of Blood, near where his Life took Breath:
 Wherewith the Thrower calls, Now do not boast,
 If thou hast kill'd, thy Blood appease their Ghost.

My Blood (quod he) comes from an honour'd Wound,
 But this keen Dart from a deceitful Hand,
 To tell me of thy Treason it did sound,
 And vows to aim more right at my Command.
 By this the *English* Champion was bound
 With Chains of Death, no longer could he stand;
 Death chill'd his Blood and Strength within his Veins,
 For lo, the Shaft sent back had pierc'd his Brains.

The Warlike *English* Gen'ral sees him fall,
 That thrusts unto the Front or Face of Fight,
 His Brand he shakes so dreadfully withal,
 That many fainting shrunk out of his Sight:
 But our bold *Hay* would not his Steps recal,
 Whose honour'd march reprov'd their shameful Flight,
 And for himself he wished Death were nigh,
 So that brave Imp of *England's* Race might die.

The Conqu'ring Knight this while had march'd so far,
 And led his Troops so bravely on his Foes,
 And there they yield unto the Chance of War,
 Their Rank sore shaken now, much Ground they lose;
 Back went the first, their Order quite they mar;
 And then the *Scots* with Clamours huge arose,
 Some stuffs the Chace, whose Breasts with Courage boil'd,
 And other some drew forth the Dead, and spoil'd.

Great

Great *Odomar* of all this nothing knew,
 Who being wounded by the valiant *Hay*,
 Enraged like a savage Boar he grew,
 And with a furious Blow he doth him lay
 Senseless to Ground, and off his Helmet flew;
 Yea, surely this had been his latest Day,
 But that he saw his Side go to the worse,
 And turns to stay their Flight, his En'mies Force.

He halteth forth, and shames to see their Foil,
 Whose chearful Count'nance makes them all return
 Against the *Scots*, who still despis'd their Toil,
 And thick'ning their instructed Pow'rs, they burn
 With hot Desire of their expected Spoil;
 And in that very Place would they sojourn,
 Whileas the Light was pent up in the Skies
 With swarthish Clouds of Dust that did arise.

E'en as in Mills, where Grain is ground, none may
 Stand near for Dust blown up by breathing Air,
 That turns to paled Hue their bright Aray.
 So from returning Troops and Squadrons fair
 The Clouds of Dust suited the *Scots* in Gray.
 Now fights the *English* fiercely to repair
 Their Faults; the *Scots* would keep what they had win,
 Both Sides stand firm, and freshly do begin.

Bold *Hay* recover'd of his Trance again,
 With angry Shame did venge him of his Foes,
 Searching for him that left him so in Pain,
 Many their Lives for their Lord's Fault did lose:
 While he unwearied killing did remain,
 And 'gainst whole Troops he doth himself oppose;
 Whose good Example cheers each *English* Band,
 And to their bold Lord's Work they boldly stand.

Well back'd with Troops this *Mars*-like Man comes in,
 Whose Deeds struck Fear thro' all the *Scottish* Host,
 Who losing Ground, to flight doth now begin:
 But *Edward*, *Douglas*, *Hay*, and *Boyd*, do coast
 Along their Troops, and here and there do run,
 Praising the Bold, and Cowards still they boast:
 Yet their brave Deeds prevaieth more than Cries,
 In Leaders Deeds the Soldiers Comfort lies.

But

But worthy *Bruce* their Hearts with Courage fills,
 A Cloud of Knights with Spears and Shields he brings:
 And as when Shepherds see from Tops of Hills
 A Cloud brought from the Sea on *Eurus* Wings;
 Amaz'd they stand and gaze against their Wills,
 While Heav'n on Earth a smoaky Darkness wrings;
 Which drawing near to them, affrighted, then
 They drive their Herds into some covert Den.

So dark'ning Earth with Spears, with Swords, with Shields,
 They came, and in their Breast a Tempest brought,
 To whose apparent Wrath the *English* yields;
 For they had seen what these before had wrought,
 Of their left Wing they quite had scour'd the Fields:
 Thus quickly they resolve, and with a Thought
 All yield to Flight, and down their Weapons threw,
 Scots kill and chase till Night her Curtains drew.

CAPUT

CAPUT XIII.

The ARGUMENT.

Bruce falleth sick near to the northern Shore,
 The Army mutines for his sore Disease;
 Whom at that Instant Heav'n to Speech restore,
 Else all had dy'd, his Speech doth all appease:
 They fight with Buchan's Earl, and thence they bore
 Their Lord in spight of Foes; their Camp they raise.
 Auld-Meldrum's Battle brings his Health again;
 He wins Saint-Johnstoun with a subtil Train.

LIGHT's chearful Dame in Saffron Robes did shine,
 Whose silver Beams thro' ev'ry Part dispers'd
 Of this Terrestrial Globe, did now refine
 The thicken'd Air, and leafy Forest pierc'd,
 Where Hills, Groves, Dens, and Valleys deep decline
 To Night's dark Shows those Shadows brown it search'd:
 When to the Camp of conqu'ring Bruce aspir'd
 Great Troops of Scots, of English Thralldom tir'd.

And all that Land soon to his Peace was brought.
 Bold Odomar, now like to burst for wo,
 To Bothwel flees, and then to England sought,
 No more to Scotland would he prove a Foe.
 Thus was the third Part of the Kingdom thought
 True Homage to their native Prince to show;
 The rest for Lord the English King did know,
 By Thirty Thousand English held in awe.

Great Enemies had our far greater King
 In the great North, that native Scots were born;
 There Buchan's mighty Earl did proudly reign,
 That Cumbernald's Revenge had deeply sworn;
 Brechin's great Lord like Vengeance coveting,
 And with them Sir John Moubray they suborn,
 With many more, that by the Cumings Faction
 Held many boundless Bounds in great Subjection.

To quell their Pride and tame their tameless Wills,
 Directly North our dauntless Prince doth go,
 Crossing these far renowned topless Hills
 Of *Grampion*, that *Scotland* part in two;
 His ever famous Name these Regions fills
 With Fear and Terror of ensuing wo:
 He led his famous Captains with him all,
 Save *Douglas*, whom he left for to recal

True *Scots* to Peace, and wrackful Foes restrain,
 Who did so much by Valour, Wit, and Grace,
Jedburgh and *Ettrick* Forest's fertile Plain,
 With ceaseless war he forc'd to timely Peace;
 And *Douglas* Tow'r, which *Clifford* had again
 Builded and mann'd, his Conquest did increase:
 The Garrison and Captain both he slew,
 The Tow'rs unto the Ground he overthrew.

Strife, Discord, War, now in the North did weave
 A bloody Web, with Hate, Revenge and Fear;
 Most mighty-minded *Bruce* would needs deprive
 His Foes of Strength, e'en where they Rule did bear.
 To his most royal Camp there did arrive
 A gallant Troop of Youths, address'd for War;
 The bold Lord *Frazer* led this gallent Crew,
 His Cousin dear, and to him always true.

But whether Change of Soil, or Change of Air,
 Or Climates cold, or rather Heav'n's Decree,
 Has been the Cause, but Earth's best Champion there
 Fell sick into a fearful Lethargy;
 For which the Soldiers made such doleful Care,
 That Rage with Sorrow, thro' the Camp did flee:
 All rose in Factions, none regardeth Reason,
 Each other wrongfully accus'd of Treason.

Some *Lennox* Earl, some *Edward* did accuse,
 Some *Frazer*, others *Boyd*, and others *Hay*,
 Some say that his Physican did infuse
 Poison in Druggs; nor would they thus delay,

As Mutiny in the Army for the King's Disease, which shew'd
 their Love to him, worthy to be noted.

But headlong led with furious Love, would use
A strange Revenge, all would they kill and slay.
This Tumult rose to such a dreadful height,
That nought but Drums and Trumpets hear you might.

Thus while they stand themselves for to destroy,
With Blood to glut Revenge, suspected wrong;
Buchan's bold Earl and *Brechin's* Lord convoy,
E'en in their sight, an Army great and strong,
Who having Knowledge of their Strife, did joy
To see the Time which they expected long:
Yea, this one Day had made a woful End
Of all, but *Jove* from Heav'n some Help did send:

Not unto Health, but unto Speech the King
Was at that Instant wond'rously restor'd;
His Lords praise God; and forth they did him bring,
Whose Eyes bent upward, first Heav'n's Aid implor'd;
A purple Robe about him wreath'd doth hing;
A Crown not him, but he a Crown decor'd;
His Scepter'd Hand proud Majesty doth threat,
Born by Four Lords up in a royal Seat.

His conqu'ring Hand his Scepter shakes alone,
Thus he to all his Army shows his Face,
Where Majesty's clear Lamp of Glory shone.
Then with, I know not what, a heav'nly Grace,
A *Mars*-like Voice, an Angel's Shape put on,
First softly to himself he groan'd, alas!
He lock'd his Hands, mov'd all with stately Fear,
Silence flew forth and seiz'd on ev'ry Ear.

What words be these we hear? What Threats? (quod he)
What Noise of Arms? Who dares these Thumults raise?
Where are we honour'd? Where your Fear? We see
Not your Obedience: Shall our Rule thus cease?
Of our Disease is this your Memory,
By wrong surmis'd Offences us to please;
Who dares of Treason think against their King?
No, no, you cannot thus excuse the Thing.

Make not so sild a Cloak of publick wrong
To private Grudge, if Grudge we may it call;

If Love to us, take heed yourselves among;
 For in your Lives, your Weals, your Safeties all,
 Consists our Heath, next Heav'n, who will ere long
 Restore our Health, and wonted Strength recal:

O! can the Head a pleasant Health enjoy,
 Whole Members still each other do destroy?

Ah! see you not our proud imperious Foe,
 That seeks our Fall, our Ruin, and Decay?
 No Treason to our Person here we know,
 None in our Army that would us betray:
 But these are Rebels to our Crown, and lo,
 These would put violent Hands in us to Day.
 Brethren in Arms, go then your King defend,
 Let not our Want unto our Foe be kend.

Hereafter we will think on this your Love,
 When Heav'n to wonted Health shall us restore.
 While thus he spake, the light'ning Beams did move
 Of Majesty, his sparkling Eyes before;
 That all the Army, who did late approve
 Wrath, Folly, Rage, shames with Repentance fore,
 Back to his Tent he goes, his Soldiers kind
 Cry all, *Go to, Go to*, to fight inclin'd.

By this their proud and mighty Foe drew near,
 Whose Number Ten to One did them surmount;
 Yet march they on, while each did other cheer,
 Nor need their Captains do as they had wont,
 There to menace, or to encourage here,
 But rather forc'd to stay by wise account
 Their too too forward Haste; for still they cry,
 Let ev'ry One a Rebel kill, or die.

The Rebels see them disappointed clean,
 Their Hearts begin to faint, their Hands to fail,
 The Royal Army's Trumpets sounded been,
 And valiantly they 'gan for to assail
 The Foes; so great a Multitude were seen,
 They shame a Handful should their Courage quell:
 Thus each on other rush'd with furious Might, (Sight.
 First, Wounds, then Blood, then Death approach'd their

Great

Great Deeds of Arms on ev'ry Side were shown,
 Till *Phœbus* pitying such unkindly War,
 Shrunk down anon; on silver Skies were thrown
 Dark fable Clouds, that thickned all the Air:
 Then by the Rebels the Retreat was blown,
 Which made the Royal Host seem sad with Care,
 Nor would retire, till by their Leaders' Awe
 They're forc'd within their Trenches to withdraw.

Four Days within their Camp still they remain'd,
 Four Days their Foes encamped in their Sight,
 No Day did pass wherein they once refrain'd
 From Skirmish hot, and many single Fight:
 At last the royal Army was constrain'd
 To raise their Camp and for to march forth-right;
 For Viſtuals in their Camp were waxing ſmall,
 Nor Phyſick helps their King's Diſeaſe at all.

He in a glorious Chariot richly wrought,
 Goes in the midſt, they marching round about
 In Battle-rank, and all their Baggage brought
 Within the foremoſt Ranks; thus all the Rout
 Still ready was to fight, if thereto fought.
 Their Foes perceiv'd their Reſolution ſtout,
 And for that Time they thought not good to move them,
 But following ſtill at unawares to prove them.

Edward the Fierce, while his dear Brother lay,
 O'er all the royal Army did command,
 Wherewith he march'd a ſoft and eaſy Way
 By Cities fair, thro' many a fertile Land;
 At laſt he cauſ'd the Army for to ſtay
 In *Marr's* renowned Shire, whereas he ſaw
 A Village ſituate on a pleaſant Plain,
 Where wealthy *Ceres* Treſure doth remain:

This famous Town *Inverrie* heght to name,
 Famous for that great Victory obtain'd
 By *Bruce*, unto his Foes eternal Shame;
 For in this Town, for Health, while he remain'd,
Buchan's bold Earl, ſtill thirſting after Fame,
 From urging Battle could not be refrain'd.
 Within Two Miles beſide *Old Meldrum* long
 Upon a Hill, he lay encamped ſtrong.

A chosen Band with *Brechin's* Lord he sent,
 At unawares his princely Foe to find,
 Who of his long Disease began to mend,
 Whose haughty Mind was ne'er to Rest inclin'd ;
 His Army forward at the Village End
 Encamped lay, of Foes that had no mind :

While *Brechin's* Lord against their Wills would will them
 Battle to give, or in their Tents to kill them.

But he, and all his chosen Crew, descry'd
 Had been by them, when near to them he drew,
 Who saw not, as he hop'd, fair *Scotland's* Guide
 Un'wars, nor yet unready to pursue :
 These that espy'd him for the Fight provide,
 All rank'd in Order, forth their Weapons drew.

And tho' their Foes were far the stronger Might,
 They boldly bide the Battle and the Fight.

But these so few, that could not long endure,
 Were forc'd with loss for to retire at last,
 While swift Report, with Information sure
 Of their Success, unto the King had past ;
 Which did his wonted Courage so procure,
 As up he rose, and calls for Armour fast.

His Lords withheld him, till he cry'd aloud,
 His Health was only gain'd by Threatnings proud.

His own chief Guard he with his Brother sent
 To hold them Play, till he the Army brought,
 Who boldly met them, forcing them in end
 To flee, and by that Means their Safety fought.
 He following, to their Camp did them attend,
 Where *Buchan's* Earl, still fretting in his Thought,
 Led forth his Troops into a Valley wide,
 Where strongly rank'd, the Battle would abide.

By this the King was come, who thought it best
 E'en then to join, and give a furious Charge ;
 Himself advancing far before the rest,
 Led Horror, Terror, Fear, and Death at large,
 Wherewith the Rebels Hearts were sore possess'd,
 Dismaid, they faint their Duty to discharge :
 They flee, his Looks print Fear in ev'ry Heart ;
 E'en so our Stars their Influence do impart.

Few was there left unkill'd into the Chace;
 The Earl of *Moubray* unto *England* fled;
 But ne'er return'd: While, for their Worthiness,
 The King gave *Buchan's* Shire thus conquered
 As Soldiers Prey; where Plenty did increase.
 Such Store of Wealth from thence the Army led,
 As e'en the poorest Soldier for his Share,
 Bought Lands and rich possessions to his Hire.

All the great North now to his Peace was brought,
 Earls, Lords, and Barons, were his Liegemen sworn;
 Towns, Cities, Castles, Strengths unto him fought;
 And still their Oaths with Presents rich adorn:
 Benorth the famous *Crampion* was nought
 One Shire, but his mild Yoke had gladly born.
 Then Back to *Angus* he his Army guides,
 And to reduce that pleasant Land provides:

Forfar's strong Hold did *Frazer* of *Platan*
 Recover from the *English* by a Train;
 Then all true *Scots* to shew themselves began,
 And with some worthy Service Peace obtain:
Athol's bold Earl *Brechin* both sieg'd and wan,
 And brought that Lord unto his Prince again.
 Thus both the *Mearns* and *Angus* did obey him,
 No Foe was seen from Conquest for to stay him.

Then suddenly to *Perth* he march'd, and rais'd
 Strong Men, made Walls about those Walls of Stone,
 Wherewith encompass'd round, they stood amaz'd,
 Yet did resolve to yield at last to none;
 Their Pow'r was such as all their Fear appeas'd,
 Their Strength was such as brought their Courage on:
 But this their Pow'r, and this their Strength agree,
 To bring them to their End with Infamy.

For being Two within for One without,
 And having so impregnable an Hold,
 They fed Security, and banish'd Doubt.
 In vain Great *Bruce* had spent his Soldiers old,
 Who had renew'd th' Assault their Walls about
 In thrice seven Days full Seventy Times, so bold,
 As of Nine Hundred thrice he with him brought,
 Six Hundred Soldiers he had lost for nought.

Wherefore by off'ring Peace he try'd their Might,
 Since neither Strength nor Force could them surprize;
 Their Walls were built of such a wond'rous Height,
 On which strong Tow'rs their Entry still denies;
 The Ditches were so broad and deeply dight,
 Wherein *Tay's* Flood up to the Brinks did rise.
 Still in those Tow'rs and all those Walls along
 Were armed Men, above Five Thousand strong.

Then after he two Months had stay'd before
 The Walls, in Haste he rais'd his Siege at last,
 Wherewith the Citizens with Threatnings fore
 Would brag and taunt the Army as they past:
 But *Scotland's* Champion wish'd nothing more
 Than this their Insolence, and nought agast,
 With Silence he reply'd, nor minds to stay them;
 For ten to one he hopes ere long to pay them.

Three Days the Army marcheth to the west,
 Till they arrive within a Forest fair,
 And there the King commands great Trees to cast,
 Whereof they Ladders make, and do prepare
 Back to return. Thus secretly they past
 The way they came by Night, nor whisp'ring are
 Of their Approach, let forth the meanest Sound,
 Till they arrive hard at the Ditch profound.

Well knew their Lord the way that they should go,
 For he himself had marked it before;
 X A Shald he found into the Ditch below,
 And he, for to encourage them the more,
 First waded o'er, and on his Shoulders two
 The longest and the largest Ladder bore;
 His Shoulders broad jumpt with the Water's Crop;
 Yet o'er he goes, and sets his Ladder up.

Each one admir'd, and wond'ring prais'd the Deed,
 But most of all a ^b French Man standing by,
 And all into the Water leap'd with Speed,
 Raising their Ladders to these Walls so high;
 The King first mounts with well-deserving Meed:
 All mounted then, and none did them descry:

For

^b The French Man's Name was Thomas of Longoville.

For all securely slept, nor fear'd Offence;
The doubtful Night yet had not parted thence.

Their glorious Ensigns on the Wall they spred,
Then to the dreadful Work of Death they fall;
Death that thro' ev'ry Street his Troops forth led,
Whom by their Names high *Tumult* forth did call,
Sorrow in sable Clouds all muffled,
With canker'd Care came mourning first of all:
Then Infant-Pity weeping, then Despair,
Then Horror, Terror, Error, Pain, and Fear:

Fear, that ran witless, heartless, bloodless, faint,
And trembling like an Aspen-Leaf did quake;
Bale Shame and drowsy Sloth that gape and gaunt,
Sadness that set in secret ways her Wrack,
And Thousands mo in Nature discrepant,
Each one from these, and all came here to sack
The woful Town, their greedy Paunch to glut,
And War to ev'ry one his Morfel cut.

War that with her led lawless, lewd Enormity,
Rape, Reeving, Wrong, Rage, Discord, and Impiety, X
Sack, Sacrilege and Sin in one Conformity;
Atheism, despising Faith and scorning Deity;
Wrath, Anger, Hate, and monstrous Deformity,
That Laws, Arts, Manners marrs, and breaks Society;
Poor Poverty, and wasteful Desolation,
Life turn'd in bloody Death's sad Transmigration.

These fill the Town, and send a dreadful Sound
Up to the Heav'n, with Clamours, Raps and Cries,
Tears mixt with Blood o'erflow the Streets around,
War's bloody Arm lift Clouds above the Skies
Of dead-groan'd Sighs, delighting in each Wound,
Her Looks are Lightning from her Eyes that flies;
Her Iron Feet shake Towns and Tow'rs asunder,
The roaring of her Voice is dreadful Thunder.

All Night this fearful Massacre did last,
Till *Titan* crown'd *Olympus* Top with Fire;
Then Death and all his hellish Crew address'd
Themselves to Flight, to Darkness they retire;

And in a fable Cloud themselves they plac'd :
Then to the West they fly with Night their Sire ;
And all the way they went they left a Tract
That did infect the Air with Vapours black.

Thus they once gone, both Blood and Slaughter ceas'd,
All that would yield were then to Mercy ta'en.
Strathern's old Earl got by his Son's Request
His Prince's Peace ; tho' he would not abstain
To help the Town ; for with the King at last
His Son remain'd, nor would from him refrain :
And then the Town was levell'd with the Ground,
The Walls were raz'd, the Ditches fill'd around.

CAPUT

CAPUT XIV.

The ARGUMENT.

*The Fields of Cree fierce Edward's Praise begin,
 He beats with Fifty, Fifteen Hundred Foes;
 The Third Time Douglas doth his Castle win;
 Then Bonkil, Randolph, Huntley's Lord do lose
 The bloody and the cruel Fight of Linn:
 The first Two Douglas takes, free Gordon goes:
 Great Bruce doth Lorn to his Obedience bring:
 The Virgin-Tow'r is Randolph's Conquessing.*

SHRINK not, dear Muse, nor rest thy restless Team,
 Ty'd to the Labours of this endless Story,
 Pent in the narrow Path of Truth's poor Theme,
 Wind in these Labyrinths; yet be not sorry,
 Because that *Phæbus*' Bays thou dares not claim,
 Nor range abroad for Gain, nor hunt for Glory;
 Nor with smooth *Venus*' sweetest Songs can sport thee,
 But here rude *Mars* harsh Jarrings mult comfort thee.

Thou art not here set in an open Plain,
 Whereas thou may in ev'ry Part be bold
 To wantonize, or like the Horse of *Spain*,
 Who bursts the Halter erst that did him hold,
 Scouring the Meadows here and there amain,
 Curvets, and leaps with Courage uncontrol'd:
 Nor drinks thou here of *Heliconian* Fountains,
 But walkst thro' barren Creeks and Bow'ls of Mountains.

Benorth the Banks of Sea-like *Forth* did bow
 All in Obedience to their native King,
 When in *Brigantia*, call'd *Gall'way* now,
 The *English* rag'd and mightily did reign.
 Wherefore the fierce^m Knight boldly doth avow
 That Country in Subjection for to bring:

And

^m To wit, Edward.

And thither, with his Brother's Leave, he goes;
Small was his Train, but many were his Foes.

When he arriv'd within this pleasant Land,
E'en all with Fire and Sword he did destroy;
He heght, that o'er the *English* did command,
Sir *Ingrham Omphraville*, whose greatest Joy
Was still his Foes by Battle to withstand,
Who ay unto the *Scots* did much Annoy:
Experience long had made him wise and bold,
Cunning in Feats of War, in Counsel old.

Forth then this mighty Man the *English* brought,
And did a mighty Army soon provide;
Of which when *Edward* hears, he seareth nought,
But on the Banks of *Cree* would them abide:
Tho' they were Ten to One that to him sought,
Yet car'd he not; for these whom he did guide
Were worthy Men, whose Valour well he knew,
With Ten of whom he Twenty would pursue.

At this fair Flood his Foes he needs would stay;
The Stream was to his Back a Rampier strong;
The *Southern* now at *Buttle-Castile* lay,
From whom they brought their armed Force along;
Wise *Omphraville* still march'd in good Aray
Fearing some Trains those Hills and Dales among:
While *Edward* choos'd, betwixt the Tow'r and Stream,
A Valley fit for bloody *Mars* his Game.

And when the warlike *English* comes in Sight,
Fierce *Edward* forth his Bands to Battle brings,
Tho' few, yet famous, whose great Valour's Might
My long spent Muse grown hoarse, but harshly sings
Both sides approacheth furiously to fight,
Their bloody rage thro' all the Mountains rings,
Sent forth by Drums and Trumpets roaring Cries,
Which Rocks and Mountains echo thro' the Skies.

As two stout Rams, when jealous Heat's infus'd
In their hot Reins, afront Two fleecy Flocks
Meet, with their horned Heads to push inus'd,
And rush on other with still ceaseless Knocks;

Cree, a Water or River in Galloway.

So meet those Armies, and with Blows confus'd
 Their Arms resound and with tempestuous Shocks
 Earth rives; but when dread Wrath her Drought remembers,
 She's drunk with Blood, and clad with martyr'd Members.

For the fierce Champion gives so fierce a Charge,
 His Foes, unable longer to resist,
 Shrink back at last, and break their Ranks at large;
 Some flee, some fall, some fight, some Friends assist:
 Altho' their warlike Gen'ral did discharge
 A Gen'ral's Part, yet needs he not insist;
 For neither Words nor martial Deeds at all
 Could Hearts from Fear, nor Feet from Flight recal.

Whereat he takes such Indignation great,
 That shaming of their Deeds, and scorning Flight
 He last abides, and with a brave Despite
 Assaults his Foes with unresisted Might;
 With him a Cornet stays, for to indite
 Their Fellows Shame in their Death-wishing Fight:
 And their brave Lord, with his small Band assisted,
 His Foes fierce Wrath with manly Breast resisted.

But as a Bush of Saplings tender Crops
 Is soon cut down by Peasants undertaken,
 E'en so their gilded Casks and plummed Tops
 Fell down like blasted Leaves all Winter-shaken;
 And yet their Lord's brave Valour underprops
 Their yielding Strength, their dying Sp'rits t'awaken:
 But hemmed in with Multitudes at length
 All die that yield not to such pow'rful Strength.

Their Gen'ral now that sees no Help at all,
 Scorns to be ta'en, and makes a worthy Choice,
 Free must he go and live, or die he shall;
 Dying the best with him his Life must lose.
 Thus all his strongest Pow'rs he doth recal,
 And breaks forth thro' the thickest of his Foes,
 Hewing a Way for Four that follow'd still,
 Who by his Valour 'scap'd Death's endless Ill.

Fierce

*This was the General of the English Army, called Sir In-
 grham Omphraville.

Fierce *Edward* came e'en as they took the Flight,
 Who being loath they should elcape so free,
 Still fellows them, but now they came in sight
 Of ^d *Buttle-Castle*, to the which they flee:
 This Strength impregnable they wan ere Night;
 Yet for to force them ish immediately,
 He caus'd some Troops, beneath their Castle-wall,
 To bring away their Herds, and Flocks, and all.

But all avails not; there they must remain
 Till *England's* King with Forces them relieve:
 Bold *Edward* sieg'd the Castle, but in vain;
 In thrice two Weeks he could them nothing grieve:
 Till *England's* mighty King at last did gain
 Sir *Odomar de Vallange*, to revive
 Old Hate, and came in *Scotland* to revenge
 Long passed Harms, but doth his Oath infringe.

He only Fifteen Hundred with him brought
 To raise the Siege, and to relieve his Friend.
Edward got Word of his intended Thought,
 Whose Army scant but Hundreds Three contain'd,
 The Choice of which but Fifty forth he fought;
 With these well hors'd, his Foe he thus preveen'd:
 Ten Leagues from thence, within a Forest large
 He stays, at unawares his Foe to charge.

Time's restless Hours undo the gates of Day,
 All-quick'ning bright *Apollo* would be gone,
 Whole golden Tresses gild with glitt'ring Ray
 The topless Tops of famous *Lebanon*;
 When *English Odomar* was on his Way;
 And being come within the Wood, anone
 Fierce *Edward* would have charg'd, such was his Rage,
 If not withheld by grave Advice of Age.

As hungry rav'ning Wolves that do intend,
 To prey on Flocks by Shepherds call'd to Fold,
 In Paths unknown their silent Way they bend,
 Their feather'd-feet by Wings of Hope made bold;
 Far off they follow war'ly, till in end
 Occasion quickly by the Top they hold:

^d *Buttle-Castle*, a strong hold in Galloway.

So follow these their Foes unto the Plain,
Who still securely march'd nor fear'd their Train :

And on them now they set with Courage stout,
With Shouts and Cries they make a fearful Sound,
Their first Assault disorder'd all the Rout,
With Lances stiff they bore them down to Ground :
Who fear'd they were an Army great, no doubt,
So sudden Fury doth the Thoughts confound :
But their brave Lord, Sir *Odomar*, suspected
Their crafty Guile, the which he thus detected.

Ah! fear them not (quod he) I know their Trains,
I know their Craft, I know their Force, their Might;
We Twenty are where one of them remains :
Ah, Villains, this was but a silly Slight;
Come, you shall have your well-deserved Pains ;
In your own Nets yourselves are ta'en full right:
Come, we are for you : Come, receive your Blows;
I see you long your wretched Lives to lose.

Now, now, our Swords shall all those Wrongs amend.
Bold *Odomar*, with Visage stern, cries out;
And sundry of his Troops with him contend
To force them back : But they with Courage stout,
An Answer sharp on Point of Lances send ;
Who brought by this another Course about.
Fierce *Edward* then, with Sword and Shield so hollow,
Cuts down their Ranks, whom Blood and Death did follow.

From his stern Looks his fearful Foes withdrew
Their Eyes that wink'd, which Clouds of Night bedims,
Their fainting Heart distils a bloody Dew,
Death's three-fold Horror thro' their Ears still swims,
Their Feet seem light to flee, faint to pursue,
A shiv'ring Cold thro' all their Bodies climbs ;
Yea, at his very Sight his Foes resemble
The Seggs or Reeds in Fens, with Wind that tremble.

And now no more their Captain they obey,
His Aw seems nothing to their awful Foe ;
Altho' themselves were willing for to stay,
Their Legs, Hearts, Hands, unto their Will said, No :

All

All go to Flight, and here and there do stray;
 Their Lord, altho' unwilling, needs must go;
 He shames, to *England* while he haltes with Speed,
 That he had broke his Vow for such a Deed.

Victorious *Edward* to the Siege return'd,
 While *Omphraville*, that hears this Overthrow,
 Knew that proud Fortune now her Back had turn'd,
 Whose Smiles were chang'd to Frowns, remeedle's Wo!
 Wherefore he yields the Strength where he sojourn'd,
 With Passage free in *England* for to go:
 To this Fierce Youth now all the Land obeys,
 None his Commands nor his Behoofs gainsays.

While thus he reign'd and ruled over all,
 His valiant Brother, that all-conqu'ring King,
 The Lord of *Lorn*'s old Hate he did recal,
 Which all in one his angry Pow'rs did bring:
 His Heralds gave the Camp but Leisure small,
 To *Lorn*! To *Lorn*! their Proclamations sing.
 But all this Time the worthy *Douglas* goes
 Victorious still among his armed Foes.

Douglas strong Tow'r essays he first of all,
 And Fifty Load of Hay, in Sacks well bound,
 He caus'd to drive hard by the Castle wall.
 The Captain hoping Victuals to have found,
 Isht with his Troops, whom ere he did recal,
 He sees that conqu'ring Knight, so much renown'd,
 Betwixt him and his Strength, who now with Might
 Would force him either for to flee, or fight.

And thus the *Scots* assail with raging Mood,
 Whom long the *English* valiantly withstands,
 Till, like a Lion wet with lukewarm Blood,
 The *Douglas* stops their Ranks and breaks their Bands;
 He heav'd his Sword above their Heads, where stood
 Both Life and Death; that urg'd him with Demands:
 But as his Fury led him all to kill,
 Fear led them for to shun remeedle's Ill.

▪ *Wobton*

▪ *This Captain beght Wobton.*

Wobton himself dy'd by his valiant Hand,
 Wobton that Captain was of all the Rout,
 The rest from him that fled no Mercy fand;
 All dy'd, yea e'en the fearful with the Stout:
 Nor Wall; nor Tow'r, nor Castle let they stand,
 All thrown to Ground, the Ditches fill'd about.
 Great Douglas' Fame now flies o'er all the Land,
 All yield to him, o'er all he doth command.

All Douglasdale, and Ettrick-Forest fair,
 And Jedburgh to their native Prince then sought:
 But the Lord Stewart, Bonkil's only Heir,
 A Man that Valour's rarest Fruits forth brought,
 Was charg'd by England's King for to repair
 'Gainst Fortune's Knight for this great Wrong he wrought:
 Who with him brought the valiant Randolph forth,
 And bold Sir Adam Gordon much of Worth.

With these and Fifty more he came to view
 The Land, and how the People stood affected;
 But worthy Douglas of their coming knew,
 Their secret Drifts to him were all detected:
 Then after them he softly did pursue,
 And follow'd them afar, still unsuspected,
 Till they at Night retir'd into an Inn
 Was richly built upon the Banks of Linn.

Then round about the House his Men he set,
 And threatned Fire; till they came thronging forth,
 With bloody Fight then both the Parties met,
 And both did prove the utmost of their Worth:
 Thus Scots against the Scots were hardly set,
 Nor was there any there of English Birth.
 Great is the Heat, and Fury blows the Fire,
 Where Friends against their Friends are mov'd with Ire.

Great Pity was't to view this woful Fight;
 Still was the Killer kill'd, yet none would flee:

The

This Wobton was enjoyed by his Mistress to keep the ven-
 trous Castle of Douglas a Year, before she would favour him;
 which Injunction was found in a Letter gotten on him when he
 was slain.

The Lord Stewart of Bonkil riseth against the Douglas.
 A cruel Fight.

The *Douglas* Party was of greater Might,
 Yet still the others fight, and fighting die.
 At last, when Death and Slaughter's at the height,
 Of Fifty none was left alive, but Three
 That with the *Stewart* came; and *Douglas* lost
 Of Fifty twice near Sixty six almost.

Bonkil's bold Lord, that could no more defend,
 With *Randolph* and with *Gordon* steps aside,
 And soon were hors'd to flee; but lo, in end
 The *Douglas* did so well for that provide;
 Their Way was stopt, what Course foe'er they bend :
 Sir *Adam Gordon* leads and was their Guide,
 Who with a desp'rate Hazard, brave and bold,
 Breaks thro' his Foes, and safe his Way doth hold.

The other Two did to the *Douglas* yield,
 Who entertain'd them as his Friends most dear;
 He many Days thereafter kept the Field,
 But saw no Enemy at all appear.
 Yet never irkt he Armour for to wield:
 Wherefore unto his Prince he would retire,
 Who now was on his Journey, *Lorn* to to view;
 Yet to the Camp he came e'er any knew.

E'en to the royal Tent swift Fame had born
 The News of his Approach unto the King;
 Who from his Throne rose like the glorious Morn,
 And to him says, "My Thoughts were combating
 If my lov'd Earl did live, or dy'd forlorn."
 And with his Arms about his Neck did hang,
 Whileas he kneel'd. "My gracious Prince (said he)
 I live, if in your Grace; if not, I die."

Much more they said. At last the Knight presents
 His Prisoners unto his royal Prince,
 Whose Love his ^d Nephew too too soon prevents
 With Speeches proud, and spiteful Conference:
 But Wisdom mild and grave with Rage converts,
 And stay'd wrath-halting Death for his Offence:
 Yet *Bonkil*'s Lord and he's to Prison sent,
 Where he may stay till *Lorn*'s new War be spent.

^d *Randolph* was his Sister's Son.

But

But now the Lord of *Lorn*, that clearly knew
Of their Approach, so well did him provide,
By Ship himself on Sea the Fight would view,
And left Two Thousand on the Land beside,
That to a Mountain's Top themselves withdrēw,
Which did that Country by itself divide,
And underneath that Hill the Passage lay,
So that the Army's forc'd to pass that Way.

The King that of them had Intelligence,
Sends *Douglas* forth, with him a chosen Band;
Who with much Pain, but short Continuance,
Had win their Backs by hid Ways, which they fand.
Now comes the Army to the Strait, and thence
They see their Foes above all armed stand
On Craigs, and hurl'd down mighty Stones from high,
And thence they let their Clouds of Arrows fly.

Wherefore another chosen Band intend,
With valiant *Hay* to give the Charge before;
Of these the Stones brought many to their End,
And some return'd lam'd, bruise'd, and wounded sore;
Yet to his Foes bold *Hay* did still ascend
Still foremost, to encourage them the more;
And tho' but few, in Spight of all their Foes,
They wan the Mountain's highest Top with Blows.

But surely there, each one had lost his Life,
Their Foes so huge encompass'd them about,
If *Douglas*, who with Labour, Pain, and Strife,
Had not arriv'd, with his resolute Rout:
But then, O then! Blows, Wounds, and Deaths were rise.
Long fought they, long was Victory in Doubt;
But *Douglas* now 'gan on his Men to frown,
Because they were so long overthrowen.

Then with the strongest Ranks it fareth worse,
His Sword there makes a wide and bloody Lane,
He treads them kill'd and wounded by his Force;
Who yieldeth lives, all that resist are slain.
So kills a Hound the Cur, without Remorse,
That bites, when he that yields his Life doth gain.
Our Knight still kills the arm'd with best Assistance,
And scorns t' assail, but where he finds Resistance.

Good

Good valiant *Hay*, that thro' the Rout forth went,
 Found matchless *Douglas* dealing Deaths enow,
 And to his Side he slept incontinent,
 A hardy Friend, bold, constant, wise, and true;
 These Two once met, were all-sufficient
 A great and mighty Army to subdue:
 Yea, tho' bold *Hay* had bidden from the Fight,
Douglas alone had put them all to Flight.

At last, discomfit, all do flee away
 Down to a tumbling River deep and red:
 They past a Bridge that o'er this River lay,
 Which they would cut, of Danger to be fre'd:
 But of their Work they did them quickly stay,
 And gave so fierce a Charge till thence they fled.
 By this one Bridge the Army past the Flood,
 And found from thence that no Man them withstood.

A wond'rous Strength was there, *Dunstaffage* heght,
 The vanquish'd Rebels mann'd this Fortrefs strong;
 But with a Siege inviron'd hard and strait
 They forced are to yield it up ere long.
Argyle's old Earl, a Man of wondrous Might,
 Got Peace, whose Son had done such endless Wrong.
 Then all submit themselves the King before,
 E'en all the Lords along the western Shore.

All faithful *Scots* rejoice of his Success,
 And for to show their just conceived Ire,
 Their crafty Foe by Craft they would suppress
 Still, when Occasion wink'd at their Desire:
 Amongst the rest that shew their Willingness,
 A country Swain there dwelt in *Lithgow-Shire*.
 That was both tearless, hardy, strong, and bold,
 He to his native Prince some Service would.

A Peel or Strength by *Lithgow-Lake* there stood,
 That held in aw the Country round about;
 A Hundred *English*, with their Captain good,
 Commands the Strength, well fortify'd about:
 This Country Clown oft, for their Horses Food,
 With Provender and Hay came in and out;

• *The Lord Lorn was Son to the Earl of Argile.*

Five Sons he had as bold as was their Sire,
Three Brethren born and bred in *Mars* his Ire.

And these well arm'd, within a Wain he set,
And cunningly he cover'd them with Hay,
Then driveth forth his Wain straight to the Gate,
Where he arrived with the Morning gray:
The Porter rose, and in the Wain he let.
This Driver *Binx* heght, who made no Stay,
But to the Porter leapt, and soon dispatch'd him,
Then forth he lets the rest, while nothing fash'd him.

And soon themselves they thro' the Chambers spred,
Some slept, some arm'd, and naked some they fand;
But all their Lives at length they quickly rid:
None that resists could their rude Rage withstand.
Thirteen were to the Captain's Chamber fled,
Who with him, tho' unarm'd these Houses mann'd:
But Tow'rs nor Walls could not prevent their Smart,
Mild Pity dwells not in a Clownish Heart.

The King return'd from *Lorn*, did well reward
This *Benny* for so hazardous a Deed.
Then of his Nephew, *Randolph*, hath Regard;
For still his Love his Anger did exceed.
Murray's great Earldom he for him prepar'd,
Of whom hereafter he might stand in Need:
And sure his Worth is worthily renown'd,
A braver Knight ne'er trode upon the Ground:

Who being to his Uncle reconcil'd,
Wish'd oft, within his haughty Heart, to show
Some Piece of rarest Service in the Field,
Whose Fame his former Faults might far outgo:
Fortune e'en then did fit Occasion yield,
Whereby the King his willing Mind should know.
Nine Provinces with *England* yet did stand
Besouth the silver *Forth*, e'en all the Land

Obeded *England's* King: But only Three,
Jedburgh, and *Ettrick*, and fair *Douglasdale*,
These by the mighty *Douglas* conquer'd be,
Gainst whose all-conqu'ring Arm none could prevail.

In

In all these Lands brave *Randolph* well did see
 Many strong Holds and Castles to assail;
 Amongst the which was one, whose Strength extell'd,
 The *Virgin-Tow'r* or *Maiden-Castle* call'd.

Of that high Craig this beautifies the Top,
 Wheron the famous *Edinburgh* doth stand,
 And that fair Town's free Liberties doth stop,
 So proudly doth the Garrison command:
 Whose Wills to tame, their Insolence to crop,
 His Uncle puts the Charge into his Hand;
 Which he obeys; and being furnish'd out,
 With a strait Siege he set the Walls about.

A * *Gascoign* Captain Chief was of the Hold,
 Whom straight the *English* take and put in Bands,
 And of themselves they choos'd a Captain bold,
 That valiantly their Enemy withstands,
 Who in continual Labour doth them hold
 By new Assaults with fresh and warlike Bands;
 Yet still with Loss he's forc'd for to retire,
 So resolute and bold his Foes appear.

At last he seeks for to obtain by Slight
 Where Strength did fail, and where no Force prevails,
 For sure it was impregnable by Might,
 In vain with warlike Force he still assails:
Sir William French, or *Frances*, lo he heght,
 Who comes one day to him, and thus reveals:
 To win the Hold, my Lord, I know the Way,
 Nor all their Force my subtil Craft can stay.

X My lusty Youth I spent within these Walls
 As Captive, while my Father did command;
 My Love within the Town, as oft it falls,
 To whom by Night a secret Way I fand,
 Tho' dangerous, to Banquets, Masks, and Balls;
 I went for Love, O what can Love withstand!
 I shall you lead up thro' the Craig by Night,
 Unto a Wall but scant sev'n Cubits height.

Glad was the Earl that he did thus devise,
 And promis'd him a fair and rich Reward:

When

* The Name of the Gascoign was *Sir Pierre le Bald*

When pitchy Clouds then muffle up the Skies,
With Thirty and his Guide the Count repair'd
Hard to the Rock, and mounting doth arise
A Thousand Fathoms height, without Regard;
For fearful Danger could them not withhold,
Under the Wall at last they rest them would.

When straight above them doth the Watch repair,
And o'er the Wall one throws a mighty Stone,
The which a Corner of the Craig did bear
Hard by them, else they dy'd had ev'ry one.
Flee, Traitors! Flee! (quod one) I see you there.
But with her dreadful Veil black Night alone
Had cover'd them, by Heav'n's high Providence,
Else with a Thought their Souls had parted thence.

The Watch, that hears nor sees nothing, departs,
When to the Wall they set their Ladder straight,
And *Frances* first ascends that knew these Parts;
Sir Andrew Gray was next, a valiant Knight;
Then mounts the Earl; when, with courageous Hearts,
The Watch returns, that now had got a Sight
Of them, and Treason! Treason! loudly cries;
Wherewith they all awak'd, in Arms arise.

Then that brave Lord and his Two Knights pursue
The Watch, with such undaunted Courage stout,
That all of them they quickly overthrew,
Then all the armed Garrison comes out;
The *Scots* ere then got up, all do renew
A deadly Fight, while Blood flow'd round about.
Their bloody Swords oft give a gloomy Light,
Still more made fearful by the dreadful Night.

Great was the Number of the *English* Foe,
But many Hearts were seiz'd with sudden Fear;
And yet their Captain did great Valour show,
With whom as yet themselves they bravely bear.
A hardy *Scot* doth to the Captain go,
That *Seton* heght, a Knight that knew no Fear,
Grave, wise, and old, whose Counsel's stay'd Effect
The worthy *Randolph* held in great Respect.

Three Sons he had that with himself forth speeds,
 And when he sees the Captain's murd'ring Ise;
 My Sons (quod he) let this bold Knight's brave Deeds
 Be Bellows for to kindle Anger's Fire;
 Perils and Dangers hard are Honour's Seeds,
 Fame-worthy Praise to Perils still aspire.

His tender Whelps so leads the Lion old
 Forth to their Prey, and whets their Courage bold.

The Youths slept forth, and with their hardy Father
 The warlike Captain furiously pursue.
 The old Knight hits him on the Helm, but neither
 His Armrur pierc'd he, nor his Blood forth drew;
 Who not afraid, but enraged rather,
 His Brand with Blood of honour'd Age t'imbrue,
 Quite thro' his gentle Breast the Brand he thrust,
 Whose Life and Blood both at the Wound forth burst.

The youngest Son that sees his Father slain,
 Holds up his dying Sire with both his Hands,
 But, O poor Pity! Kindness, O in vain!
 In vain for Help he calls; for his Demands
 Are soon cut off, and with them cut in twain
 His Arms, that link'd about his Sire like Bands:
 Down fall they both, both bid the rest Adieu,
 Both kissing die: Ah! woful Sight to view.

Two Brethren now were only left alive,
 And yet tho' both alive, both twice were slain
 In these two Deaths, yet both against him strive;
 But neither could his Fury great restrain.
 The Breast down to the Bowels he doth rive
 Of one, the other's Head he cleft in twain.

The Noise and Tumult of this hapless Fight
 Brought *Randolph* for to view this woful Sight.

He rudely broke the Press, and came in Time
 To take Revenge, but too too late to aid.
 Ah, wo is me! (quod he) shall Youth's fair Prime
 Be thus destroy'd, and Wisdom's Wealth decay'd?
 Who durst commit so inhumane a Crime?
 Who hath so far from Reason's Center stray'd?

A piteful Fight.

He (quod the Captain) who dares seal his Deed
With thy hot Blood, and on thy Heart dares feed.

For Rage and Wrath the Count could not reply,
But strongly thrusts his Sword forth him before
Quite thro' his Breast; the Wound he ripp'd t'espy
His cruel Heart, which his left Hand forth tore,
And wrung forth Blood, sprinkling on those that ly
But newly dead. If this can back restore
Your Lives, he proves a Pelican (quod he)
If not, let this appease your Ghosts from me.

And not suffic'd with this Revenge, at Will
He wracks upon the Multitude his Wrath,
Their Captain's Blood suffic'd him not, until
They ran in Heaps to flee from cruel Death.
Some leap the Craig, some run out o'er the Hill,
These break their Necks, those crush'd to Dust beneath.
So headlong flies a Flight of simple Doves,
When from her Way the princely Falcon bows.

Ere then Night fled, to let the lightsom Day
Unfold her Works of Murder, Death, and Blood,
The Strength was won, no *Southern* there did itay,
Nor saw they any that their Will gainstood.
The *Gascoign* Captain, that in Prison ly,
The Earl releas'd from Bands and Servitude.
Then fully was that Prophecy perfited,
Which *Canmoir's* Saint-like Queen therein indited.

*Queen Margaret, that was canoniz'd The Chaste, wrote u-
pon the Wall of the Chapel, Gardez vous le Francois, with
a Man climbing up a Ladder on the Wall, which is meant by
Frances that was the Cause of winning the Castle.*

H

C A U T

CAPUT XV.

The ARGUMENT.

*A Messenger unto the King doth show
 Sad News, that doth incense his wrathful Ire;
 From Roxburgh's Tow'rs brave Douglas beats the Foe;
 Edward's bold Answer quench'd his Brother's Fire;
 To view the English Camp doth Douglas go.
 The Scots obey their Prince's just Desire,
 Few Men they send, but valiant, fierce, and bold,
 Choos'd forth of ev'ry Region uncontroul'd.*

SSCOTLAND's Great King, that all this Time had gone
 From Town to Town, from City, Strength, & Tow'r,
 Thro' Fife, Strathern, Mearns, Angus, one by one,
 And Gowry's Carle; which all unto his Pow'r
 Did gladly yield, and he, ev'n he alone
 Their native Lord was their great Conqueror:
 But he to Edinburgh return'd at last,
 Till Isicles his chilling Breath forth blast.

No greater Pomp, Solemnity, nor Glory,
 Magnificence, Praise, Riches, nor Renown,
 Got *Cæsar*, as records the *Roman* Story,
 Whenas he made the western World bow down
 To *Rome's* proud Rule, whereof he might be sorry,
 Nor enter'd he more bravely in that Town
 Than our great Lord, when first he enter'd here,
 Who was more lov'd, whom all as much did fear.

While here he stay'd, admir'd, fear'd, lov'd of all,
 To him brave *Randolph* did the Castle yield,
 Which to the Ground he raz'd, both Tow'r and Wall,
 That there his Foe again should have no Bield:
 And on a Day, set in his princely Hall,
 He to his Knights and Lords his Will reveal'd;
 When straight a Messenger doth to him bring
 Tidings of Joy, whereof new Troubles spring.

The

The Messenger upon his Face doth fall,
And says: Great King, and my most gracious Prince,
All Praise be giv'n to God, that doth install
Upon our Throne thy Worth, thy Excellence;
God grant that in thy Seed he may recal
Thy Glory, and resume thy Greatness thence:
Thy Brother *Edward* humbly greeteth thee,
And warns thee thus of what is past, by me.

Ruglen's strong Peel is ta'en by *Edward* bold,
That warlike Town *Dundee* by him is win,
And also royal *Stirling* uncontroll'd
Gladly receiv'd his conqu'ring Army in:
But that impregnable and matchless Hold
Stirling's strong Castle, would not once begin
To hear of Peace, till Famine-forc'd, at last
They parly thus, and thus their Peace is past.

A Year to keep the Hold he them permits,
And if within that Time great *England's* King
Relieves them not, but careless them omits,
Then in his Hands they shall the Place resign.
Sir Philip Moubray there in ruling sits,
He's gone to *England*, Succour thence to bring:
And now that mighty King provides, we hear,
By Gain and Gold to bring all *Europe* here:

For he by Proclamation great hath sworn,
Thro' ev'ry Kingdom, Country, Town, and Shire,
That *Scotland's* Name by him shall be outworn,
He will destroy that Nation in his Ire:
And all that come, of other Nations born,
To keep that Day, shall have what they desire,
And of this Kingdom great, without Extortion,
Each equal to his Worth shall have his Portion.

Great Multitudes of Strangers Day by Day,
Brought by these Means, in *England* do arrive;
So that they think rich *England* scarcely may
Find Store enough to keep them all alive;
Besides those Countries great that him obey,
In *France* all Princes his Confed'rates strive
Who shall the best and greatest Armies raise,
So willing seems all *Europe* him to please.

And thus in Time your Grace would needs beware
 To sue with Gifts the angry King to please;
 Or if you mind to try the Chance of War,
 Provide in Time your Forces for to raise
 Wherewith the King's Eyes burnt with Wrath's red Star.
 Should we his Ire with Gifts (quod he) appease?
 Why, Villain, what base Fear so timorous
 Ere till this Day hast thou espy'd in us?

Have we till now sustain'd such endless Pain,
 And Storms of War's sad Tempests have outworn,
 Our Kingdom, Crown, and Country to obtain,
 And rais'd ourself in spite of *England's* Scorn;
 For Brags thus for to fold with Shame again,
 When Fortune to our Foot the Ball hath born?
 No, Heav'n's forbid, such Clouds of Fear and Shame
 Should so obscure our Morning's rising Beam.

What tho' the Pride of our imperious Foe
 With ever sole Destruction doth us boast?
 Our Forces mean his Multitudes do know;
 Yea tho' a World of Men augment his Host,
 Our Mite increaseth with his Talent; lo,
 The Widow's Oil, when blest d, tho' least, was most:
 He must be many still, and still be glorious;
 And few we must be still, and still victorious.

Let him bring forth his *England, Ireland, Wales,*
 With *Britaign, Gascoign, and fair Aquitain,*
Poitou, and Guyen, and all Countries else,
 With *Scotland's* better Part; yet all in vain:
 God us protects, 'gainst whose strong Arm prevails
 No earthly Pow'r; in him our Hopes remain:
 True *Scots* we bring, and bring this Praise withal,
 'Gainst *Scots* alone all *Europe's* thought too small.

Thus spoke the King: While all his Lords and Peers
 Rejoic'd thereat, and hop'd in Heav'n's Revenger,
 While he, not only fearless, bold appears,
 But also ware, and wisely weighs the Danger.
 He for each Captain sends, who soon appears,
 Consulting all how to bear off the Stranger:
 The conqu'ring Knight came there, whose worthy Acts
 My tir'd Quill mends, and my dull Muse awakes.

How

How soon the King returned was from *Lorn*,
 And Progress took thro' ev'ry Region fair,
 To View the Land whereto himself was born
 A righteous King, just Prince, and only Heir;
Douglas, that Rest and Ease did ever scorn,
 Did back unto the South again repair,
 Where he the *English* oft did overthrow:
 But *Roxburgh* how he wan I'll only show:

And thus it was: On *Fasten-Eve's* dark Night
 Threescore he brings in Armour pitchy Black,
 All on their Hands and Feet to creep outright,
 No Noise, no Sound, no Word bawray'd their Tract.
 The Watch them sees, but so, as in their Sight
 They seem'd a Herd of Beeves; and thus they spake:
 This Night good *Roger* lets his Herd at large,
 Whereof ere long black *Douglas* may take Charge.

He smiles to see their Sight deceived so;
 But hard below the Wall arriv'd at last:
 In goes the Watch, such thund'ring Tempests blow.
Ledhouse a Ladder made of Tows upcast,
 Whose Cleeks of Iron soundeth with the Throw;
 Yet full of Courage he ascendeth fast.
 This Engine he devis'd, whereby to gain
 Himself some Glory, and his foes some Pain.

The Sentinel that hears the Sound, espies
Ledhouse ascend, and quickly to him goes,
 Who doth not only on the Walls arise,
 But kills him too, then down the Carcase throws.
 When all were mounted, *Douglas* quickly hies
 Down to the Hall, for to assail his Foes,
 Who now amidst their fest'val Joys were caught;
 Some play to Death, some drink their latest Draught.

With Life-devouring Swords the *Scots* arrive,
 That *Douglas! Douglas!* cry, whose very Name
 So dreadful seem'd that few for Weapons strive,
 But flee to save their Lives, not caring Shame:
 Ere Day Three Hundred they of Life deprive.
 The Captain with the rest themselves reclaim

H 3

In

The Captain begets *Guilliam Fermis*; whereby it appears he was
 a French-man,

In a strong Tow'r; but *Douglas* kept the Field,
Till Famine forc'd them all at last to yield.

And then brave *Douglas* they intreat for Peace,
To whom anon they render up the Hold,
Themselves, their Lives, and all unto his Grace;
Who was as wise and mild as fierce and bold;
Them of that Bondage straight he did release,
And sent them home with all their Wealth, their Gold:
And then to *Edinburgh* his Course he bent,
Where warlike *Bruce* for all his Lords had sent.

There *Edward*, there Great *Stewart* might he see,
True *Marr*, wife *Lennox*, *Hay* and *Randolph* strong,
With many more, grave Councillors that be
To their brave Prince, who sat them all among.
All Silence kept, he mus'd with Majesty
While on his Throne he sat: At last of Wrong
Accus'd his Brother; who with rev'rent Fear
To these his wise and solid Words gave Ear.

Brother, what Haste, what Rashness did you guide?
What Folly caus'd you give so long a Day
To *England's* mighty King, for to provide
His Forces great? When well you know, he may
Bring forth for ev'ry One upon our Side
A Hundred valiant Knights in good Array.
How could you think, that we could him gainstand,
Who yet most part of *Scotland* doth command?

Yea, tho' he would no other Forces raise
But only *Scots*, for to relieve the Hold,
E'en these can overmatch us, if he please;
Much more with *Irish*, *English*, *Welsh* Men bold,
With *Almain*s, *French*, and *Dutch*, and by all these
Whom in Subjection he in *France* doth hold:
All these shall come; and with a World of Men
Shall we be able to encounter then?

Surely you had no Foresight here at all,
And so our rising State you wronged much;
What we have conquest yet is very small,
Nor are we sure of these; the Commons such

Inconstant Minds do bear : And so our Fall
Is near, if one the broken Reed but touch.
Better had been we ne'er had fought with Pain
To climb so high, so soon to fall again.

His Brother answers : Heav'n's forbid, that so
Should fall ! What I have done we cannot mend,
Nor need we much to fear our mighty Foe,
Tho' he bring Armies from the World's End :
His Sun is at his Summer-Solstice, lo !
And needs he must return far to descend.
Fortune must frown when she too long hath smil'd,
Who surest hopeth oft, is oft beguil'd.

Yea, tho' he had a Hundred Kingdoms more,
And could a Hundred *Englands* bring to War;
By Heav'n, he shall have Battle once before
He come to *Stirling*, if to come he dare.
Thus spake bold *Edward*, whose bold Words restore
The shining Light of Glory's darkned Star
In many Hearts ; which to great Love doth raise him :
His Brother in his Heart doth greatly praise him.

But gravely thus again the King began :
My Lords, my Captains, and my Chieftains all,
I gladly would we were assured when
Our Foes would come, and when our Troops recal ;
For our mean Force must be made stronger then,
To catch Occasion and give 'vantage small,
Then *Douglas* says, My Lord, let one be sent
That war'ly can perceive what's their Intent.

And surely I myself the Man must be,
I'll slyly walk thro' all their Squadrons brave,
A *French* Man of a *Scot* they all shall see,
With *Atmains*, *French*, and *Dutch* I can deceive :
I know their Lords and Princes of Degree,
Thro' all their Camp the Secrets I will have :
I'll raze my Beard, and balane make my Face ;
I'll change my Voice, my Gesture, and my Grace.

Loath was the King that he should undergo
This fearful Task he for himself provides :

But needs he would be gone at last, and so
 Disguised like a *French* Man forth he rides:
 His Face strak'd with an Oyl, no Part did show
 Of his first Grace, his Countenance it hides:
 The Accents hard of *French* he sounds so right,
 That e'en the *French* themselves mistake their Sight.

The worthy *Bruce* his Time not idly spent,
 But forth to muster calls his Men of War;
 Forth to the flow'ry Banks of *Forth* they went
 Unto a pleasant Meadow large and square.
 Dear Muse, tho' Time hath in Oblivion pent
 These Worthies Names that here did Armour bear,
 And make their Offsprings Name's to differ far;
 Thou knows both what they were, and what they are.

But what they were, were longsome to repeat,
 Only as they are now to us unfold;
 That tho' their Names be somewhat chang'd of late,
 Yet we may know them by the Offspring bold
 That yet remains: Stand not on Points of State,
 But let each Land, each Province be enroll'd
 With their Lord's Name, and these such Tincture lend
 As mighty Time nor Age may after spend.

Unto the Camp their worthy King forth goes,
 Their King, their Captain, and their Gen'ral great;
 While all the common Soldiers arose
 With joyful Shouts and Signs of Love perfite:
 Pleas'd with their Salutations sweet, he shows
 A cheerful Smile, their Love for to requite;
 Then gives Command, against the following Morn,
 Their glorious Standards should the Plain adorn.

No sooner *Titan* burnish'd *Neptune's* Wave,
 And spread his Beams o'er Earth's enamell'd Breast,
 When forth the Worthies, warlike, bold and brave,
 Came all in shining Steel, their glitt'ring Crest
 Adorn'd with Plumes, their armed Horse whose Show
 With stately Prancing seem'd with Pride possess'd
 Before their Lord; he from a Rock's proud Height
 On ev'ry Troop down bent his curious Sight.

Now

Now Edward's, Douglas', Randolph's Troops remain'd
About the King, nor march'd they to the Plain.
And all on Douglas' Absence much complain'd;
But most of all his own Men thought in vain
A Sight he of the English Camp obtain'd;
Nor fear'd he ought, nor would he turn again.
Whom to his Fortune leave we now, to show
These Troops that march'd unto the Plain below.

From Skyland, Orkney, Cathness fair and wide,
Forth stretch'd to the great North these Countries lies,
Came forth Two Thousand led in martial Pride,
By * Two bold Earls of ancient Families,
That long these Countries large did wisely guide:
And tho' far off they ly, yet they arise
To help their noble Prince, their Minds so haughty,
Showing thereby their Faith, Zeal, Love, their Duty.

Rofs, Sutherland, Strathnaver, next to them,
As many Men, as brave, as stout, as strong,
Led by * Two worthy Earls of ancient Fame,
Great Sutherland and Rofs right famous long.
Of Irish Scots in Clans that kept the Name,
Five Hundred thrice their Chieftains brought along
From all these Mountain-Countries North that ly,
And pleasant Shores that coast the Irish Sea.

* Randolph brought forth all Murray's Shire almost;
These wait on him, he waits upon the King.
The Men of Buchan, tho' their Lord was lost,
To shew their Love and Duty, forth did bring
A Thousand bold, brought from that pleasant Coast
That still beholds the German Ocean Spring;
For Grain a fertile Land, for Pasture good,
The Men a People of Bellona's Brood.

From Marr two Thousand came of warlike Fame,
Led by that ever famous Earl of * Marr,

H 5

Whose

- * The Earls of Orkney and Cathness.
- * The Earls of Sutherland and Rofs.
- * The Frazer, Grants, and Clanchattan.
- * The Earl of Murray.
- * Earl of Marr.

Whose faithful Heart, whose much redoubted Name
Yet never left his Prince, in Peace or War;
Whose Star of Glory ever casts a Beam
Which still illuminates both near and far.

The Men of *Arbole* then their Ensign spread,
A Thousand by their gallant 'Earl forth led.

From *Mearns* next there came of Squires and Knights
A Thousand, warlike, hardy, fearless, bold,
Led by their 'Earl, train'd up in martial Fights:
Their Earl whose Worth my Muse cannot unfold,
Whose great Ancestors shin'd still glorious Lights,
And whose first Father did the Land uphold
From Bondage wild, for which they still command
As only great Lord-Marschals of the Land.

But *Angus* heght the Region next that lies,
A famous, fertile, fair and pleasant Land,
From which two Thousand did in Arms arise,
Led by great Lords that by themselves command,
As *Ogilvy*,^b and *Brechin* bold and wise,
Montrose great Earl, that led a valiant Band:
But he that led the most Part of that Host
Was *Crawford's* mighty Earl, who ruled most.

Next 'Gowry's Carse, a Pleasant Country lies
Upon the northern Banks of famous *Tay*,
And to the North, the East, and West arise
Pleasant green Hills up to the cloudy Sky,
That like a Wall impregnable defies
The boasting Foe or foreign Enemy,
Stretching their ragged Arms, aloft ascending,
The pleasant Plains from Tempest still defending:

Where Barley, Wheat, and all the Sorts of Grain
That pleasant Country plentifully yields;

In

^a Earl of Arhole.

^b Earl Marschal; His first Forebeer at the Battle of Arbroth
slew Camus Prince of the Danes, for which he got great Lands,
and was made Marschal of Scotland.

^c Lord Ogilvy. Lord of Brechin. Earl of Montrose. Earl of
Crawford.

^d A Discription of the Carse of Gowry.

In all the Valleys, Meads, and ev'ry Plain
The fruitful Trees are strow'd thro' all the Fields :
The Regions round about that do remain
Are still supply'd from thence, where Plenty yields ;
By Heav'n and Nature grac'd with all Things else,
That e'en the famous *Normandy* excels.

The Port or Entress to this pleasant Land
Is strong *Dunfer*, well situate and fair,
Betwixt it and the *German* Lake that stand
Whereas *Tay's* mighty Flood with murmur'ing Care,
Like *Tagus* rolling o'er the golden Sand,
Doth cast himself away as in Despair.

From this fair Land came forth a Thousand good,
That in their Country's Cause would spend their Blood.

By mighty *Errol* were these Troops forth led,
Whose great Beginning gloriously was wrought,
Whenas the bloody *Danes* their Ensigns spread
Here, to destroy our Nation while they fought.
As endless Swarms in Thousand Bee-hives bred,
Such endless Swarms these rude Barbarians brought
Of armed Savages, tho' still withstood,
And fill'd the Land with Famine, War, and Blood.

But when their Moon was full, their Tide at height,
Our Ebb so low that Hope and all was lost ;
Thy first Forebeer, stout *Hay* came to the Fight,
Who with two Sons alone their Fortune crols'd,
Whose Valours only put them all to flight.
O Wonder ! Three o'ercome a mighty Host :
But so *Jove* will'd, that from so fair a Spring
Scotland's great Constable his Stream should bring.

Then fertile *Fife* next muster'd forth her Brood,
A Land by Nature fair, and rich by Art ;
From *Tay's* great Stream to *Forth's* clear cryllal Flood
She gathers forth her Bands in ev'ry Part ;

Earls,

The Earl of Errol's Forebeer, at the Battle of *Luncarty*, with
his two Sons and Takes in their Hands, slay'd the Scots from
Flight, and obtained the Victory : for which he got the Carle
of *Gowry*, and was made Constable of Scotland.

Earls, Lords, and Knights, they all are Horsemen good,
Three Thousand chosen Men of high Desert.

▪ *Rother* great Earl, and many Earls beside,
Amidst these Troops spread forth their Ensigns wide.

Three Thousand more came forth of *Lothian* fair,
All Princes, Lords and Knights, and Men of Fame,
Where *Seton's* Lord, e'en *Winton's* Earl did bear
Not meanest Rule, with others of great Name.

Angus great Earl, and *Morton*, both were there,
Tho' other Countries fair might them reclaim
Where they bore Rule, with many Barons more,
As Gems do Rings, whose worth that Land decore.

Then *Lithgow's* Shire, and *Stirling's* pleasant Land
Seven times five Hundred Men of Arms forth send;
There *Livingstone* o'er *Lithgow* did command;
Lord *Elphinstoun* his Aid did likewise lend;
▪ *Montieth's* old Earl brought forth a chosen Band;
A gallant Rout on *Erskin's* Lord depend
From *Clyde* that came: All these and many mo,
As Floods to th' Ocean, to their Sov'reign flow

Perth and *Strathern*, two Regions fair and broad,
Sent forth two Thousand hardy Knights on Horse,
▪ *Strathern* and *Drummond* Earl of *Perth* forth led
The greatest Part of all this martial Force.
And here the *Murrays* forth their Ensigns spread,
Who from *Moravia* bring their Ancestors;
A doughty Race of People, bold and stern,
Led by that valiant Lord of *Tillibaird'n*.

And *Bonkil's* Lord there came, that *Stewart* heght,
Whom *Douglas* with brave *Randolph* took of yore,

When

- *Earl of Rothes and the Lord Lindsay with others.*
- *Lord Seton, Earl of Winton.*
- *Lord Livingstone, Earl of Lithgow.*
- *Lord Elphinstoun.*
- *Earl of Monteith.*
- *Lord Drummond Earl of Perth, and the Earl of Strathern.*
- *Lord Murray of Tillibairdin Earl of Balquhadder.*
- *Lord Stewart then of Bonkil.*

When *Huntley's* mighty Lord, by honour'd Flight
 Elcap'd from *Jedburgh*, as you heard before :
 He brought a gallant Troop, and wrought so right,
 That to his Prince's Peace he did restore
 This¹ *Adam Gordon*, *Huntley's* noble Lord,
 With Virtue and with Valour much decor'd.

He in the *Merse* a mighty Rule did bear ;
 E'en he, of whom Heav'ns Maker had decreed
 Such Branches still should spring as should uprear
 That Houle to such a Height, as now his Seed
 Reigns in the North, nor can Time's Age outwear
 Their Greatness, Worth, and well-deserving Meed :
 Nor can it be amifs for to repeat,
 From South to North what caus'd them change their Seat.

This Lord's brave Son in *Mars* his bloody Field,
 In Spight of Thousands of his armed Foes,
 With conqu'ring Sword made *Athol's* Earl to yield,
 That in despite of *Scotland's* King arose,
 And to the *English* Foe became a Shield,
 Till they a second Time procur'd new Woes :
 For which brave Deed his Prince did him declare
 Lord of *Strathbogie's* fertile Region fair.

His Race ay since oft mixt with princely Blood,
 In the great North doth worthily command
 From *Bogie's* Stream to *Spey's* great famous Flood,
 And famous made their Name in many a Land,
 And to their Prince hath done such Service good
 As in the Height of Glory still they stand :
 So little Springs of fair clear crystal Fountains
 Become great Floods, and swell o'er topleis Mountains.

From thence great Lords arose, whole Virtues rare
 Might well by Fame's eternal Bays be crown'd,
 Of whom our Country's Writers are so spare
 That in Oblivion's Flood their Deeds are drown'd,
 Whose

¹ Lord Marquis of Huntley.

² This Sir Alexander Gordon fought the Field of Kilblane against the Earl of Athole, who took Part with England, which Earl the said Sir Alexander slew with his own Hand, for which he got the Lands of Strathbogie.

Whose Worth great Volumes could not all declare,
Deserving well for ay to be renown'd :

Yet Writers blameless are, as may be seen,
For of Renown all *Sots* have careless been.

Which makes them yet unto the World obscure,
So that most Part of *Europe* doth not know them,
Altho' their worthy Actions might procure
O'er all the Earth in Glory for to show them :

What *Homer's* Pains can make their Name endure ?
Praise them alive, let Death quite overthrow them.

They scorn their Wealth should cherish Learning true,
And after Death to look for Payment due.

But soft, my Muse, faint not for all thy Pain,
This Family doth for the World prepare
Aⁿ Youth, who seeks to wash away that Stain
From this great House, with magnanimous Care ;
Whose martial Heart Heav'n never fram'd in vain,
Like to his valiant Sires, that might compare
With Fortune's Knight, for happy Succels still ;
So Fortune shall his brave Designs fulfil.

O! this is he that must one Day propine
Me with the flowing Subject of my Song,
Upon whose Brow such Glory great shall shine.
O Muse! my Zeal inflame with Fury strong
His Character to paint with Tincture fine,
Transparent, neat, and clear, my Lays among :
All Mysteries thou knows beneath the Skies,
Then lead me in where his rare Fortune lies.

What is he then ? O boldly may thou say
In his rich Soul all Faculties inshrind,
Whose sweet Complexion bears a mutual Sway
Of all the Elements in Peace conjoin'd,
With such a Love and fraudless Sympathy
As all commands, yet all obeys the Mind :
His Temper fine doth model forth apart
The rare Engine of Nature, Heav'n, and Art.

Time shall not change his Purpose solid Ground,
His Course no Course shall lett or bear awry ;

For-

* George Lord Gordon, Earl of Enzie.

Fortune in Chains his Fortitude hath bound,
Nor Judgment's sharpest, clear, and subtle Eye
Can pry where Danger once his Heart shall wound,
His matchless Mind is elevate so high:

Yea, Nature of her Treasure, Wealth, and Store,
Gives him the Key, and lets him ope the Door.

But, O! how am I thus with Pleasure led
Amidst the Wilderness of his Perfection,
Where, having Thousand sundry Ways to tread,
My self may lose my self without Direction?
From such a Labyrinth I must be fre'd,
To hold my wand'ring Wits in some Subjection:

There where thou lest, dear Muse, return in haste.
When Gordon's Prince him in the North had plac'd,

He did not leave besouth his Seat so bare,
But of a younger Brother is descended,
From that same Stock a Race whose Virtues rare
Hath worthy still been judg'd to be commended.

But pardon me that stands for to declare
The Race of which I not so much intended;
Yet if I bring more from Oblivion's Brink,
What Reason is't they should in Lethe sink?

This Huntley's Lord, great Gordon, with him brought
A Thousand Horsemen clad in glitt'ring Arms;
All these cast off the English Yoke, and sought
After the dreadful Sound of War's Alarms
From Huntley, and all longsome Gordon thought:
The Merse obey'd, and fear'd great England's Harms.

But lo, Argile comes with their Earl, whose Son
Yet to repent his Wrongs had not begun.

Scotland's great Justice is that aged Knight,
And o'er the Irish-Scots great Rule he bare;
These Men are active, nimble, quick, and light,
Light is their Raiment, Armour none they wear;
At all Times ready for to flee or fight,
Well made, well favour'd, cleanly, smooth, and fair:
They're

The Laird of Lochinware.

The Lord Lorn was Son to this Earl of Argyle.

A short Description of the Irish-Scots.

They're somewhate rude, yet mild, if mildly us'd,
Most cruel in Revenge, if once abus'd.

Of these Two Thousand Archers brought he forth;
And with Two-handed Swords and Shirts of Mail
A Thousand more, of much redoubted Worth;
Five Hundred Horsemen, bold for to assail,
Barons and Knights, all sprung of noble Birth,
Guard him, 'gainst whom his Foes could not prevail:
These Gallants brave were much to be commended,
All of his Name, and of his Line descended.

And from the West came forth a valiant Band,
Which did consist of twice Five Hundred Horse,
Quick, agile, ready for to charge at Hand
With Sword or Lance, all of approved Force;
From *Lennox* and *Dumbrilton's* pleasant Land
Whose flow'ry Marge still seemeth amorous
Of tumbling *Clyde*, whose Billows strive in vain
To wound the Bosom of the western Main.

These to obey their gallant Lord were glad,
Lennox a good Earl, that never serv'd in vain.
The last great Troop was also bravely led,
A Thousand Horsemen they did well contain,
By *Glasgow*, *Irvin*, and *Renfrew* were bred
These Men, in *Bute's* strong Isle did some remain:
Scotland's great Steward was their Lord, and heght
Walter by Name, wise, valiant, bold in Fight.

These are the Troops and Bands that here were brought,
And all were bred so near the Artick Star,
That Cold keeps in the Heat, whose Pow'rs have wrought
Strength in the Heart, and there united are;
Which makes them fierce, couragious, bold for ought,
Marshall'd for bloody *Mars*, and meet for War.
But yet Seven Earls and Thirteen Lords did show
Themselves in Arms, to aid the *English* Foe.

Yea,

- * These were the Barons of his Name, as the Laird of Lundy,
Glenurchie, Calder, and others.
- * Stewart Earl of Lennox. Duke of Albany.
- * The Great Steward of Scotland,

Yea, many Lords and Earls have I forgot,
That to the mighty *Bruce* assembled here,
Whose Greatness until now no Pen did note,
England's good Fortune did so well appear;
While *Jove* himself did favour still their Lot,
Wherefore they wisely did themselves retire.
As Cannons fir'd go back, that Earth may wonder,
When they advance their all-destroying Thunder.

So these inflam'd with Fire of hot Disdain,
Retir'd with Grief, with Hate, with Loss, with Ire,
That with the greater Force they might again
Advance their Lightning Wrath's consuming Fire;
And then athundring Tempests would they rain,
Crush'd from the swelling Clouds of their Desire;
Which to the King and all should well declare,
That barren Trees could now both bud and bear.

Now passed was each Troop, each Squadron strong,
When to the Camp their Prince his Course forth bent,
And all his Princes go with him along
To hold a Council in the royal Tent.
Mean while the *Douglas*, all his Foes among
Walk'd, for to know their Number, Pow'r, intent:
At *Berwick* fair he had arriv'd unseen;
For there this mighty Host did all convene.

C A P U T

CAPUT XVI.

The ARGUMENT.

*The English Army forth before their King
To muster comes, and all their foreign Aid.
Douglas return'd recounteth ev'ry Thing.
Ditches t' intrap his Foes Great Bruce hath made.
Randolph's rare Fight fair Conquest first doth bring.
Bruce Beaumont kills. The English do upbraid
• The Scots with Taunts; two Brabanders defend them,
For which the King unto the Scots doth send them.*

STRONG Berwick's Town on Scotland's Frontier stands,
There where with silver Streams the River Tweed
Divides our Kingdom from the English Lands,
And wastes his Waves t' enrich the Ocean Flood;
Here brought the Monarch all his warlike Bands,
At whose great Name all Europe trembling stood;
And ev'ry Lord, and ev'ry Prince, and King
Some Gold, some Gifts, and all great Aid did bring.

This mighty Prince his Pow'r assembling, sought
To kill the Scots, or send them all in rout;
O'er whom he stretch'd his Empire with a Thought,
Nor for to work the Thing had any Doubt.
Douglas his Way e'en at that Hour him brought,
When this huge Army Berwick's Walls about
Encamped lay, and when to see each Crew
The regal Throne rear'd on the Walls they view.

Himself in Glory sat upon the Throne,
A Diadem upon his Head he wore,
A Pall above of glitt'ring Gold-cloth shone,
He trode on Carpets rich in precious Store,
Powder'd with Stones the Robes which he had on,
And straight in Ranks repaired him before
His armed Guard: Thus set each Troop he knows,
Whilst on the Plain their martial Glory flows.

Their

Their Squadrons first the chearful *English* shows
 In Three Battalions, each a sev'ral Guide;
 By *Severn's* Streams from *Wales* and *Cornwal* rose
 Some Thirty Thousand strong that did provide,
 Arm'd with their Pikes, Swords, Targets, to oppose
 Their Threatning Force against their Foe defy'd.
 By *Monmouth's* hardy Earl this Host was led,
 He reign'd, he ruled in his Prince's Stead.

And Fifty Thousand Horsemen, Soldiers good,
 From *Trent* that parteth *England* just in Two
 To *Thames*, and thence unto the *Brittish* Flood:
 These rose in glitt'ring Arms, a warlike Show,
 Like *Mars* himself each breathed War and Blood,
 Whose Sight would vanquish e'en the boldest Foe,
 Led by Two Princes of high Families,
 Great *Arundel*, old *Oxford*, grave and wise.

To *Humber's* tumbling Waves from silver *Trent*,
 And thence to pleasant *Tweed's* clear crystal Streams,
 Came Fifty Thousand Archers, with Intent
 To die or win, in Midst of most Extremes.
 All these were of approved Hardiment,
 These *England's* most triumphant Conquests claims
 As theirs: And this great Host commanded be
 By *Gloucester* the Bold, and *Hartford* lie.

From *Thirteen* Regions, fertile, fair, and good,
 Of *Scotland's* Kingdom, which did yet obey
 To *England's* King, and held in Servitude
 By his all-conqu'ring Force until that Day,
 Came Five and Twenty Thousand Warriors rude,
 All Horsemen brave, and bold for each Essay.
 Sir *Ingrham Omphraville* led these along,
 A subtil Warrior, crafty, wise, and strong.

Next unto them came Fifty Thousand more,
 Gross Men of Shape, well limb'd, both strong and tall,
 They

¹ Wales. ² Cornwall.
³ England.

⁴ The Merse, and many of all the Dales, Borders, and much of
 the Westland.

They cross'd the Seas from ^a *Ireland's* craggy Shore;
 But slightly arm'd, some wear no Arms at all;
 Their chiefest Strengths are Woods and Mountains hoar:
 The *English* Depute was their General,
 And under him *Fitzgerald's* Chief *Kildare*
 With great *Oneil* and *Desmont* Rule did bear.

Then came his Subjects and Confed'rates great,
 Whose Limits stretch along the *Baltick* Coast,
 And these rich Countries *Charles* the Fifth did quite
 To his dear Son; but soon that Rule was lost
 By *Spanish* Tyranny, which high Despight
 All *Europe* since her dearest Blood hath cost;
 And War, that elsewhere doth destroy and waste,
 There both Civility and Wealth hath plac'd.

Along the Foot of ^b *Pyr'nean* Mountains fair,
 A rich and fertil Region doth remain,
 Famous by that great Battle lost of ere
 Against the Infidels by *Charlemain*;
 His famous Nephew *Rolland* lost he there,
 Still Famous made by *Ariosto's* Vein.

Forth of this Land, upon their own Expence,
 • Ten Thousand came to aid the *English* Prince.

X That ^c Land that west from *Tours* doth stretch along
 To wash his Feet within the Ocean Sea,
 Whose Indwellers take much Delight among
 The moorish Fens, to see their Falcons fly,
 And in their Mountains, Woods, and Forests strong
 The princely Game of Hunting used be:
 That pleasant Land, that *Poictou* heght to Name,
 Sent to this War Five Thousand Men of Fame.

That Land which *Loir* from *Poictou* doth divide,
 From whence the ^d *Brittons* erst the *Gauls* displac'd,

And

^a *Ireland*.

^a *Charles the Fifth* gave the *Seventeen* Provinces to his Son *Philip*
 of Spain, long after this.

^b The Country of *Gascoign*.

^c *Poictou*.

^d *Bretagnie*.

And chang'd the Name from *Armoric* beside
To *Bretagne*, and all their Laws defac'd;
Wherein Three sundry Languages abide,
And Mastives for Saint *Malo's* Guard are plac'd.
From thence to aid their great Ancestors old,
Came Fifteen Thousand warlike Soldiers bold.

From that most fruitful Orchard fair of *France*,
Which *Rollo* Great, and his *Norwegians* stout
Of simple *Charles* got for Inheritance;
Of them it still yet bears the Name about:
From thence a Gallant did himself advance
And conquer'd *England* with a warlike Rout
Of Thousands Ten, high Heav'n such Wonders wrought,
Like Numbers now to *England's* Aid were brought.

From that rich Land, whose chalky Swan-like Shore
Fair *Kent* beholds best when the Sun goes down,
Whose chief Town views fair *Dover's* Cliff, and glories
To see the Tow'rs that her fair Front do crown,
And thence where *Cæsar's* Monument restores
His never-dying Memory's Renown,
Came thrice Ten Hundred Soldiers to this War,
Bold, strong, and brave, that never dream'd of Fear.

From that fair Land where smoothly sliding *Soam*
Waters the Meadows and the pleasant Plains,
And from that City where two Floods do come
T' unload their Waves from ever springing Veins,
Seven Thousand valiant Soldiers came, and some
From that old famous Town that yet retains
Part of the *Guisian* Family, and thence
Sprung that great House's glorious Excellence.

From *Hainault* came Five Thousand Men of Fame,
Led by their Earl, in whose great Might they glor'd,
From

St. Malo's Haven, a great Strength, is guarded by Mastives.
Normandy.
Boulogne, where there is an old strong Tow'r built by *Cæsar*, to
be seen at this Day
Picardy.
At *Amiens* two other Rivers discharge their Burdens in the *Soam*.
Hainault.

From their chief Town, e'en *Mons* that heght to Name,
 Four Hundred came with shining Arms decor'd:
 All these were Youths not mov'd with Fear or Shame,
 That guard the Person of their mighty Lord,
 And came to spoil the Garland of the Main;
 But few, or none at all, return'd again.

That Lord which hath within his Borders plac'd
 The holy Empire's Marquisate of old,
 By *Scheld* cut off from *Flanders* in the West,
 Whereon stands *Antwerp* glorious to behold;
 This Land the *Maese* to lovingly hath grac'd,
 She in her Bosom doth the same infold:
 From whence the Hope of Gain and Praise did bring
 Ten thousand Soldiers to the English King.

This War on Europe's fairest Earldom calls,
 Where stands upon the Banks of *Scheld* and *Ley*
 That Town so huge in Circuit of her Walls,
 Famous for that, but famous more, for why!
 That ever famous Monarch which appals
 Renown, Fame, Glory, Praise, and Victory
 As his just Due, was there both born and bred:
 Thence to this War were Fourteen Thousand led.

From these strong^a Islands, made so strong by Art
 'Gainst *Neptune*, who still proves their greatest Foe,
 Because his Floods o'erflow'd the greatest Part
 Of all these Lands, as some think, long ago;
 But when elsewhere his swelling Streams convert
 The Lands to Seas, these Lands the Sea did show:
 Six Thousand thence unto this War were sent,
 Upon the English Monarch that depend.

There lies a Land along the German Flood,
 Thro' which the *Maese* and *Rhine* their Course do hold
 Unto

^a Brabant.

^b Flanders.

^c Ghent, thought to be the largest Town in Europe, where Charles the Fifth, that famous Emperor, was born.

^d Zeland is all Islands within the Sea, which the Sea sometime overflowed as appears by many good Arguments.

^e Holland.

Unto their Lord, whose Rage is still withstood
 By sandy Downs, else all should be enroll'd
 In Waves: Thus Sand, that elsewhere eats for Food
 The fattest Soil, here serves for Bulwarks bold.
 Of Countrymen, and waged Soldiers thence
 Came Fifteen Thousand to the English Prince.

When these great Reg'ments all were pass'd and gone,
 Down from his Throne the Monarch did descend,
 Environ'd round with Lords and Knights anon,
 Unto a royal Tent his Course he bent,
 That stood in Midst of all the Camp alone
 Without the Walls, and did him there attend;
 And there himself first by himself was plac'd,
 Then all his Princes, at a royal Feast.

All that was past the *Douglas* well espies:
 Now thro' the Camp from Tent to Tent he goes,
 Hearing strange Tongues, but stranger Harmonies
 Of Drums and Trumpets, which to Heav'n arose:
 He hears their Braggs, their Braves, and their Desies;
 The *Scots* were now their Slaves, and not their Foes:
 And oft he hears himself condemn'd to die
 A cruel Death, in shameful Infamy.

He smil'd, and to the royal Tent again
 He turn'd: Assemblies great great News affords:
 The Feast was done, and to the Council then
 Set was the King, with Princes, Dukes, and Lords:
 He could have wish'd to hear them, but in vain;
 No cunning Slight could make him hear their Words;
 For round about the Tent the Guard did stand,
 And none from thence approacheth nearer hand.

Wherefore, for ought that he could find at all
 By Conference with *English*, *French*, or *Dutch*,
 He sees to Trains nor Slight they would not fall,
 So proud they were of Strength, their Force was such:
 This Kingdom large, by Lots to Great and Small
 Was giv'n; nor would of *Scots* be left so much
 As one, that Monarch's Wrath was so extreme,
 From off the very Earth to raze their Name.

The

The Council rose, and forth the Heraulds went,
 Charging that spacious Host in Arms to be,
 Rising to Morrow with a full Intent
 To march directly to their Enemy.
 The *Douglas* hears, and would their Halte prevent,
 From thence that Night departing secretly;
 Unto his Lord he hastily withdrew;
 Longing to show all that he learn'd or knew.

Thus forth he rides, thro' Silence of the Night;
 Fair *Cynthia* seem'd to favour his Intent,
 Wrapping herself and all her Beauty bright
 In dusky Clouds, which oft in two she rent,
 Wherethro' she pry'd, to see if he was right,
 Oft wishing him up in the Firmament
 Beside the whirling Pole, there stelly'd,
 His bright Aspect might gild her swarthy Side.

When golden hair'd *Apollo* first did light
 Earth's better Half, then could he well descry
 The *Scottish* Camp, which enter'd once, he might
 Perceive the Soldiers give a joyful Cry.
 Here Drums, and Trumpets there roar forth on height,
 His joyful Welcome thunder'd thro' the Sky.
 All to the royal Tent did him covoy,
 Whom his good Lord receiv'd with wondrous Joy.

Up was the King that Night, no Rest he got,
 Such sad confused Thoughts his Brain did fill
 Of great Affairs, and many mighty Plot:
 Of *Douglas* he had dream'd, and fearing still;
 His Lords and Princes round about did note
 His Love to him, and joy'd in his Goodwill.
 The Knight kneel'd down, and kiss'd his Prince's Hand,
 Who rais'd him up, and thus did him demand:

Where have you been? Why have you stay'd so long?
 What have you view'd? How fares fair *England's* Prince?
 My royal Lord (quod he) at *Berwick* strong
 I stay'd till *England's* Army came from thence;
 I view'd and walk'd their Squadrons all among,
 I saw that Monarch's great Magnificence,
 Whose royal Pomp and mighty Pow'r in War
 Surmounts all *European* Princes far.

The

The Number great of that so mighty Host
 Passeth three Hundred Thousand, as I think,
 They cover all the Land from Coast to Coast,
 They spoil the Countries, dry the Floods they drink;
 Thither all Europe gather'd is almost:
 And if proud Vaunts be Deeds, they scorn to shrink,
 But, in a Word, such their Confusion is,
Jove be our Aid, they shall the Garland miss.

For of the greatest Part of all their Bands,
 Both Horse and Foot, their Discipline is small;
 They keep no Ranks, their Captain still withstands;
 They know no Drums nor Trumpet's Sound at all;
 Naked, unarm'd, their Weapons few commands:
 Only the English Archers bold and tall,
 All valiant Men so well train'd up in Wars,
 Ere Peace should reign, from Heav'n they'll tear the Stars.

And there is twenty Thousand Horsemen more,
 That alway on the King himself awaits,
 Earth can no braver Men than these restore,
 The Rest of *Engl.sh* know no warlike Feats;
 Nor were they ever us'd to War before:
 But hope of Lordships, Rents, and high Estates
 Hath brought them forth; for all this Kingdom great
 Is gi'en, and *Scots* by Thought destroyed quite.

And that your Grace should not escape their Hands,
 Two Knights unto that mighty King have sworn,
 Dead or alive to bring you bound in Bands
 T' abide what Death he list t' impose, in Scorn
 Of your new Crown, which each of them demands
 In meer Disdain, their Trophies to adorn:
 Great Gloucester is one, as doth appear,
 Sir Henry Boem, the other heght, I hear.

They to your Brother and myself applies
 Great Torments too, for our so bloody Mind.
 This said, forth from the Prince's angry Eyes
 Flew Sparks of Wrath, Flames from his Face forth shin'd.
 Praise be to God (quod he) our Enemies
 He blinded hath, and that King's haughty Mind
 He hardens still with Pharo's; so his Shame
 And Fall, I wish, may glorify his Name.

Now

Now strongly were the Scots encamped there,
 Where *Bannock's Burn* 'mongst shady Banks doth play,
 The *Torwood* near within a Valley fair,
 And for a Battle there they needs would stay;
 Whileas the worthy Gen'ral did prepare
 To stop their Foes, lest they should find a Way
 Them to encompass round, with threatening Storm
 Their Multitude might easily perform.

Wherefore e'en there where their great Host should stand,
 With Ditches deep the Plain he overlaid,
 Wherein sharp Stakes were pitch'd at his Command,
 Then cunningly again all covered.
 The Enemy by this was hard at Hand,
 Whose Squadrons large o'er all the Land was spread.
 When their Forefront was at the Valley's End,
 Their last Battalion did three Leagues extend.

Wherefore the King his matchless Nephew sent,
 With him 'Five Hundred martial Men of War,
 Down to a Way that thro' the Valley went
 To *Stirling-Castle*, and would needs debar
 That Hold of Aid; yea, he would still prevent
 His Foes great Slight or Strength thus brought from far,
 But this his Foresight did the Southern know,
 That would o'ershoot himself in his own Bow.

Clifford's brave Lord, a bold and warlike Knight,
 They sent before the Host a Mile and more,
 With twice Four Hundred Horsemen swift and light,
 That, choos'd from all the Army, march'd before,
 Another Way to *Stirling* go they right.
Bruce sees, and sends *Randolph* this Check full sore;
 Thy Garland's chiefest Flow'r is lost this Day,
 If thou have past the Way where thou dost stay.

They craftily eschew'd where he did lie,
 Nor fear'd they him nor any earthly Foe,
 But they another secret Way would try,
 And by him were they past ere he could know;
 Yet he his Uncle's bitter Taunt doth weigh,
 Which stung full deep, but he conceals his Wo:

His

My Author says One Hundred, but all the Chronicles agree on
 Five Hundred.

His Silence shows he bears a generous Mind,
That of a just Reproof best Fruit will find.

For with his Band he follows hastily,
And over-reach'd them like a Storm of Wind,
They scorn from fewer than themselves to flee,
And for to give them Battle turns around.
One Knight ambitious of some Victory,
That for his Valour had been much renown'd,
Before the Rest himself did far advance,
And challeng'd *Randolph* for to break a Lance.

Gladly the Earl accepts, and forth he goes,
A strong stiff Lance into his Hand he bore,
Swiftly their Steeds bore forth these noble Foes;
Yet their Desires far swifter came before.
As *Boreas* broke from earthen Prison blows,
E'en from the topless Heights and craggy Shore
Of *Caucasus*, the clifted Rocks asunder;
Such Fury bring they, Earth resounding under.

Sir *William Havecourt* heght the English Knight,
Whose Spear too weak to harm so strong a Foe,
Breaks on his Breast; but his stiff Lance doth light
Beneath his Cuiras, sklenting upward so
As from his Head of Heav'ns it got a Sight,
His Helm then lights upon the Earth below,
Forth at his Crown the Spear's Point lookt, and thence
Bears him to Earth, then breaks with Violence.

This Deed provokes the *Scots* advancing light,
And doth enflame the *English* all with Ire,
A Shout the *Scots* encourage to the Fight,
Of *English* Wrath still Silence Blows the Fire.
Brave *Randolph* cares nor fears not all their Might,
Nor for his Men would stay nor once retire,
But thro' the Rout he breaks with wondrous Force,
And strongly bears to Earth both Men and Horse.

Rudely both Sides together rusheth in,
And Blow on Blow they give, and Wound on Wound,
I 2 Death

My Author calls him *Havecourt*, but I take it rather to be
Havort.

Death, Horror, Blood, from Rank to Rank doth rin,
 Yet neither Side would shrink nor lose their Ground :
 While *Scots* thus strive to keep what they had won,
 And English to repair the Loss new found :

The valiant *Bruce* was suddenly assail'd
 Within his Camp, yet his own Worth prevail'd

And thus it was: The Vanguard of his Foe
 Still march'd two Leagues before that mighty Host,
 Straight towards him they come ere he could know
 Who sham'd within his Trenches to be forc'd;
 But in the Plain himself did quickly show,
 Drew forth his Bands in Haste, no Time he lost;
 Nor could his Foes refrain from Fight at all,
 Still as they march, for Battle still they call.

Yet did the Rest of this great Army stay
 Two Leagues from thence, encamped on a Plain;
 The King commanded so, so they obey;
 The Day near spent, to fight were all in vain:
 The Vanguard knew not of this new Delay,
 Nor with such Strength dare lazy Doubt remain;
 On Horse and Foot they Fifty Thousand were,
 Led by that mighty Earl of *Gloucester*.

The *Scots*, brought forth by their brave worthy Prince,
 His chearful Looks did Conquest's Hope restore;
 Encouraging each one to make Defence,
 From Band to Band he rode the Ranks before.
 The English knew him by his Countenance,
 A Mace or brazen Staff in Hand he bore.

While thus he rode, Sir *Henry Boon* spy'd him,
 And, to perform his Promise past, he try'd him.

This was the one that should him take or kill,
 And forth before the Host he did advance,
 Toward the King he bent his Course so full,
 He hopes to make him yield beneath his Lance:
 But quickly doth the King avoid this Ill,
 And, with a more than manly Countenance,
 Gave with his brazen Staff so huge a Blow,
 As kill'd the Knight, and broke the Mace in two.

In th' English, that hath seen their Champion fall,
Dildain and Wrath with Shame and Fear contends;
Dildain and Wrath for dread Revenge doth call,
But Shame and Fear, bewray their want of Friends:
That that they were thus alone now knew they all,
A Spur to halfe both Shame and Fear it lends.

Thus in Amazement long they stand in Doubt
If they should flee, retire, or fight it out.

Yet high Dildain did Fears faint Stroke rebate;
Now they would force the Scots to fight or flee,
Each to himself these Words doth ruminate,
Our Number far exceedeth theirs we see:

But lo, their Leader straight repines thereat,
Softly retire, and keep your Ranks (quod he;)

Our last Commission is expir'd of right,
We had in Charge to march, but not to fight.

Wherewith the Scots so fiercely do pursue,
As they were urg'd a forc'd Retreat to take,
And scatter'd in disorder'd Flight withdrew:
When wisely Bruce his gallant Troop drew back
Ill to prevent, Deceit for to eschew;

He thinks't too timely Fortune to awake:

Halte wanteth Wit, Rashness shall lose his winning,
And makes great Loss attend a fair Beginning.

Now were the Scots retir'd and left their Wrath,
When all the Lords thus to their King did say:
What may this Nation look for else but Death?
What may this Kingdom look for but Decay?
In you consists our Being, Life, and Breath;
You gone, we die; you lost, we're lost for ay:

Yet you yourself, and us in you expose
To Dangers still, and hazard all to lose.

To this was answer'd: Ah! my Lords (quod he)
I broke the bravest Staff that e'er was made,
I must confess. O! Wisdom worth to flie
On golden Wings of Fame for ever laid.
This Answer seem'd no Answer for to be;
And yet therein both Wit and Patience staid.

He clos'd their Mouths ere half their Speech was done;
For what he did, unkill'd he could not shun.

Yea, he the Danger bravely did avoid,
 And just praise merits not unjust Reproof;
 He deem'd no Loss if he had kept his Rod.
 But all this Time *Randolph* without Relief,
 Invirion'd with his mighty Foes abode,
 Which to the worthy *Douglas* bred such Grief,
 That when the King refus'd him Leave to aid him,
 To break forth thro' the Camp in Rage it made him.

But as he nearer to the Battle drew,
 He saw the English Bands begin to reel.
 O! then (quod he) it were no Friendship true
 To reave the Glory thou deserves so well.
 Then stood he with his Band afar to view
 The Will of *Mars* and Works of cutting Steel.
Mars bless'd him oft that Weapons first invented;
 But Pity curs'd, and wish'd him oft tormented.

At last he sees them wholly put to Flight,
 And back unto their Camp they haste with Speed:
 The Scots for to pursue them seem'd not light,
 So weary they, so faint, so much they bleed:
 Many of them were wounded in the Fight,
 Tho' none but one was kill'd; and for that Deed
 Three Hundred Foes lay dead into the Place
 Ere e'er their Fellows would the Flight embrace.

Lo, only here true Valour might be seen,
 Blue *Thetis* boundless Arms did not contain
 More Worth in War, more Strength, more Courage keen,
 Than in those gallant English did remain;
 No Fault in them nor Conqu'rors to have been.
 On Earth to strive with Fortune is but vain:
 What *Mars* requires was theirs without Intrusion,
 Only o'ermatch'd in constant Resolution.

These Losses thro' the English Camp do fly,
 While Terror, Fear, and Conscience leads the Way,
 Confusion follows after speedily:
 Of these when Courage hears, he makes no stay,
 Forth from the Camp he stealeth secretly,
 And to the Scots he came ere Break of Day.

But

But Pride and high Disdain behind-abode,
That all the World could to Destruction lead.

Yet here and there in Two's and Three's they go,
Their Leader's Conscience large accusing thus :
He would an ancient Nation overthrow,
A free Crown reave ; O ! this is dangerous :
For fights for them, God's thund'ring Wrath we know ;
What Heart so bold, but Heav'n makes timorous ?
If here we fall, as we must surely fall,
High Justice deals with us, with them, and all.

Others that on Disdain and Pride still fed,
Thus say : Tush, Scots, what are these Scots to us ?
Meer Dunces gross, by simple Outlaws led.
Wild, savage, naked, poor, and barbarous ;
Their Lord a Mountain-climber, basely clad,
More like a Clown than King victorious ;
A Hundred Thousand doth adorn our Host,
In whose stern Face he dares not look almost.

No sooner we shall in the Field appear,
When they in Cavés and Dens themselves shall hide :
'Gainst Flights of Eagles dare poor Crows compare ;
Or silly Sheep the dreadful Lions bide ?
Dare a poor Band of Country Swains draw near
Unto a World of martial Soldiers try'd
In bloody Fights ? No, no, if we but fight them,
Our very Drums and Trumpets shall affright them.

Thus brag the English while two courteous Knights,
Whose chaste Ears still abhor'd vain-glorious Boasts,
Reply'd ; these Scots whom your clear Day benights,
A Handful ay compar'd with your great Hosts,
Poor, savage, simple, whom your Name affrights,
These many Hundred Years have kept these Coasts,
And thro' the World have won a famous Name,
Their Tophies darkning oft your glorious Beam.

And sure these Crows do merit double Praise,
That beat the princely Eagles from their Nest ;
These Sheep above all Beasts themselves do raise
That tear the Lions which disturb their Rest :

If a poor Band of Farmers now a days
Of Conquests wrong great Kings hath dispossefs'd,
E'en in Despite of such great Strength so near;
They merit most whose Worth doth most appear.

As for the *Bruce*, whom ye so much disdain,
X And rather term a Russian than a Roy,
We hear that he, with but a simple Train,
E'en *England's* mighty Armies doth destroy;
And tho' the Scots themselves be him again,
He conquers still, a *Greek* in Midst of *Troy*.
Ah! if he be as worthless as you make him,
Why trouble you all Europe thus to take him?

In *Brabant* born these Knights were both that make
Their Part so good, whom yet they never knew.
Such Indignation high the English take,
Both Sides leap forth to Arms, and Weapons drew.
But soon Commanders wise their Fury brake,
And both were brought to that great Monarch's View:
Who, when he heard what they had boldly said,
This heavy Punishment upon them laid.

We charge you quickly from our Camp (*quod he*)
And presently unto the Scots repair,
There hinder what you can our Victory
Both with your Counsel, Valour, Strength, and Care;
And whosoe'er to morrow lets us see
Their Scottish Heads cut from their Trunks, I swear
'Gainst ev'ry Head a Hundred Pound to set,
And think the Deed good Service to our State.

Then where the Scots encamped were they go,
A Guard of Horsemen did them there convoy.
When great and worthy *Bruce* their Cause did know,
He did receive them with exceeding Joy;
And when the Battle ended was, did show
Such Bounty high, as rich; without Annoy
To *Antwerp* they return'd, and builded there
In Honour of the Scots, a¹ Mansion fair.

Each

¹ The Scots House builded in Antwerp, wherein the BRUCE's
Picture and the Scots Arms were set.

Each Army now for Battle stern provides,
Each on their Lord and Maker loudly call.
Long Time the Prince in zealous Pray'r abides,
Before the Lord in humble wise they fall,
That Faith, that Truth, that Right, that Justice guides,
In which they pray him to protect them all,
While Heav'n's gold-spangled Canopy was spread,
And silent *Morpheus* brought them to their Bed.

I 5

CAPUT

CAPUT XVII.

The ARGUMENT.

*Both Armies join in long and doubtful Fight,
 And Thirty Thousand in the Ditches die.
 King Edward's Deeds encourage ev'ry Knight;
 And Scots, for to prevent their Victory,
 Are forc'd to join with them in single Fight:
 When th' Argentine Great Bruce had kill'd, they flee,
 Their King abides, and would the Fight restore.
 But sees new Aid, and flees his Foes before.*

WHEN bright *Hyperion's* golden Cart arose,
 Both Armies soon were clad in glitt'ring Arms,
 Whose golden Splendor 'gainst the Sun forth shows,
 Earth's Lightning hot the Air's cold Region warms.
 First each brave Scot to Divine Service goes;
 No Trumpet's Blast was heard, nor Drum's Alarms:
 The Sacrament they take, to Heav'n up flies
 Each humbled Heart's best pleasing Sacrifice.

The *English* Squadrons march'd unto the Plains,
 And all the Land with Arms did overflow,
 A just Half-Moon their Battle's Form contains,
 Sharp to each Point, broad to the Mids they grow;
 In Battles five their mighty Host remains,
 Two on the Right, and on the Left Hand Two
 Of their great King, that in his Battle large
 A Hundred Thousand Horsemen led to charge.

Great *Arundel*, next him on his Right Hand,
 The Charge o'er Fifty Thousand Archers bore.
 Those *English* were all come from *English* Land,
 No braver Warriors could the Earth restore.
 Next unto him did valiant *Hertford* stand,
 Of Horse and Foot that led as many more
 From *Scotland*, *England*, *France*, and *Ireland* brought;
 With Shields, with Lances, Pikes, and Swords they fought.

Next

Next on the Left Hand valiant *Oxford* stood,
That Fifty Thousand Footmen brought to fight.
All these did seem approved Soldiers good,
With Darts, Swords, Pikes, and other Engines wight,
And *Gloucester* next him, that thirsts for Blood,
Had in his Battle many warlike Knight:
Like to the other Wing his Wing was plac'd,
With Arms and Courage both alike are grac'd.

In the great Battle with the King abode
Hainault's great Earl, and many Princes moe;
On his Right Hand that valiant Champion rode
Whose Fame so much o'er all the World did go
Of *Argentine*^m Sir *Giles*, that gain'd abroad
So many Conquests o'er the Pagan Foe.
Great *Pembroke's* Earl on his Left Hand did stay,
His Safety only in their Valours lay.

And then great *Bruce* came to the Plain at last,
And this New Moon thus for to pierce essays;
First broad behind his Battle's Form was cast,
Then stretch'd forth to a Point Pyramid-wise;
Seven Thousand Warriors in the Vanguard past
With the Fierce Knight, in War more bold than wise;
Whom *Scotland's* Steward seconds in Command,
His fierce and fiery Nature to withstand.

Many brave Knights unto this Battle drew,
Bold, warlike, fierce, and Men of worthy Fame.
And then the second Battle did ensue,
▪ *Murray's* stout Earl them led, whose famous Name
Shall never die, and many warlike Crew
With him, whose Hearts did fleet in Valour's Stream;
Their Number like the First, and these did bear
Spears, Pikes, and Swords, and all Engines of War.

The conqu'ring Knight, the Third Batallion brought,
Seven Thousand also did this Host contain.

Scot-

- ^m Sir *Giles* of *Argentine* and Sir *Odomar* de *Vallange* rode
on either Hand of the King.
- *Randolph*.
- The valiant *Douglas*.

Scotland's great Constable unto him fought,
 Brave ^c Hay, and these that did with him remain,
 The *Boyd*, and other Lords, still worthy thought.
 But last of all did march unto the Plain
 The greatest Battle, which the King commands,
 Were Fourteen Thousand armed Warriors stands.

Many of all the Noblemen were there,
 And all these Hosts on Foot did march to fight.
 To ev'ry Battle did the King repair,
 Whose quick clear Eyes sent forth a cheerful Light,
 His Vizard up, he mildly doth declare
 The Price of Conquest, Punishment of Flight,
 And with a Countenance that would have made
 E'en Cowards hardy, thus unto them said :

' My Friends (quod he) behold this glorious Day,
 Wherein the Heav'ns to crown our Joys have sworn :
 Let none of you their Multitudes afay ;
 'Gainst God and Quarrels just Force seems forlorn :
 In Scotland Fifty Thousand yet do stay
 Meet for the War, whom we have all forborn ;
 And you we choos'd, whose Hearts could never fail you,
 Nor could base Fear of Death at all assail you.

The worst of you his ^d Gentrice will declare,
 And of his Reputation still will boast ;
 A Gentleman may with a Lord compair,
 But what is he if Honour once be lost ?
 And here on Honour waiteth Riches fair,
 (These Two, that all the World so much do cost)
 Which if you wish, do now but care for Fame ;
 He never dies that wins a famous Name.

What is that Army which you now behold,
 But e'en a new rais'd *Babel* of Confusion ?
 The Soldiers mistake their Captains bold,
 To Col'nels Rule the Captains make Intrusion :
 Thus ev'ry one by other is controul'd,
 And jarring soundeth forth a ghostly Vision.

All

^b *Earl of Erro'.*

^c *The BRUCE his Oration: Multitude makes no Victory.*

^d *The Scots were all chosen Gentleman, no Commons amongst them.*

All Kind of Beasts would, in one Herd, confound
Their Rulers Wit, with their confused Sound.

Besides, they come our Nation to destroy,
And from the Earth to root and raze our Name:
Look not by Flight your Life for to enjoy,
But rather Thousand Torments most extreme.
Your Maids and Wives to Death they shall convoy,
When in your Sight they ravish'd are with Shame.
Ye all must die, and they enjoy as theirs,
What ye have built or planted for your Heirs.

Then if ye would prevent their Cruelty,
And endless Praise and endless Wealth obtain,
Let every one of you make one to die,
So one triumphant Conquest shall we gain.
As for Ten Thousand which among you be,
We know such Valour doth in them remain,
Each shall kill Two; and who of you be's lost,
We swear his Heirs their Wards shall nothing cost.

Yea, what I seek you may perform at will,
For what are they? A Chaos, Heap confus'd,
Naked, or slightly arm'd, and wanting Skill,
To till the Ground and keep their Flocks more us'd:
How can their King prevent their following Ill,
When Fear and Ignorance hath Rule abus'd?
In Danger who wants Skill, hath Courage lost,
One Coward discomforts a mighty Host.

The *English* King (his Army in Aray)
Thus by himself and by his Trenchmen spake:
* If I were not so well assur'd to Day
Of Victory, and of these Dastards Wrack,
Another Form of Speech I would essay:
But *Bruce* that Fox now may not turn his Back.
God doth him thus within this Field inclose,
That we may give what Death we list t' impose.

His ' Brothers by our princely Sire were ta'en,
And justly punish'd were, as they deserv'd,

And

* *King Edward's Oration.*

† *King Robert had two Brothers taken Prisoners, who were both slain.*

And only but these *Two* do yet remain,
 By us it rests they should alike be serv'd.
 These *Scots* which yet their small Host doth contain
 Are nought but Robbers, poor, and Hunger-starv'd:
 These are not they that have so oft before
 Forc'd our bold *English* from the northern Shore.

In this long War all these are spent and lost,
 Nought but the Dregs remain, run is the Wine.
 Destroy them, kill them, scatter all their Host;
 We see them else to fearful Flight incline.
 This Kingdom fair, and large from Coast to coast,
 Take you for ever, nought but the Name is mine.
 Dare one poor Slave 'gainst Thousand Captains fight?
 No, no, our Shade shall put them all to Flight.

While thus he spoke, the *Scots* on Knees down fall
 And pray'd to CHRIST, whileas they did espy
 His Cross rear'd up on high before them all,
 By him that rul'd *Saint Andrews* Priory.
 See (quod the King) how they for Mercy call!
 Whereat the *English* Army gives a Cry.
 But thus that ancient, grave, and warlike Knight
 Did answer him, Sir *Omphraville* that heght.

Your Majesty indeed hath spoken true,
 They call for Mercy to the Lord of Grace;
 But at your Grace they do no Pardon sue
 Nor will they flee this mighty Host a Space;
 The more their Wounds, the more their Strength renew;
 To see their Blood, their Valour doth increase,
 But if your Majesty would overthrow them,
 Use this Device, for surely best I know them.

Before them let your Army seem to flee,
 And you shall see them break their Battles strong,
 None with his Captain will commanded be:
 Thus quite disorder'd shall they be ere long.
 Tush (quod the King) I scorn they Flight should see,
 When both our Force and Valour is too strong:
 Let these that fear them use such Craft, or flee them,
 We mind, if they dare fight at all, to see them.

Thus

King Robert and Edward his Brither.

Thus marching on the *English* Army goes,
 The *Scots* inflam'd with Fury, Hate, and Ire,
 Would give the Charge; but their wise Lord, that knows
 Their Halte, doth curb and bridle their Desire,
 Until the Pits, prepared for his Foes,
 They could not shun, and then he blows the Fire
 Of their fierce Courage, when his Will was done;
 And both the Armies rush together soon.

It was a wondrous, strange, and dreadful Sight,
 To see these Squadrons meet upon the Plain,
 How ev'ry Soldier, Captain, Lord and Knight,
 Strove endless Praise and Glory to obtain.
 The *Scots* shrill Trumpets thunder forth the Fight,
 Their Foes send forth Heav'n-deafning Sound again:
 Both Armies seem'd two Woods their Leaves that cast,
 When Winter, forth his bitter Breath doth blast.

Both Sides approach their bloody Rage to glut,
 And terrible the Coward seems to be;
 Hot Fury flames within and burns without,
 Blood heats their Heart, Fire from their Breasts doth flie;
 True Courage and Desire had banish'd Doubt,
 Their Hand and Foot strove with their Thought and Eye.
 In Gesture thus they were already join'd,
 By Thought their Triumphs all were quickly coin'd.

Earth shrinks, and Air was darkned with the Dust,
 Tumult ascends, while Thunder shakes the Ground:
 Both Armies rudely meet, and bravely just,
 Brave yet in Show, till Terror Beauty drown'd.
 Swords, Shields, and Helms, glitter'd like Heav'n almost,
 Horror it self seem'd first with Pleasure crown'd;
 Blood had not gorr'd their Arms, Casks kept their Head,
 No Members cut, nor murder'd Heaps lay dead.

But as in Autumn's first and fairest Prime,
 The angry Wrath of Heav'n's revengeful King
 For Hell-bred Sins, forth of stern *Boreas* Clime
 Sharp Show'rs of Hail, with blust'ring Winds doth bring;
 So here the Show'rs of Arrows larger Time
 Darkens Heav'n's Face, while thro' the Air they sing.
 A Heav'n new fram'd of Iron Clouds they view,
 Whose piercing Beams the vital Blood forth drew.

Their

There Storms pour'd down, whose Hail were Iron Stings,
 And found no Earth, but cover'd Horse and Men,
 And each a wak'ning Wound, or Death forth brings;
 Heav'n sends down sudden Harm, nor know they when;
 Chance seems true Fate, Hap killeth Hope's Designs.
 But Aim the Archer spends no Shaft in vain,
 The bravest kills, triumphing o'er his Foe,
 And he is kill'd, of whom he doth not know.

Scots worthy King that sees the harmful Wrong
 Done to his Men by *English* Archers keen,
 Five Hundred Horsemen sends, fresh, hardy, strong,
 Led by that ever famous *Keith*, I mean;
 Who goes about, and at their Backs ere long,
 With stiff strong Lances all in Rest were seen:
 Thro' all their Ranks they break with furious Might,
 And beat them to the Earth with sad Affright.

Scotland's great Marschal here such Valour shew,
 As makes his Glory live in endless Fame;
 For more than Seventy Times he did renew
 Unequal Fight, with Danger most extreme:
 Great *Arundel* in Fight he did subdue;
 And by his only Valour's lightning Beam
 Foil'd Fifty Thousand warlike Men of Pride,
 While scarce Five Hundred did with him abide.

While thus the Fronts of both the Armies fight,
 The great Battalion of the *English* Host
 Forth o'er the cover'd Ditches marcheth right,
 Where more than Thirty Thousand Horse almost
 With groaning Earth doth shake, and turns to Flight:
 But such dread Thunders Earth's wide Bowels tof'd,
 As tumbling in her Breast, doth yawn a Way
 To swallow them in Darkness hid from Day.

Some break their Necks, Legs, Arms, their Horse below,
 Some smor'd, some crush'd to Death with others Weight,
 Some Horse and Men with sharp Strokes pierced thro':
 The liveless Trunks seem'd carved Stone in Sight.
 This fearful Accident doth overflow
 Their Fellows Hearts, with Horror, Fear, and Flight:
 They

¹ This was the Lord Marschal, and heght Robert Keith.

They stand, nor march, amaz'd they look at large,
Till their bold Foes gave them a furious Charge;

Thronging thro' Ranks, and each where strows their Way
With Horror, Terror, Slaughter, Blood, and Fear.
In Har'elt so Reapers reap without Delay
A Field of Wheat, of Oats, or Rye, or Bear,
And razeth all the Plain, nor make no Stay,
Till want of Corn make them their Task forbear,
And *Ceres'* Locks cut down in Heaps do ly:
Such Heaps the *Scots* still kills, and passeth by.

Their angry King that led them, this doth view,
And bravely from his Troops doth forth advance,
And where his Steed he turn'd, or Sword he drew,
The kill'd fell down, hurt fled his Countenance;
From his fair Eyes, dread Majesty forth flew,
Many fell down struck with the lightning Glance:
But better he whom he had kill'd before,
For these with Teeth and Feet his *Courtau* tore.

And there were killed by his princely Hand
Seven valiant Knights, whose Names hath Time forgot;
From Rank to Rank he march'd, from Band to Band,
And whom he meets Death sure must be his Lot.
^m *Strathern's* old Earl there dy'd beneath his Brand,
Whose Son with Sorrow prick'd, with Fury hot
Did fiercely him assail; but all in vain;
Death made him soon forget his Father's Pain.

Now I almost forgot the wond'rous Deeds
Of these bold ^a Champions set on either Hand
Of this great King, who after him forth speeds
When first he left his Battle-guard and Stand,
And still on Death, on Blood and Murder feeds,
Marching from Troop to Troop, from Band to Band:
Yea, these Three Champions, fearless, bold, and strong,
Cut forth three bloody Lanes their Foes among.

So

^m *The Earl of Strathern and his Son, both killed by the King of England.*

^a *These Two were Sir Gilles of Argentine, and Sir Odomar de Vallange.*

So do three mighty Cannons shot at once
 Afront an Army standing all in gro.
 The Heav'n with Lightning, Earth with Thunder groans,
 Each fiery Bullet cuts the Ranks in two,
 Here lies the Head, and there the Helmet shoves,
 A Furlong thence the Body fells a Foe;
 Shields, Arms, and Legs here mount, and there do mank,
 And make wide Windows deep in ev'ry Rank.

And now the great Battalions which they led,
 Where yet remain'd thrice Twenty Thousand Horse,
 By their Example all encouraged,
 Rush'd forward on their Foes with wond'rous Force;
 And in a Moment all the Plain was clad
 With Corps, whereon they tread without Remorse:
 Proud Fortune seem'd to frown upon the *Scot*,
 And Victory to crown the *English* Lot.

Now seem'd the *Scots* too weak against their Foe,
 Squadrons of barded Horse still beat them down;
 And these three Champions that before them go,
 Three Wonder-workers conquering a Crown.
 Great *Bruce* spies this Danger, Wrack, and Wo;
 With noble Wrath, jealous of their Renown,
 Would with the strongest cope, by fatal Chance,
 And to the *Argentine* down forth advance.

O! who had seen that Fight so bold and strong,
 There was the School that taught the Art of War,
 These Masters were, and had been laureat long;
 Nor *Mars* nor *Pallas* could the Sight forbear,
 Wond'ring on Earth, the Mortals all among
 To find such Two as e'en themselves would fear,
 And think if these Two only took in hand
 To conquer Earth, none could their Force gainstand.

These matchless Lords, these Warriors bold did wield
 Two heavy Mallets, rather than Lances strong,
 Two Horse of *Spain* forth bear them thro' the Field,
 With Force alike they meet amidst the Throng.
 O sacred Muse! some golden phrases yield
 T' enrich my Verse, and gild my Lays along:

Make

• A gallant Fight betwixt the *Bruce* and the *Argentine*.

Make of these Lines a Heav'n-rear'd Throne renown'd,
Where let this famous Fight for ay be crown'd.

The furious Stroke made all the Earth to quake,
And Woods and Mountains eccho'd back the Sound;
Yet could it not these valiant Champions shake,
Nor bear them from their Seat, nor force a Wound:
In Flinders fly their Spears, their Horses break
Their Necks, and both the Riders lay on Ground:
Yet up they fly, their Swords they soon address
By Death War's dreadful Sound for to suppress.

Both Swords well couch'd, each at his Ward doth ly,
Their Eyes, their Hands, their Feet, they wisely guide;
Then ceaseless Strokes, Thrusts, Foins, and Blows they try,
They ward, traverse, retire, march, leap aside;
Both give and both receive, both falsify,
Both shun, and both Life-guarding Wards provide;
Both open stand for Death, like desp'rate Lovers,
Which Craft in th' one the other's Art discovers.

The Prince on Foot was ready, swift and light,
And could withstand the *Argentine's* bold Suit,
Who was on Horse more skilful in the Fight,
But he more strong, more quick to execute;
Sir *Giles* had more Art and cunning Slight:
The King more painful, keen, and resolute,
More fierce he was, his Foe more cold and fly;
And yet in Art both seem'd alike to be.

The Prince upon the *Argentine* would enter,
Shunning his down-right Blow, his Strength to tame;
Then at his Heart the *Argentine* doth venture,
Which while the Prince strikes by, he doth reclaim
And paints his Breast, too cunning was the Painter;
For lo, of Blood flows forth a bloody Stream,
Which so inflam'd the King with Courage-fire;
Art now retir'd, Shame brings Revenge and Ire.

This knew the Knight, but would not seem to know,
Whileas great Bruce his Breast to Danger laid,
Whereat the *Argentine* soon reach'd a Blow,
But left his Side quite naked to invade.

The

The worthy King first shuns his furious Throw,
 And then a Wound both large and deep he made :
 This his Revenge the Proverb old bely'd,
 Here cunning Art and furious Rage agreed.

While thus they strive, and double Wound on Wound,
 Bold *Edward* match'd with *Pembroke's* Earl in Fight,
 Of whom Fame's sweet shrill Trumpet shall resound
 From *Inde* to *Orcades* their Praise, their Might,
 Deserving well with Glory to be crown'd,
 And in all Age to shine with glorious Light;
 Their wondrous Strength, their Courage each did show;
 But neither Side Advantage yet doth know.

Now *England's* King not one dares match at all,
 Whom Blood and Death attends thro' all the Field;
 But worthy *Hay* his Courage did appal,
 No Danger makes him shrink, or fear, or yield.
Alcides Club with more Strength did not fall
 Upon that mighty Tyrant *Busir's* Shield,
 Than on the Helmet of this dreadful King
 The Earl his fierce and furious Blows doth bring.

E'en there, where Gold, and Pearl, and precious Stone
 Upon the Prince's curious Helm was wrought
 He lights, and cleft the Cask which brightly shone,
 And to his Horse's Crest his Head down brought:
 For Pain th' enraged King sends forth a Groan,
 Trembling for Ire, while dread Revenge he sought,
 And on his Helm he gives a Blow so rude,
 That from his Nose and Mouth isht crimson Blood.

But to repay him, when the warlike Knight
 Had lift his Sword, gone was the Prince in Rage,
 Still where his Fury led him thro' the Fight. |
 No Gen'ral ought a Combat for to wage.
 But all this While, in equal Balance right,
 Both Armies stand, Conquest departs the Stage.
 But in the left Wing with the *Douglas* bold,
 Great *Gloucester* a bloody Fight did hold.

This was the Man that swore to *England's* King
 To bring the *Bruce* Captive in Chains and Cords;

The

• *Hay Earl of Errol, Constable of Scotland.*

The *Douglas* found him aiming at the Thing,
 A Band of Knights with him thereto accords:
 But forth to Combat *Douglas* did him bring.
 In spite of all these Soldiers, Knights, and Lords;
 A Squadron strong at his Command had fought
 With them, and both almost were brought to nought.

These Champions strong thus fought a Battle bold,
Troy never view'd the like in all her Wrack:
 Their Skill, their Strength, their Valour to unfold,
 My slender Muse dares not in Hand to take:
 But sure I know the worthy *Douglas* would
 Not leave the Fight, till his proud Foe he make
 To yield his Neck beneath his conqu'ring Blade;
 And for his Fault his guilty Blood he shed.

This done, he marcheth thro' the Host at last,
 Working new Wonders still where ere he goes;
 Close Ranks he breaks and opens as he past,
 Before his Face still flee his fearful Foes:
 He sees brave *Randolph* halting Conquest fast,
 And crafty *Omphraville* beat by his Blows:
Stewart the Great with *Hertford* striving stands,
 Who first should get a Kiss of Conquest's Hands.

Long fought the Knights, but neither Side would yield,
 Equal their Hope, and equal was their Fear;
 Spears, Helms, and Swords were strow'd thro' all the Field,
 Heads, Arms, and Legs, by headless Bodies were:
 Some dying look to Heav'n, lean on their Shield
 In Death's Pain, some Blood from their Wounds forth tear;
 These Ranks to march, retire, or charge that minds,
 Tread on the Bodies of their slaughter'd Friends.

Their Horses kill'd, lay with their Masters dead,
 And he to Death that did his Foe pursue,
 Now in his Bosom laid his heavy Head:
 The Conqueror by him he overthrew
 Is prest to Death, and findeth no Remeed.
 O'er all Confusion, Tumult, Terror, flew:
 There neither Silence was, nor Noise perfite,
 But Sounds of Death, Pain, Pity, Rage, Despite.

The

The glorious Arms that late did glitt'ring show,
 Now Blood, and Dust, and Mire had dim'd their Beams;
 Fear, Horror, Terror, on such height doth grow,
 That sullen Pride sunk down no Honour claims,
 Her Glory strow'd upon the Earth below,
 O'er all her Beauty Blood flows forth in Streams:
 Now Grief and Sorrow beats Delight from thence,
 And all do look with woful Countenance.

Earth's rarest King that all this While had fought
 With his fierce Foe, and given him many a Wound;
 Yet doubts who thence with Conquest will be brought,
 Such Valour great was in that Knight renown'd,
 At last, to kill, or die himself, he thought,
 And with a Strength far more than erst he found,
 He thrust again, and from his Side forth tore
 A deadly Stream, a Flood of Blood and Gore.

Ah, matchless Prince! when thou hast known the Man
 Whose Days by thee must now be brought to end,
 Thou shalt be like to burst for Sorrow then,
 No Comfort shall thy Conquest to thee lend:
 He was thy Friend, thy dear Companion, when
 In th' *English* Court thy Youth thou happ'd to spend;
 No Favour he at all did to thee show;
 But virt'ous Minds love Virtue in their Foe.

The *Argentine* that sees this bloody Sight,
 Bath'd in his luke-warm Blood himself doth stay,
 Ire in his fainting Heart prolongs his Might,
 Feeble his Force for to renew the Fray.
 Fury, Disdain, and Rage maintain'd the Fight;
 For Strength was gone, and Courage was away.
 Life leaves his Tow'r, and in the Breach remains,
 That Death should gain so brave a Hold disdains.

Uniting his spent Pow'rs, a Blow he lends
 The Prince, that wounds his Head and cuts his Cask,
 With whose last Force and Weight down he descends,
 Death wins the Breach, begins his endless Task:
 Forth from his Lips Life's aged Sire he sends,
 Then on his Face he spreads his doleful Mask.
 To Heav'n his Soul flies thro' the cloudy Air,
 Whose great Name sometime all the East did fear.

In three set Battles, thrice he did withstand
The *Saracens*, and still with conquest crown'd;
And twice beneath his all-victorious Hand
With Chains of Death their chiefeft Lords he bound:
But now, when endless Sleep did him command,
No longer durst proud Fortune there be found
Where *English* fight, but she and Victory
Rank'd with the *Scots*, upon their En'mies fly.

The *English* irk'd and wearied, then disfrank;
All flee, yea, ev'n the boldest yields to Flight;
Their Colours thrown away with thankless Thank,
Threats, Cries, and Plaints redouble the Affright,
Their King still threats, but still away they shrink;
For yet with him unbroken bides the Fight
Whole Twenty Thousand Horse with whom he would
There fight, or die, or conquer uncontroul'd.

But as the Sea, when Tempest's past and gone
That roll'd her tumbling Waves unto the Shores,
Of late past Storms retain some Shows anone,
And here and there some swelling Billows roars;
So tho' faint Fear triumph'd o'er these alone,
Some Spunks of their spent Valour Hope restores:
Whereon sustain'd, their Task they new begin;
But Wound on Wound, and Death on Death doth rin.

The Carriers of the *Scottish* Camp arose,
And see their Masters still maintain the Fray,
Both Lackies, Carters, Women, Slaves, and those
That Carriage kept came in their best Aray,
And desperately would assail their Foes;
So all should win, or all should lose the Day:
Long Napkins white unto their Staves they bind;
These serv'd for Ensigns waving in the Wind.

While thus the *English* fighting, loath to flee,
E'en suddenly appears into their Sight
An Army fresh that seem'd in Arms to be,
With th' Air their Silver Ensigns waving bright:
They haste their Pace, and with a Shout they see
That these courageously intend to fight.
Discomfit quite, they now resist no more,,
But flee, that would have fled long Time before.

The

The Scots pursue them in a desp'rate Sort;
Some thro' the Pains, some to the Mountains flee;
Where'er their heedless Fear doth them transport,
A Whirlwind seems to bear them hastily.
Thousands the tumbling *Forth* of Life cuts short,
And Thousands mo in Flight their Foes o'erhy:
Base Deaths they seek, but flee the Deaths which lend,
In glorious Fight, a far more glorious End.

F I N I S.

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